JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL

LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

ELSON-KECK-BURRIS

Hilda J Reed

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JUNIOR HIGH SCHOOL LITERATURE

BOOK TWO

REVISED EDITION

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12
YEAR
Reading-
Literature
PROGRAM

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PREFACE

This volume is the second in a series of three books intended to provide material for an organized course in literature for junior high schools. Throughout this series the literature is so organized as to make deep and lasting impressions upon the minds of the pupils, shaping their ideals and attitudes. The aim is to relate literature to life and to set it to work in the service of good citizenship.

This book contains an abundant supply of literature for a one-year course, selected from the works of the best authors, both classic and contemporary. It includes both recreational and work-type material. Not only should pupils have their taste and judgment cultivated through familiarity with the literary heritage that has won recognition by its enduring worth, but they should, also, have their experience enriched by selections of undoubted value from contemporary authors who are recognized interpreters of our present-day life. Such wide and extensive reading will not only inspire the pupil now and throughout life, but will also train him in the wholesome use of his leisure hours.

The literature of such a book, if it is to establish effective reading habits in pupils, must be purposefully organized. Sound organization brings together into related units the selections that center about a common theme. Such arrangement enables the student to see the larger dominant ideas of the book as a whole, instead of viewing it as a confused scrapbook of miscellaneous selections. A pupil's interest depends largely upon what he knows of the subject treated. The reading of one short selection on a subject may not arouse in him enough interest to lead to further wide and extensive reading on that topic; several related selections dealing with a subject, however, will enrich his knowledge, multiply his interest, and furnish a basis for literary comparison by bringing together selections having a common theme or authorship. Permanent reading interests cannot be aroused by the use of miscellaneous, unrelated, haphazard material.

This book is so organized as to fulfill these purposes. From the Table of Contents it will be seen that there are four main Parts, each distinguished by unity of theme. Part I aims to inspire a wholesome appreciation of nature and a desire to conserve her resources; Part II deals with the magic world of adventure; Part III makes clear the basic principles of our great American experiment in free government and points the way to good citizenship; and Part IV presents some phases of life in our homeland that will make America mean more to boys and girls. Through these grouped selections permanent reading interests may be aroused and fundamental ideals in the development of personal character and good citizenship established.

Five special features keep the plan of the book and the dominant theme of each Part clearly in the foreground: (1) A pupil's introduction, "What Literature Is," that emphasizes the joy and value of reading and shows the pupil what to look for in each main Part; (2) Visual "guideposts" —large-type headings, half-title pages, and pictures typifying the theme of each unit; (3) A special introduction to each main Part, "A Forward Look," that gives the pupil a graphic but simple forecast of the main idea dominating the group; (4) Notes and Questions that stress the contribution each story or poem makes to the main idea of the group; (5) A summary, "A Backward Look," following each Part that serves, *first*, to crystallize into permanent form the impression made by each unit, and, *second*, to stimulate the pupil's initiative, leading him to apply the ideas that dominate the group either through parallel readings or through his own experience.

An outstanding value of the organization just described lies in its tendency to weld together the school and the library.

The school text that would train a pupil in the effective use of books, magazines, and newspapers must connect directly with the library, thus forming the core, or center, about which his general reading is organized. Much of his reading must of necessity be miscellaneous, but some of it should be more purposeful, for he gains a fuller knowledge of a subject when he gathers ideas from a group of selections that center about a common theme. For example, if he reads a number of stories about horses, his knowledge of horses is multiplied. Morevoer, his interest is intensified, and he wishes to read more about horses. In this way his acquaintance with the literature of horses is enlarged, and he comes to know the leading writers on the subject. Librarians agree that boys and girls who read a story of compelling interest usually ask for another on the same subject. Thus a story or group of selections in the school text should lead to other stories or books on the same or kindred theme, or by the same author.

This book is based on such a purposeful plan. It aims not only to increase the pupil's knowledge of a subject, but also to intensify his interest and direct him to related material—*in short, to cultivate the extensive reading habit and the library method of study.* It seeks to direct and make purposeful the pupil's outside use of books, magazines, and newspapers, bringing to bear upon his school reading the experience and knowledge gained from these sources, thus welding together the school, the library, and the home, in the development of right habits of reading and study.

In this book carefully selected lists of especially apt library readings, designed to broaden and deepen the pupil's knowledge and sympathy, are found at the ends of the various selections. These lists, though not exhaustive, are chosen for their specific fitness, their abundant interest, and their excellent literary quality. They include the literature of both the past and the present. Some of these stories are suitable to be reported on in class by individual pupils or committees—an excellent basis for supervised study and the socialized recitation; other stories are suitable for individual reading in leisure moments; while still others are suitable for the teacher to present — particularly those that bulk large and require interpretation.

Obviously a book that is to supply the pupil with a year's course in literature must be a generous volume. Variety is impossible without quantity, especially where literary wholes rather than fragmentary excerpts are offered. Particularly is this true when complete units are included not only for intensive study, but also for extensive reading—longer units to be read mainly for the story-element.

This book is a generous volume that provides for the needs previously discussed. Its inclusiveness makes possible a proper balance between prose and poetry, between long and short selections, and between material for intensive and extensive reading. There is material suited to all the purposes that a collection of literature for this grade should supply: silent reading both for the story-element and for getting quickly at essentials; intensive reading for detailed study; reading for expression; memorizing; dramatizing; public reading and recitation; plot study; and the rest. Moreover, the book includes a wide variety of types: ballads, lyrics, short stories and tales, addresses, letters, essays, and a drama of Shakespeare's. Class readings of particular units and selected passages are suggested for oral expression and for entertainment, thus giving motive to reading aloud.

The present volume is an enlargement and enrichment of *Junior High School Literature, Book Two,* edition of 1920. Notable increase has been made in the quantity of material included, especially of contemporary literature. The growing demand of the school for enough material to provide for the needs of wide and extensive reading has received full recognition. Indeed, this revision throughout is an attempt to meet the changing needs of the school and has been based largely upon the great body of experience gained through the nation-wide use of the original edition.

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WHAT LITERATURE IS

Through reading, as you have already learned, you gain happiness and knowledge. But all about you there is so much to read—thousands of books and magazines and papers—that it may be well to pause long enough to answer the question, "What *kind* of reading will bring these rewards? What *is* literature?"

In one sense, anything written or printed, as distinguished from that which is merely spoken, is literature. The ballad, a song-story, was repeated from generation to generation by word of mouth, changing in details of language and incident in the process; when it was written down and then printed, it became fixed, became literature. So, also, Commander Richard E. Byrd, for example, may tell you of his adventures, may tell audiences in many cities of his adventures; when he writes his story and it is published as a book, it becomes literature, in this sense of the word.

In a truer sense, however, the word "literature" is more strictly limited. You have seen that it is *permanence* of form that distinguishes the book or the printed story from mere tradition. But thousands of books are printed that find a few readers for a time, and then are as completely forgotten as if they had been merely words spoken in casual conversation. Many things are printed, also, which are not intended to have permanence, such as newspaper stories of daily happenings in the city or throughout the world. The newspaper, to be sure, adds greatly to our power of partaking in the important events of the day, wherever they may occur. One knows about a flight across the sea almost as soon as the landing is made, or about a new invention, or the triumph of a great man. But these records are of a day; true literature is for all time. It has a different permanence from that of mere printed paper. Literature, in this truer sense, means not merely that which is printed, in contrast to that which is spoken. It means the expression of the *facts* of life, or of the *interpretation* of life, or of the *beauty* of life, in *language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die.*

In your reading you have already become acquainted with literature that sets forth the "facts of life." When Hamlin Garland wrote sketches of his boyhood on the prairie, he was recording the primitive life of midwestern farmers so vividly that the pictures will enable future generations to understand the hardships, as well as the simple joys, of the thrifty, toiling folk who built our "inland empire." When Sir Walter Scott gave us his *Tales of a Grandfather* he was preserving for all time the thrilling "facts of life" that centered around Scotland's brave struggle for freedom centuries ago. And in our own day the poet Noyes in his "A Song of the Trawlers" records the heroism of English seamen, offering their lives in the same great cause. The book you hold in your hand will give you still other examples of literature that deal with the "facts of life." Daniel Webster in "The American Experiment" will set forth for you the ideals of our great democracy; the poet Whittier will paint for you in "Snow-Bound" a a picture that will give you a clear understanding of life in rural New England; Herschel Hall through his story, "Pete of the Steel-Mills," will give you a glimpse of the romance that may be found amidst the toil of huge industrial centers. These and many others of the makers of literature will help you to gain an acquaintance with some of the "facts of life." Many of these facts, it is true, you may learn from your geography or your history text or from an encyclopedia, but all through life you will find pleasure and increased understanding if you will supplement books of this latter kind by the literature of great authors who have recorded their observation of events and peoples *in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die.*

Literature that *interprets* life has also been a part of your reading course. Lowell in his poem "To a Dandelion" has shown the little flower as a symbol of the riches that lie all about us in the commonest of things. Hawthorne in "The Great Stone Face" has interpreted for us the great ideal of service to others. And in this book, Dickens in "A Christmas Carol" interprets the spirit of love and of human brotherhood that makes life worth while.

And last, there is the literature that makes evident to us the *beauty* that our more prosaic eyes might fail to note. Robert Burns writes a poem about the daisy and ever after, if you have read it with an understanding mind, you see new beauty in the flower life that lies about you. When you have read in this book Browning's "Home Thoughts, from Abroad," springtime will come to you filled with new delights.

Facts, interpretation, beauty—these form the body of real literature. And when master writers clothe them *in language of such enduring charm that men treasure it and will not let it die*, true literature comes into being. Thus the experiences, the meaning, the emotions of life are given permanent form to enrich mankind throughout the centuries.

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SILENT AND ORAL READING

Silent Reading. This book includes abundant material for both silent and oral reading. Some stories and poems must be read thoughtfully in order to gain the author's full meaning; such reading cannot be done rapidly. In other selections the meaning can be grasped easily, and the reading can be rapid; in such cases we read mainly for the central thought, for the story-element.

You read silently more often than you read aloud to others; you should, therefore, train yourself in rapid silent reading, concentrating your mind on the thought of the selection. You will soon discover that as you give closer attention to a story you will not only understand it better but you will also remember more of it. In previous years your training in silent reading has enabled you to gather facts from individual paragraphs and to hold in mind the thread of the narrative in shorter selections. But you are to extend this power steadily until you can gather facts and follow the unfolding plot in selections of considerable length. A number of stories in this book are long enough to train you to read with intelligence a newspaper, or a magazine article, or a book. And this is precisely the ability you most need, not only in preparing lessons in history and other school subjects, but in all your reading throughout life. As you train yourself to grasp swiftly and accurately the meaning of a page, you increase your capacity to enjoy books—one of the most pleasurable things in life. Theodore Roosevelt trained himself to be such a rapid reader that he was able to grasp the central thought of a page almost as quickly as he could turn the leaf of the book.

In preparing lessons in geography and history and in the use of geographical and historical stories, you have an excellent opportunity to increase your ability to gather facts quickly from the printed page. These informational studies, however, do not take the place of the reading lesson in literature. They merely offer additional opportunity for you to increase your ability in rapid silent reading.

Notice that the rapid silent readers in your class generally gain and retain from their reading more facts than the slow readers do. Notice, too, that you read more rapidly when you are looking for the answer to some particular question, or looking for a certain passage, than you do when you read merely to follow the thread of the story. Moving your lips or pointing to the words with your finger retards your speed. In reading the various selections in this book you may test your ability at thought-getting in any of the following ways:

1. By using a list of questions covering the most important ideas of the selection (see "Questions for Testing Silent Reading," page 26).
2. By telling the story from a given outline (see "Outline for Testing Silent Reading," page 26).
3. By making a list of questions yourself, allowing some classmate to use them to test his ability at thought-getting, while you make similar use of his questions.
4. By telling the story from an outline that you have made. Telling the substance of the story from your own outline is an excellent plan, because you test not only your understanding of the story, but also your memory and your power to express the thought of what you have read.

In all your reading, both at home and at school, you should read as rapidly as you can, but not so fast that you fail to get the thought. In preparing your lessons on selections in this book, test yourself by seeing how many of the questions, under "Notes and Questions," that develop the most important thoughts of the story, you can answer after one reading. You may have to read parts of the story more than once in order to gain the full meaning. If from time to time you record your reading speed and your thought-getting ability, comparing your standing with that of your classmates and with the standard for pupils of your age, you will be able to see whether or not you are making satisfactory progress. *The standard for members of your class has been variously estimated by silent-reading authorities from 240 to 393 words per minute, depending upon the degree of difficulty of the selection and the purpose for which it is read.*

The following form will suggest a way to record the results of your test:

INDIVIDUAL RECORD

DATE	TITLES	SPEED		COMPREHENSION
		No. of minutes required to read story	No. words per minute	Ten points for each of ten test questions*
	Coaly-Bay .... Total No. Words, 2930			
	The Ransom of Red Chief ..... Total No. Words, 4130			

*Questions to be selected by the teacher.

CLASS RECORD

DATE	TITLES	SPEED			COMPREHENSION		
		No. words per minute			Ten points for each of ten test questions		
		Lowest	Highest	Median	Lowest	Highest	Median

Oral Reading. In the prose selections used for silent reading, you will wish to read aloud certain passages because of their beauty, their dramatic quality, or the forceful way in which the author has expressed his thoughts. In these selections, *Class Readings* are listed for this purpose. Sometimes these readings are intended for individual pupils; sometimes, particularly in dialogue, they are intended for groups. *Class Readings* include also supplementary poems and stories suggested for oral presentation.

In general all poetry should be read aloud, for much of the beauty of poetry lies in its rhythm. The voice, with its infinite possibilities of change, is an important factor in interpreting a poem. As you listen to your teacher or some other good reader, you will appreciate how much pleasure one who has learned the art of reading is able to give others. Oral reading trains the ear of the listener to become sensitive to a pleasing voice, to correct pronunciation, and to distinct articulation. The sympathetic reading of many of the poems in this book will reveal to you the beauty of the language that we speak and by which we express our thoughts. Longfellow says, "Of equal honor with him who writes a grand poem is he who reads it grandly."

PART I

THE WORLD OF NATURE

God made all the creatures and gave them our love and our fear,
To give sign we and they are his children, one family here.

—Robert Browning

Photograph by H. Armstrong Roberts

"BEAUTY OF FOREST, STREAM, AND SKY"

THE WORLD OF NATURE

A Forward Look

As long as man has lived on this earth, he has been powerfully influenced by the world of nature. To tribesmen in very early times, fire seemed a mysterious spirit, willing to help man where rightly used; capable of destroying him and his property when enraged. The same mystery surrounded the movements of the heavenly bodies. Many ancient peoples worshiped the sun as a god—the source of light and life. Savage tribes, and ignorant men, even of today, see in the appearance of comets signs of disaster. Panics are still known to occur in certain parts of the earth when there is an eclipse of the sun.

These ideas and many others like them have been due to ignorance about nature. Fire, lightning, storms, earthquakes, these were not understood and therefore were thought to be caused by the gods.

We have won from nature many of her secrets now. We have chained the lightning so that it pulls long trains of cars, puts the machinery of a great factory in motion, performs more services in our daily lives than did the genius called forth by Aladdin's lamp. We have learned the secrets of the air, so that we can send messages by radio, hundreds of miles away. The deeds that the forces of nature perform at man's bidding are astounding.

Yet the influence of nature upon our lives is none the less real, nor are her secrets all discovered. Part of our business in this life is to appreciate and learn how to enjoy the things that surround us. If we move into a big house set in the midst of a large plot of ground, we get acquainted with the rooms of this house and with every part of the ground that surrounds it, with the trees and flowers and birds and animals that are near us. The great world, into which we come when we are born, is such a house. It is not just a place for eating and sleeping and working and playing. We must learn to find our way around. As we look out through the windows of our eyes we seek to find our place in the world of nature outside. If we look attentively we shall soon come to see that this world of nature is full of wonders. We shall see, for example, that animals have personalities like human beings. One may learn secrets of nature from the brook, from the forest, from the birds. We use the conveniences that science has brought to us; we should also realize the wonder and magic of the world. Always there are the passing days with sunrise and high noon and the evening star. Always there is the magic of spring or of the day in June or of the first snowfall. And always there are living creatures about us, insects and birds and animals and inhabitants of lake and sea. The world of nature is full of life and mystery. Through science, and through what poets and other keen observers have set down for us in books, we shall be able to make our way about and to add beauty and interest to our lives.

The selections that follow are given you as guides to this exploration. First there is a little group of stories which will prove to you that animals have personalities like human beings. After that you will find selections about birds, giving some thoughts on the influence these children of nature have upon the lives of men. This part of your book will also show you how the flowers and the trees and the changing seasons add to the charm and magic of nature.

In many of the selections in this part of the book you are dealing not with science, the knowledge of the facts of nature as you get these facts from geography or botany or chemistry, but with facts as interpreted through the imagination of the poets. In others you have examples of what men of scientific training have observed in their studies of nature. You need both; one study supplements the other; both are the means by which you learn to appreciate and understand the outside world which is to be your home for all the years of your life.

THE CAMPER'S CREED

Henry Wellington Wack

I shall have joyous years of temperate and responsive life. For my heritage of the past, I shall strive to enrich the future. I know that God, the universe, and man are the immortal trinity upon which human progress depends. And I pledge myself to serve the Common Good in every wind and weather.

I love Nature and her loyal books. I will preserve a wholesome health and spirit—know and count the trees and stars my friends, the sun and shade my comforters afield.

I will never waste the natural resources of my native land; nor violate its laws nor a sportsman's honor; nor take of game from woods and waters beyond my need. If I light a fire in a grove, I will quench it. I will protect the forest and its shelter, its wild life and human boon, as a refuge for the weary follower on my trail. I will use a brother's camp as a sacred trust, with a loving care and conscience, and leave it inviolate and in order for the comfort of his late return.

Rambles shall inform my understanding, inspire my sympathies, and fit me to appraise the beauty of forest, stream, and sky. I shall explore the wilderness without fear, yet in its healing solitude feel humility in the benign presence of our common mother, the earth. I desire to be brave and just under every sting and test, bear a stout heart in a gentle manner, and stand erect on strong limbs to carry me through the verdant valley to the white glory of the mountain peak.

And then—when night has dimmed my trail with her sable robe, may I find a glowing hearth and a heartfelt welcome, in a brookside camp, under a smiling moon, in the Land o' Heart's Desire.

ANIMALS

COALY-BAY, THE OUTLAW HORSE

ERNEST THOMPSON SETON

THE WILLFUL BEAUTY

Five years ago in the Bitterroot Mountains of Idaho there was a beautiful little foal. His coat was bright bay; his legs, mane, and tail were glossy black—coal black and bright bay—so they named him Coaly-Bay.

"Coaly-Bay" sounds like "Kolibey," which is an Arab title of nobility, and those who saw the handsome colt, and did not know how he came by the name, thought he must be of Arab blood. No doubt he was, in a far-away sense; just as all our best horses have Arab blood, and once in a while it seems to come out strong and show in every part of the creature, in his frame, his power, his wild, free, roving spirit.

Coaly-Bay loved to race like the wind; he gloried in his speed and his tireless legs; when he was careering with the herd of colts, if they met a fence or ditch, it was as natural for Coaly-Bay to overleap it as it was for the others to sheer off.

So he grew up strong of limb, restless of spirit, and rebellious at any thought of restraint. Even the kindly curb of the hay yard or the stable was unwelcome, and he soon showed that he would rather stand out all night in a driving storm than be locked in a comfortable stall where he had no vestige of the liberty he loved so well.

He became very clever at dodging the horse wrangler whose job it was to bring the horse herd to the corral. The very sight of that man set Coaly-Bay going. He became what is known as a "Quit-the-bunch"— that is, a horse of such independent mind that he will go his own way the moment he does not like the way of the herd.

So each month the colt became more set on living free, and more cunning in the means he took to win his way. Far down in his soul, too, there must have been a streak of cruelty, for he stuck at nothing and spared no one that stood between him and his one desire.

When he was three years of age, just in the perfection of his young strength and beauty, his real troubles began, for now his owner undertook to break him to ride. He was as tricky and

35. **wrangler** (răng′gler), herder.

vicious as he was handsome, and the first day's experience was a terrible battle between the horse-trainer and the beautiful colt.

But the man was skillful. He knew how to apply his power, and all the wild plunging, bucking, rearing, and rolling of the wild one had no desirable result. With all his strength the horse was hopelessly helpless in the hands of the skillful horseman, and Coaly-Bay was so far mastered at length that a good rider could use him. But each time the saddle went on, he made a new fight. After a few months of this the colt seemed to realize that it was useless to resist; it simply won for him lashings and spurrings; so he pretended to reform. For a week he was ridden each day, and not once did he buck, but on the last day he came home lame.

His owner turned him out to pasture. Three days later he seemed all right; he was caught and saddled. He did not buck, but within five minutes he went lame as before. Again he was turned out to pasture, and after a week, saddled, only to go lame again. His owner did not know what to think, whether the horse really had a lame leg or was only shamming; but he took the first chance to get rid of him, and though Coaly-Bay was easily worth fifty dollars, he sold him for twenty-five. The new owner felt he had a bargain, but after being ridden half a mile Coaly-Bay went lame. The rider got off to examine the foot, whereupon Coaly-Bay broke away and galloped back to his old pasture. Here he was caught, and the new owner, being neither gentle nor sweet, applied spur without mercy, so that the next twenty miles was covered in less than two hours, and no sign of lameness appeared.

Now they were at the ranch of this new owner. Coaly-Bay was led from the door of the house to the pasture, limping all the way, and then turned out. He limped over to the other horses. On one side of the pasture was the garden of a neighbor. This man was very proud of his fine vegetables and had put a six-foot fence around the place. Yet the very night after Coaly-Bay arrived, certain of the horses got into the garden somehow and did a great deal of damage. But they leaped out before daylight and no one saw them.

The gardener was furious, but the ranchman stoutly maintained that it must have been some other horses, since his were behind a six-foot fence.

Next night it happened again. The ranchman went out very early and saw all his horses in the pasture, with Coaly-Bay behind them. His lameness seemed worse now instead of better. In a few days, however, the horse was seen walking all right; so the ranchman's son caught him and tried to ride him. But this seemed too good a chance to lose; all his old wickedness returned to the horse; the boy was bucked off at once and hurt. The ranchman himself now leaped into the saddle; Coaly-Bay bucked for ten minutes, but finding he could not throw the man, he tried to crush his leg against a post, but the rider guarded himself well. Coaly-Bay reared and threw himself backward; the rider slipped off, the horse fell, jarring heavily, and before he could rise the man was in the saddle again. The horse now ran away, plunging and bucking. He stopped short, but the rider did not go over his head; so Coaly-Bay turned, seized the man's boot in his teeth, and but for heavy blows on the nose would have torn him dreadfully. It was quite clear now that Coaly-Bay was an "outlaw"—that is, an incurably vicious horse.

The saddle was jerked off, and he was driven, limping, into the pasture.

The raids on the garden continued, and the two men began to quarrel over them. But to prove that his horses were not guilty the ranchman asked the gardener to sit up with him and watch. That night, as the moon was brightly shining, they saw, not all the horses, but Coaly-Bay, walk straight up to the garden fence—no sign of a limp now—easily leap over it, and proceed to gobble the finest things he could find. After they had made sure of his identity, the men ran forward. Coaly-Bay cleared the fence like a deer, lightly raced over the pasture to mix with the horse herd, and when the men came near him he had—oh, such an awful limp.

"That settles it," said the rancher. "He's a fraud, but he's a beauty, and good stuff, too."

"Yes, but it settles who took my garden truck," said the other.

"Wal, I suppose so," was the answer; "but luk a here, neighbor, you haven't lost more'n ten dollars in truck. That horse is easily worth—a hundred. Give me twenty-five dollars, take the horse, an' call it square."

"Not much I will," said the gardener. "I'm out twenty-five dollars' worth of truck; the horse isn't worth a cent more. I'll take him and call it even."

And so the thing was settled. The ranchman said nothing about Coaly-Bay's being vicious as well as cunning, but the gardener found out, the very first time he tried to ride him, that the horse was as bad as he was beautiful.

Next day a sign appeared on the gardener's gate:

FOR SALE
First-class horse, sound
and gentle, $10.00

THE BEAR BAIT

Now at this time a band of hunters came riding by. There were three mountaineers, two men from the city, and the writer of this story. The city men were going to hunt bear. They had guns and everything needed for bear-hunting, except bait. It is usual to buy some worthless horse or cow, drive it into the mountains where the bears are, and kill it there. So, seeing the sign, the hunters called to the gardener: "Haven't you got a cheaper horse?"

The gardener replied: "Look at him there; ain't he a beauty? You won't find a cheaper horse if you travel a thousand miles."

"We are looking for an old bear bait, and five dollars is our limit," replied the hunter.

Horses were cheap and plentiful in that country; buyers were scarce. The gardener feared that Coaly-Bay would escape. "Wal, if that's the best you can do, he's yourn."

The hunter handed him five dollars, then said: "Now, stranger, the bargain's settled. Will you tell me why you sell this fine horse for five dollars?"

"Mighty simple. He can't be rode. He's dead lame when he's going your way and sound as a dollar going his own; no fence in the country can hold him; he's a dangerous outlaw. He's wickeder nor old Nick."

"Well, he's an almighty handsome bear bait"; and the hunters rode on.

Coaly-Bay was driven with the pack horses, and limped dreadfully on the trail. Once or twice he tried to go back, but he was easily turned by the men behind him. His limp grew worse, and toward night it was painful to see him.

The leading guide remarked: "That thar limp is no fake. He's got some deep-seated trouble."

Day after day the hunters rode farther into the mountains, driving the horses along and hobbling them at night. Coaly-Bay went with the rest, limping along, tossing his head and his long splendid mane at every step. One of the hunters tried to ride him and nearly lost his life, for the horse seemed possessed of a demon as soon as the man was on his back.

The road grew harder as it rose. A very bad bog had to be crossed one day. Several horses were mired in it, and as the men rushed to the rescue, Coaly-Bay saw his chance of escape. He wheeled in a moment and turned himself from a limping, low-headed, sorry, bad-eyed creature into a high-spirited horse. Head and tail aloft now, shaking their black streamers in the wind, he gave a joyous neigh, and, without a trace of lameness, dashed for his home one hundred miles away, threading each narrow trail with perfect certainty, though he had seen it but once before, and in a few minutes he had steamed away from their sight.

The men were furious, but one of them, saying not a word, leaped on his horse—to do what? Follow that free-ranging racer? Sheer folly. Oh, no!—he knew a better plan. He knew the country. Two miles around by the trail, half a mile by the rough cut-off he took, was Panther Gap. The runaway must pass through that, and Coaly-Bay raced down the trail to find the guide below awaiting him. Tossing his head with anger, he wheeled on up the trail again, and within a few yards recovered his monotonous limp and his evil expression. He was driven into camp, and there he vented his rage by kicking in the ribs of a harmless little pack horse.

HIS DESTINED END

This was bear country, and the hunters resolved to end his dangerous pranks and make him useful for once. They dared not catch him; it was not really safe to go near him, but two of the guides drove him to a distant glade where bears abounded. A thrill of pity came over me as I saw that beautiful untamable creature going away with his imitation limp. "Aren't you coming along?" called the guide.

"No, I don't want to see him die," was the answer. Then as the tossing head was disappearing, I called: "Say, fellows, I wish you would bring me that mane and tail when you come back!"

Fifteen minutes later a distant rifle crack was heard, and in my mind's eye I saw that proud head and those superb limbs, robbed of their sustaining indomitable spirit, falling flat and limp—to suffer the unsightly end of fleshly things. Poor Coaly-Bay; he would not bear the yoke. Rebellious to the end, he had fought against the fate of all his kind. It seemed to me

"AWAY WENT THE WILD HORSE AT HIS FAMOUS BEST"

the spirit of an eagle or a wolf it was that dwelt behind those full, bright eyes—that ordered all his wayward life.

I tried to put the tragic finish out of my mind, and had not long to battle with the thought, not even one short hour, for the men came back.

Down the long trail to the west they had driven him; there was no chance for him to turn aside. He must go on, and the men behind felt safe in that.

Farther away from his old home on the Bitterroot River he had gone each time he journeyed. And now he had passed the high divide and was keeping the narrow trail that leads to the valley of bears and on to Salmon River, and still away to the open, wild Columbian Plains, limping sadly as though he knew. His glossy hide flashed back the golden sunlight still richer than it fell, and the men behind followed like hangmen in the death train of a nobleman condemned—down the narrow trail till it opened into a little meadow, with rank, rich grass, a lovely mountain stream, and winding bear paths up and down the waterside.

"Guess this'll do," said the older man. "Well, here goes for a sure death or a clean miss," said the other confidently, and, waiting till the limper was out in the middle of the meadow, he gave a short, sharp whistle. Instantly Coaly-Bay was alert. He swung and faced his tormentors, his noble head erect, his nostrils flaring; a picture of horse beauty—yes, of horse perfection.

The rifle was leveled, the very brain its mark, just on the cross line of the eyes and ears, that meant sure, sudden, painless death.

The rifle cracked. The great horse wheeled and dashed away. It was sudden death or miss—and the marksman *missed*.

Away went the wild horse at his famous best, not for his eastern home, but down the unknown western trail, away and away. The pine woods hid him from view, and left behind was the rifleman vainly trying to force the empty cartridge from his gun.

Down that trail with an inborn certainty he went, and on through the pines, then leaped a great bog, and splashed an hour later through the limpid Clearwater, and on, responsive to some unknown guide that subtly called him from the farther west. And so he went till the dwindling pines gave place to scrubby cedars and these in turn were mixed with sage, and onward still, till the far-away flat plains of Salmon River were about him; and ever on, tireless as it seemed, he went, and crossed the cañon of the mighty Snake, and up again to the high, wild plains where the wire fence still is not, and on, beyond the Buffalo Hump, till moving specks on the far horizon caught his eager eyes, and coming on and near, they moved and rushed aside to wheel and face about. He lifted up his voice and called to them, the long shrill neigh of his kindred when they bugled to each other on the far Chaldean plain; and back their answer came. This way and that they wheeled and sped and caracoled, and Coaly-Bay drew nearer, called, and gave the countersigns his kindred know, till this they were assured—he was their kind, he was of the wild free blood that man had never tamed. And when the night came down on the purpling plain, his place was in the herd as one who after many a long hard journey in the dark had found his home.

There you may see him yet, for still his strength endures, and his beauty is not less. The riders tell me they have seen him many times by Cedra. He is swift and strong among the swift ones, but it is the flowing mane and tail that mark him chiefly from afar.

There on the wild free plains of sage he lives; the stormwind smites his glossy coat at night; and the winter snows are driven hard on him at times; the wolves are there to harry all the weak ones of the herd, and in the spring the mighty grizzly, too, may come to claim his toll. There are no luscious pastures made by man, no grain-foods; nothing but the wild, hard hay, the wind, and the open plains, but here at last he found the thing he craved—the one worth all the rest. Long may he roam—this is my wish, and this—that I may see him once again in all the glory of his speed with his black mane on the wind, the spur-galls gone from his flanks, and in his eye the blazing light that grew in his far-off forebears' eyes as they spurned Arabian plains to leave behind the racing wild beast and the fleet gazelle—yes, too, the driving sand storm that o'erwhelmed the rest, but strove in vain on the dusty wake of the desert's highest born.

How to Gain the Full Benefit from Your Reading

The reading of "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse," besides giving you pleasure, has no doubt brought to you a new idea of the spirit of the wild horse and the interesting life of the cowboy. But if you are to get the full benefit from this or any other selection in the book, you will need to pause long enough to notice certain facts. These will help you to enjoy more keenly and to understand more clearly what you read, and to train yourself in good habits of reading.

Forward and Backward Looks. First, you should read and discuss in class

"What Literature Is" (page 11) and examine the Table of Contents (page 5), to gain a general understanding of the aims and purposes of the book as a whole. As you look through the Contents, you will notice that each of the four main Parts centers about some one big idea, such as Nature, Adventure, etc. Every selection in the Part, whether prose or poetry, will mean more to you and will leave a more lasting impression if you understand how it, united with the others, helps to bring out the central thought of the unit. Before reading the selections in any group, you are asked to read and discuss in class the "Forward Look" that precedes it in order that you may know in a general way what to expect. For example, as a preparation for a full appreciation of "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse," read "The World of Nature" (page 17). After you have read all of the selections in a group, you will enjoy a pleasant class period discussing the summary found at the close of each unit—taking stock, as it were, of the joy and benefit gained from your reading. (See "A Backward Look," page 142.)

In addition to the Forward and Backward Looks, this book provides other aids in the form of helpful "Notes and Questions" that contain various valuable features, two of which are explained here:

Biographical Notes. It is always desirable to know something about the author. When you read, for example, in the biography below that Ernest Thompson Seton has been interested in the study of animals and birds all his life, you know that his stories will "ring true."

Questions and Topics. After you have read the selection through, in preparation for the class period, you will find questions that direct your attention to important points in the story, and topics for informal class discussion that will assist you in applying certain thoughts in the story to situations in your own life. Other questions point to the effect the story has upon the reader.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Ernest Thompson Seton (1860-) was born in England, but went with his parents to Canada when he was a small child. To the boys and girls of his Woodcraft League he is known as Chief Black Wolf. He is "dark of hair, sure of foot, and keen of eye, and master of the arts and crafts that delight the soul of a boy." He is skillful in imitating the songs of birds; he can imitate the moose's call; and he can howl like a wolf. It has been said of Seton, "He is as husky as a farm hand, as experienced as a Canadian trapper, and as woods-wise as an Indian."

After finishing school, Seton spent several years tramping through the backwoods and the western plains of the United States, carrying with him the smallest possible outfit. During the summer he worked regularly in the fields in order to get enough money to live on the rest of the year. Seton was always interested in the study of birds and animals in their natural haunts. For a time he was a wolf-trapper, and on one occasion, when he was carelessly setting a trap, he was himself caught in it, hand and foot. He was freed only by the intelligence of a faithful dog, which brought him a trap-wrench lying just beyond his reach. From this experience he learned how a "wolf feels when he is trapped."

When Seton was about twenty years old he began to keep a journal of his hunting expeditions and explorations. He now has over twenty of these leather-bound journals, all kept with the greatest care and illustrated with pencil sketches of animals, animal and bird tracks, etc. As he made the notes and sketches on the spot with the object before him they are highly accurate. He calls these notes "building materials," and he uses them in constructing his stories.

Seton is not only a famous naturalist, but is an artist as well. He draws the animal pictures that add so much to the charm of his own stories, and he was one of the chief illustrators of the Century Dictionary.

Seton has always been interested in teaching boys and girls to know and love outdoor life, to be as resourceful as Indians in the woods, and to understand animals. He has been head of the Boy Scout organization in this country, and is now chief of the Woodcraft League. He tells us that all of his work with these organizations has been done with the hope of making people take an interest in the animal world; for he believes that "we and the beasts are kin."

Ernest Thompson Seton has written many books about birds and animals, among which are: *The Biography of a Grizzly; Wild Animals at Home;* and *Animal Ways*, from which "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse" is taken.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Which one of the four owners of Coaly-Bay made the best bargain? Which one seemed to get the worst of it? Which one made short work of his ownership? How did he find out that Coaly-Bay would be of little use to him? Did any one of the owners show any sympathy with the horse's spirit?

2. Arabian horses are noted for graceful form, speed, intelligence, and spirit; tell why those who saw Coaly-Bay thought that he must be of Arabian blood. Read aloud the leading guide's remark about Coaly-Bay's lameness, which shows that it was a successful imitation.

3. Notice the beauty of the author's description of Coaly-Bay's return to his kindred. With this in mind, prepare to read aloud the last three paragraphs of the story; which sentences do you like particularly well? What tells you that Seton is fond of horses? Do you believe that the author wanted the horse to escape? Why? Did you sympathize with Coaly-Bay? What did the author say that aroused that feeling?

Questions for Testing Silent Reading

The Willful Beauty. 1. Where is the scene of this story laid? 2. How did Coaly-Bay get his name? 3. Tell about his nature. 4. What is a "quit-the-bunch" horse? 5. Tell of the horse trainer's experience trying to break Coaly-Bay for riding. 6. What was the horse's trick? 7. For how much did the owner sell him? 8. How did the new owner feel about the sale? 9. What happened in the neighbor's vegetable garden? 10. Why was Coaly-Bay called an "outlaw" horse? 11. How did the gardener come into possession of the horse? 12. How did the gardener advertise?

The Bear Bait. 1. Who composed the band of hunters? 2. What did they do when they saw the sign? 3. What was the bait used for bear-hunting? 4. How much did the hunters pay for Coaly-Bay? 5. What was the gardener's explanation of the low price? 6. Describe Coaly-Bay as he was driven along with the pack horses. 7. Tell of his attempt to escape. 8. How was he outwitted? 9. How did he vent his rage?

His Destined End. 1. What did the hunters resolve to do? 2. How did Ernest Thompson Seton feel when Coaly-Bay was driven away for bear bait? 3. How did the horse look as he faced his tormentors? 4. What happened when the rifle cracked? 5. In what direction did Coaly-Bay flee? 6. Tell about his flight. 7. Tell about Coaly-Bay's joining his wild kindred. 8. How are hunters able to recognize him? 9. Tell about his life on the free plains. 10. What is the author's wish for him?

Outline for Testing Silent Reading

The Willful Beauty. (*a*) The scene of the story. (*b*) Coaly-Bay, his appearance and his nature. (*c*) The owner's experience in breaking him for riding. (*d*) Coaly-Bay's trick. (*e*) The ranchman's bargain. (*f*) The new owner's experience and the neighbor's garden. (*g*) Settling with the gardener. (*h*) The sign on the gate.

The Bear Bait. (*a*) The band of hunters. (*b*) Coaly-Bay sold for bear bait. (*c*) The horse's attempt to escape and his capture.

His Destined End. (*a*) Coaly-Bay driven to the bear glade. (*b*) Ernest Thompson Seton's feeling for the horse. (*c*) The crack of the rifle. (*d*) Coaly-Bay's escape. (*e*) Joining his wild kindred. (*f*) Life upon the free plains. (*g*) The author's wish.

Library Reading. *Piebald, King of Bronchos*, Hawkes; *Ben the Battle Horse*, Dyer; *Wildfire*, Grey; *Smoky*, James; "The Broncho That Would Not Be Broken," Lindsay (in *The Chinese Nightingale and*

Other Poems); "The Hunt of the Wild Horse," Reid (in *The Boy Hunters*); "The Arab's Farewell to His Steed," Norton (in *Songs of Horses*); "Capturing the Wild Horse," Irving (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "Dandy," Custer (in *Following the Guidon*); "Horses in the Big War," Babcock (in *Outing*, May, 1919); "Our Animal Allies in the World War," Baynes (in *Harpers Magazine*, January, 1921); "Pasha, the Son of Selim," Ford (in *Horses Nine*).

Library Reading

Your interest in the various authors, aroused by reading their stories or poems in this volume, may make you wish to know more of their works; or your interest in the subjects they discuss may make you wish to extend your knowledge along these lines through directed library reading. For example, your interest in "Coaly-Bay" may lead you to read other animal stories, particularly those by Seton, which may be found in *Animal Ways*.

You will do your class and yourself a real service by making a brief report, giving all the boys and girls the benefit of your individual reading. Your classmates will enjoy hearing you review in an interesting way a favorite book or a particular story in a book, giving the title, the author, the time and scene, the principal characters, and a brief outline of the story, reading from it the passages which you think will be most interesting.

The public library is the source to which you will go for additional reading and reference material. In order to learn how to use the public library effectively, or your school library, ask the librarian to explain to you the card catalogue system and the arrangement of the books on the shelves. Locate in the library *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature*, the American and the English *Who's Who*, the encyclopedias, and the dictionaries, so that you may be independent in looking up information.

You will find it interesting to keep an individual record of your volunteer library reading. If each member of the class keeps his record on a card similar to the one shown above the result will furnish valuable information. All the cards should be so filed that any pupil may consult them, from time to time, to see what books and magazine articles have been especially enjoyed by his classmates.

Books and Magazines			
Title	Author	Date	Comments

Vocabulary Building

In this book the meanings of new words that you may not have occasion to use except in the particular selection in which you find them are placed in the footnotes for your ready use. Other words on which you may need assistance, and which you may like to learn to use in your everyday speech and writing, are placed in the Glossary, at the back of the book.

The person who has a large speaking vocabulary has a distinct advantage over the person having only a meager one, for he is able to express his thoughts more clearly, more exactly, more convincingly.

Your reading lesson is no doubt the richest source for increasing your vocabulary. If you are an average student in your class you probably have made the acquaintance of some eight to ten thousand words that you recognize at sight when you are reading. This number is very much larger than the number of words you use in your speaking vocabulary. Words creep naturally from your reading vocabulary into your speaking vocabulary, but you can make the number a much larger one by conscious effort. It is a good plan to set a record for yourself, to determine to add to your vocabulary ten, twenty, fifty, or more, new words during the year.

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THE WILD THOROUGHBRED

ENOS A. MILLS

At the "Bar J" Ranch on "Bucking Day"—the day before the annual round-up—there were no claimants for the honor of breaking the wild thoroughbred, Black Diamond. The saddle horses had been assigned to the cowboys to be broken and made ready for the round-up.

It was noon. The morning had been filled with broncho-busting excitement. Numbers of bronchos, full of cussedness, full of fight and vitality, were eager to revenge old scores, and fought their riders at every point. Hardened by cruelty, wise with experience, they were determined not to be ridden. They were seemingly unconquerable.

Three of the boys had been tossed; and there was a lively battle of raillery and jest as they collected outside the ranch-house waiting for dinner.

As a tall, long-stepping young man came slouching up to the group, there was a suppressed snicker. To the cowboys he had that superior, self-confident air which proclaims the tenderfoot. In addition to this, his extra tall, swaying figure struck them like the appearance of a caricature or a clown. But appearances aside, to arrive on foot is the surest way in cowboy land to be received with ridicule.

When dust-covered Sam Davis asked for a job, this was too much for the cowboys. There was sudden silence in the aggressive, noisy raillery. No one knew who he was, and, true to the frontier, no one cared. But their curiosity was aroused as to what he might be. He probably was a farmer, although he might be a section hand or a "mule skinner." But the foreman was short-handed and willing to take anyone on.

"Can you ride?" the foreman asked.

"I guess I might," came the drawled answer. "I remember once of being on a horse, when I had to ride bareback and chase a herd of stray cattle out of Dad's cornfield."

"Have you a saddle?" interrupted the foreman.

"Naw, I have no saddle. Do you have a saddle?" There were loud guffaws from the seventeen cowboys.

Plainly annoyed at Sam's extreme greenness and tedious slowness of speech, the foreman replied, "Well, put your feet under the table and have dinner. Then we will fit you out."

When Black Diamond was unloaded at the "Bar J" Ranch he was a handsome animal of perhaps seven summers, and with seven devils of activity and endurance. The blind, brutal methods of men in trying to break him had not subdued him nor maddened him. Of the nearly four hundred saddle ponies on the ranch he was not only the finest looking, but probably had the most horse sense. But he was almost at the point of "looking for trouble." To appreciate him, you must know of his history—his past. In him we have a real horse whose career reads like strange fiction.

For three years the Butte Springs

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3. **round-up**, the driving together of the stock for inspection, etc. 19. **tossed**, thrown off by the horses.

44. **mule skinner**, a prairie mule driver.

outfit had tried to capture Black Diamond, a black horse with a shining white star in his forehead. But proudly, defiantly, he still ran wild in the Great Basin. These cowboy-trained wild-horse hunters of Nevada had an exciting and an exacting occupation. They were just about one hundred per cent efficient. And they needed to be, for even the least desirable broncho which they captured had endurance and alertness and was exceedingly capable of taking care of himself. Many of these horses long succeeded in keeping beyond the reach of a rope, and were wary enough to detect the most skillfully placed and thoroughly camouflaged corral.

Everything that can be said for any thoroughbred horse in the way of grace of line, of color, of ease of action, of pride and head poise, could be said of Black Diamond. In addition, he had exceptional endurance and alertness. After all, he was a thoroughbred —a full-blooded Arabian. The Spanish conquerors of Mexico had brought in a number of thoroughbred Arabian horses. A few escaped and quickly produced herds of wild horses. They scattered northward and were assisted in rapid, wider distribution by the Indians. In a few decades there were thousands of wild horses in the Southwest.

These horses possessed all the good qualities of the original stock plus the additional development of a peculiar environment. The grasses of the plateaus were nourishing the year round. The high altitude gave increased lung development. There were carnivorous animal enemies and trying weather conditions, which exacted great physical endurance and mental alertness. These horses may be said to have been raised under conditions, though different, as helpful for best results as man could have given them. Black Diamond had generations of these nature-trained horses behind him, and possessed the transmitted triumphant traits.

The first drive for Black Diamond failed because he broke away and led all but a few of the horses into the freedom of the wilds again. On the second drive, he was the only horse to escape. The following year additional help was recruited for a big, final drive. The morale of the cowboys in the drive was the best. The horses were to be driven up into a broad cañon. A cliff blocked the upper end and formed one side of the corral. A short stretch of fence barred one possible outlet, and a deeply-eroded dry gully prevented escape on another side. The cowboys trusted themselves to hold the narrow entrance behind the horses if they succeeded in getting them into the corral.

About thirty horses came galloping over the alkali stretches, tossing their tangled manes, Black Diamond leading. The cowboys hurried up from three points of the compass to run them into the corral. In they dashed. He avoided the cowboys and daringly sought escape across the gully.

In the lower end the gully split into three branches with narrow, island-like, steep-walled bits of earth between. These tongue-like islands stood from ten to fifteen feet above the bottom of the gully. With a vigorous, picturesque leap Black Diamond cleared the first gully, landed on an island in safety, and then cleared the second. Racing along this narrow,

Pacific & Atlantic Photos, Inc.

ROUND-UP OF HORSES ON A WESTERN RANCH

tongue-like stretch to its narrowest separation from the mainland, he made a splendid leap and cleared the third gully.

But the bank where Black Diamond landed was undermined, and the jar of his landing caused it to collapse beneath him. He rolled into the gully fifteen feet below. But on his feet in a flash, rearing up almost vertically on hind legs, he reached up like a goat, and climbed the nearly vertical, crumbling wall. Just as he gained the solid earth of the farther side, the noose of a cowboy's rope fell over his neck, and that of another caught a forefoot. In a few seconds Black Diamond was down and securely roped.

Though purely wild, Black Diamond was an animal who had full measure of what we call horse sense. He ceased to struggle with the rope the instant this became a waste of energy. Many wild horses, when roped, struggle until completely exhausted. They literally fight the men trying to secure them; they strike, bite, kick, and stamp. Occasionally a man is killed. Utmost skill is required to master one of these horses, for when in this fighting frame of mind, he is an extremely dangerous beast.

The foreman of the horse hunters wanted Black Diamond for his personal use, and ordered him to be saddled and broken at once. The usual method of breaking a horse that is at all spirited is to saddle him while blindfolded or tied. The cowboy swings into the saddle an instant in advance of the releasing of the ropes or the removing of the blind. With quirt and spurs he endeavors to excite the horse to use energy rapidly, and to exhaust himself in ways least likely to disconcert the rider.

Black Diamond was a superior

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43. quirt, whip.

horse, but this was not even considered when it came to riding him. He was handled as though he were a man-killer. Each would-be rider in turn treated him as a beast. There was no opportunity for him to act calmly. However, he exerted little effort until the would-be rider swung into the saddle. Then, so to speak, he "set things on fire." His moves to throw the cowboy were lightning-like and calculated. There were no mad, exhausting efforts.

One, two, three riders in rapid succession he tossed to the earth. The instant the first rider was thrown the horse relaxed, and walked to the edge of the corral, seeing everything; but as there appeared no opening—no opportunity of escape—he put up his proud head and looked around. As a fourth crack rider swung desperately into the saddle, Black Diamond reared to the vertical, wheeled quickly, facing about, and came down on his forefeet so violently that the rider, already tilted in the saddle, caught the shock on his left thigh. This snapped the bone and flung him heels over head to the earth.

The foreman ordered this outlaw, Black Diamond, to be shipped that night with two carloads of saddle ponies that were consigned to a Colorado cattle company for cowboy use.

At least a dozen of the crack ranch "busters" at "Bar J" Ranch had "forked" Black Diamond, and each had been promptly and ingloriously tossed to the earth. Again an outlaw, Black Diamond was allowed to run with the other saddle horses that were unassigned. He had his freedom throughout the summer. He never made any trouble breaking away, as did some of the ponies when they were driven into the corral.

He had won his reputation and often was the subject of conversation or banter. The mere mention of his name would instantly silence any cowboy who became unduly reminiscent concerning the bronchos he had elsewhere conquered.

After dinner the boys seated themselves in a row at the side of the barn for a little rest before resuming broncho-busting activities. A joke was framed up among them to assign "the outlaw"—Black Diamond—to Sam.

Upon inquiring concerning the use of a substantial and stockaded corral, Davis was told that it was used chiefly for the purpose of subduing refractory bronchos. Into this stockade the horses were driven, were roped heels and head, and hog-tied.

"That's cruel. That's wrong," drawled Davis; but his comments were drowned by the jeers and roars of the cowboys.

Davis was given a saddle and directed to the corral in which was his allotment of saddle ponies, including Black Diamond.

"Hey, there!" roared the foreman, "two or three of you fellows get a move on you and help Sam get Black Diamond."

Half the bunch leaped to their feet and came merrily forward, eager to help out for the privilege of being a close spectator of the exhibit which they expected to take place when Sam made the acquaintance of the outlaw.

To the astonishment of everyone, Sam announced that he did not want any help, did not want anyone to

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38. **forked**, mounted.

67. **hog-tied**, front and hind legs tied together.

frighten his pony with cruel and crazy methods. There was a quiet sneer and much nudging among the bunch as Davis, with coiled rope, started for the corral alone, whistling a low, lively tune.

He was a dark, athletic fellow, about thirty-five, and had the shuffling, straddling walk of the cowboy. As he strode off, he rolled and lighted a cigarette with startling dexterity. Young Porter, the wide-awake son of the ranch owner, realized from the dexterity that Davis might prove a star actor; he was, perhaps, about to give a startling performance.

Davis went into the corral alone. He stood for a moment. Getting his eyes on Black Diamond, he stopped whistling, commenced humming, and advanced slowly toward the horse, quietly edging his way among the ponies. Presently he not only had Black Diamond alone in the corner, but the horse was interested and curious concerning this big, slow-moving, quiet-going fellow. At last, Davis laid his hand gently upon Black Diamond's side, rubbed him easily, and commenced to talk to him in friendly tones.

Many a sensitive and superior horse has become an outlaw through clumsy and cruel handling. Just average thoughtfulness will improve any horse; most horses respond quickly to friendly advances, quiet movements, and even, friendly tones.

After a moment or two Davis placed the rope over Black Diamond's head; swift, accurate moves of the hands followed, and the rope became a hackamore that involved the horse's head. Turning, and still talking to him, Davis led the horse to the gate and then out of the corral.

The cowboys gasped. But this temporary placidity on the part of Black Diamond, they thought, meant preparation for a more terrific explosion than he had ever shown. This exhibition would happen—it always had happened—the instant after the rider swung into the saddle.

Davis closed the gate, spoke a few words in an undertone to the horse, and then, without saddle or bridle, climbed awkwardly upon his back. The expectant cowboys held their breaths. Horse and rider, in friendly unison cut lightning-like circles and figures. Black Diamond plainly enjoyed the performance and made no attempt to dislodge his rider. The cowboys were overawed, sobered, and then amazed. Leaping off, Davis said, "Come, Black Diamond, follow me and I'll put a saddle on you." Black Diamond obeyed and followed!

The astounded cowboys did not wait to witness the second performance. They slipped away by ones and twos to attend to their own affairs!

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42. **hackamore**, a particular kind of halter, used chiefly in breaking horses.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Enos A. Mills (1870-1922) has been called "the friend of the Rocky Mountains" and a "knight-errant for the out-of-doors." When he was fourteen his health was poor, and a physician said that the Colorado air might cure him; so, all alone, the boy traveled from his birthplace in Kansas to Colorado, where he built for himself a log cabin at the foot of Long's

Peak, fifty miles from a railroad. Here, for a part of each year he worked as a guide, but most of the time he wandered about "having adventures with snowslides and avalanches and making friends with everything in fur and feathers."

Mills regained his health, and, some years later, went to San Francisco to attend a business college. Again, his health broke down, and he was in despair. One day he met the great explorer and naturalist, John Muir, who talked with the boy and, recognizing his ability as a student of nature, advised him to go back to his mountains and write about animals. This Mills did; and he also fought, with his time, money, and ability, for the establishment of national parks in various parts of the country.

Mr. Mills became an athletic man with a great deal of endurance. Some of his most difficult exploring was done as "official snow observer" for Colorado. He camped alone without a gun in every state in the Union. Interesting accounts of his adventures are given in his book, *The Adventures of a Nature Guide.*

Until his death in 1922, Mills had a summer resort, called "Long's Peak Inn," at Long's Peak, Colorado, where, as a nature guide, he conducted a "Trail School." On the road to the Inn motorists could see the sign, "What do you want with an armful of wild flowers?" This sign illustrates his belief that "A live flower, a live bird, or a live tree will give much more lasting returns than a flower plucked, or a tree cut down, or a bird that has been slain."

Since the sudden death of Mr. Mills in September, 1922, there have been many expressions of appreciation for his work. One of the most interesting of these expressions is that of the proposal to establish an "Enos Mills Day" in the schools—a day on which stories by him shall be read and his work for the conservation of natural beauties and resources discussed.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe in one sentence the type of bronchos the cowboys had to handle on "Bar J" Ranch. Account for the "suppressed snicker" that went around when the newcomer arrived. What aroused the curiosity of the crowd?

2. Do you believe Sam was a real cowboy before he came to the camp? Why? Describe in your own words the pony, Black Diamond. How did he compare with other horses on the ranch as to appearance? As to "horse sense"?

3. Tell briefly the history of Black Diamond up to the point of his capture. How was the wild thoroughbred finally captured? Give examples from the story to show that this horse had sense. How do you account for the repeated failures of the cowboys to conquer Black Diamond?

4. What qualities had Sam that gained the interest and confidence of the horse? What lesson should the jeering cowboys have learned by watching Sam?

5. Have you ever controlled a horse or a dog through kindness? If so, tell the class about it. Read the story of *Black Beauty*, by Anna Sewell, which is considered one of the greatest horse stories ever written. Compare with it the new horse story entitled *Smoky*, by Will James, a cowboy who is said "to know a cowhorse as only a cowboy can."

Library Reading. "Cal, the Faithful Broncho," Hawkes (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "General Lee's Description of His Horse, Traveler" (in *Recollections and Letters of Robert E. Lee*, by his son Robert E. Lee); *Horses Nine*, Ford; "The Horse," Fabre (in *Our Humble Helpers, the Domestic Animals*); *The Horse as a Comrade and Friend*, Calthrop; *Fifty Famous Rides and Riders*, Baldwin; "The Greatest Horse in the World: Story of Man-o'-War,"Reid (in *The Independent*, March 5, 1921); "Her Majesty's Servants," Kipling (in *The Jungle Book*); "Story of a Jockey," Davis (in *Stories for Boys*); "The Legend of Bregenz," Procter; "The Story of the Horse" (in *The Book of Knowledge*, Volume 19).

Suggested Problems

You will find in this book from time to time suggested problems, some of which are to be worked out by you alone and some with the help of your classmates. It is often a good plan to make use of all the various talents in a class in order to carry out successfully a piece of work that the class would like to do. The members of most junior high-school classes represent a wide range of abilities in art, music, reading aloud, composition, dramatics, printing, manual training, etc. With the guidance of your teacher you will learn how to help plan even a big undertaking and to carry it out successfully without anyone's being overburdened, because all the talent in the class is made use of and because each member is made to feel responsible for his share.

Look up the history of the horse in *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Volume 4, and in any other source books you have available. Make a collection of pictures of horses and statues of horses for use in illustrating a booklet. You will find some interesting poems about horses in *Songs of Horses*, by Frothingham. When you have all of your material ready, you will enjoy a class period devoted to reports, the reading of poems, and an examination of the illustrations.

BALLAD OF THE HUNDRED AND FIFTEEN HORSES

(April 1, 1538—September, 1543)

LUCY SPRAGUE MITCHELL

One hundred and fifteen horses, for so the tale is told,
One hundred and fifteen horses, with Spanish masters bold,
One hundred and fifteen horses set sail from Spain of old.

The commander was De Soto, and a brave, brave man was he;
Brave he was upon the land and brave upon the sea;
And forth he sailed to Florida with a goodly company.

Seven Spanish caravels, with full six hundred men,
Seven Spanish caravels, set sail from sunny Spain,
And none of the ships, and few of the men, ever came back again.

One hundred and fifteen horses, the finest in old Spain,
One hundred and fifteen horses, afloat upon the main,
One hundred and fifteen horses that never came back again.

Some were black and some were white and some were a dappled gray,
Some were chestnut and some were roan and some were a darkish bay;
But never a one of them all came back where once they had sailed away.

They sail and sail for many a day, they sail into the west,
They sail and sail for many a night, with never a moment's rest,
Whether the sea is calm and bright, or shows the white-cap crest.

The waves they beat upon the sides of the seven little ships,
The horses whinny, the horses neigh, whenever the vessel tips.
The pigs below, they grunt and grunt, whenever the masthead dips.

The men, they lower the bulging sails, with a glance at the lowering skies,
And ever into the west, the west, they turn their anxious eyes,
Till early one morn the lookout shouts. "The land, the land," he cries.

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4. **De Soto** (1500-1542), a famous Spanish soldier and explorer, and the discoverer of the Mississippi.

7. **caravel**, a small sailing vessel, used especially for long voyages. 11. **main**, sea.

One hundred and fifteen horses graze on Cuba's green;
They graze and caper and roll and run, the friskiest ever seen,
Ready again for trappings gay and armor with glint and sheen.

Some were white and some were black and some were a dappled gray,
Some were chestnut and some were roan and some were a darkish bay;
But they all were gallant horses with a trot and a gallop and neigh.

Alas! before the year was done, they boarded the ships and then
The hundred and fifteen horses, the pigs, and all the men
Sailed away to Florida, into the west again.

Now in fifteen-thirty-nine this land was strange and new;
Florida stretched a wilderness, no white man had passed through,
As De Soto with his Spanish men determined he would do.

Now in the days whereof I write, this was a deed most bold,
For Florida stretched both north and west, how far had never been told,
And the Spanish men who wandered there came in search of gold.

They found the mountains, they found the plains and rivers flowing wide,
They found the forests, they found the swamps that stretched on every side,
They found the deserts bleak and dry; and as they found they died.

They found the frightened Indians, afraid of a face that was white,
Afraid of the four-legged gods with tails. A shriek and maddened flight.
The white gods took whatever they would. The Indians shook with fright.

They found the friendly Indians, and maize and fur they bought.
They found the hostile Indians, and these they robbed and fought.
They found a strange and wonderful land but never the gold they sought.

And so they wandered day by day where never had white man been,
And so they wandered month by month ever determined to win,
And so they wandered year by year, and ever their ranks grew thin.

The hundred and fifteen horses, they went where their masters went.
On the terrible, horrible, weary march their youth and strength was spent.
They gallantly bore their masters where the treacherous bow was bent.

The Indians shot the black and white, they shot the dappled gray,
They shot the chestnut and shot the roan, they shot the darkish bay;
A few the arrows could not reach, so swift of foot were they.

And some of the horses died in the flames when Indian villages burned,
And some were drowned in the raging flood as they swam where the waters churned,

And some they died from lack of food
with eyes to their masters turned.

They came to a mighty river, and
there by the river's side
The great De Soto sickened; the great
De Soto died.
They dared not tell the Indians.
"He'll soon be back," they lied.

And so the great De Soto, the leader,
he is dead.
The mighty Mississippi they gave
him for a bed.
Forever the Father of Waters will flow
around his head.

The weakened band it wanders on till
it can go no more.
"Oh! let us build us ships and sail till
we come to the ocean shore!"
And so they built them seven ships
and sailed with all their store.

Of the hundred and fifteen horses,
there is only a little band.
The Indians follow the little boats
where there's hardly room to
stand.
"Come, let us leave the horses," they
say, "and row us to the land."

Of the hundred and fifteen horses there
are only twenty-two.
Sorely the masters needed meat. They
did what they needs must do.
Six they freed of the little band. All
the rest they slew.

Six great gallant horses that sailed
from sunny Spain,
Six great gallant horses, with never
a saddle or rein,
Six great gallant horses, with never
a master again.

One was black and one was white and
one was a dappled gray;
One was chestnut and one was roan
and one was a darkish bay.
They whinnied and shook their noble
heads when their masters sailed
away.

The masters sailed down the river
till they came unto the sea.
Gold they had none and yet they were
glad, as glad as men could be,
Though the river held their leader,
who had led them gallantly.

But the horses ran to the plain, to the
happy grazing ground,
Where stretched the grass, the great
wide grass, a thousand miles
around.
Oh! never were better grazing grounds
in all the wide world found.

And the Spanish horses flourished; to
a mighty band they grew.
They ranged and galloped all over
the hills, for the land was wide
and new.
Strong of shoulder and fleet of foot,
and never a man they knew.

Of the hundred and fifteen horses, for
so the tale is told,
Of the hundred and fifteen horses, six
in the days of old
Were left on the shore of Texas by
Spanish masters bold.

Of the hundred and fifteen horses, the
finest in old Spain,
Of the hundred and fifteen horses, not
one came back again,
But they spread over all the New
World, the gallant horses of Spain.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

1. What have you learned about De Soto from your study of American history? In what year did he come to this country? Describe the cargo brought over by him, as told by the author of this poem.

2. Where did the Spanish vessel first land? Read the lines which tell you that the horses were eager for the trappings they had been accustomed to in Spain. In what year did De Soto and his cargo land in Florida? Tell in your own words what kind of country greeted him.

3. To whom do the words "white gods" refer in line 45? Did the strangers find what they came for? What did they get from the Indians? Why did they fear to tell the Indians that their leader was dead? Describe the fate of the majority of the horses.

4. How many horses escaped? Where did these horses find food? How did they change? What connection do you see between the story recorded in this ballad and the wild horses that roamed our Western prairies when the white man first went there?

Class Reading. Read aloud in class the lines which describe how Florida looked to the first white explorers; the lines which tell how the Indians greeted the white strangers; the lines which describe the "six gallant horses" that were left alone in America.

Library Reading. "Before the Northern and Southern Horses Made Many Breeds," Mitchell (in *Horses, Now and Long Ago*); "Ballad of East and West," Kipling (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); *History of the Pony Express*, Bradley; "The Fall of Troy; The Wooden Horse," Church (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "The War-Horse Buyers," Chapman (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); "The Arab's Farewell to his Steed," Norton, "Consul Romanus," Shadwell, "A Saddle Song," Hall, "Pardners," Braley, "Lasca," Desprez (in *Songs of Horses*).

DESCENDANTS OF THE FAMOUS SPANISH HORSES

THE THUNDERING HERD

Clarence Hawkes

Bennie Anderson sat on the lee side of the prairie schooner, watching the dancing camp fire and listening to the howling of the coyotes.

Four months before, the Anderson family, consisting of Mr. and Mrs. Anderson, Thomas, a boy of nine years, and the solitary watcher by the camp fire, named Benjamin, aged eleven years, had said good-by to Indiana.

Ill luck had always followed the Andersons in that state, and Bennie's father had said that perhaps a change of scene would also change their luck. So nearly all their belongings had been packed into the canvas-covered wagon, two dilapidated mules hitched to it, the old cow tied behind; and with the dog following beneath the wagon, they had left the tumble-down cabin and the Indiana homestead, and had started for the frontier beyond the Mississippi.

Mr. Anderson was an old hunter, and as there were two rifles in the wagon, not to mention an old shotgun, there was usually plenty of fresh duck or prairie chicken to eat. Among the most cherished possessions was a very good field glass, which had been the property of an uncle who had used it in the Civil War. This glass proved to be their best ally upon the great plains, where the stretches of smooth land are so vast, and the distances so great, that the naked eye is wholly inadequate to the demands made upon it, especially if one wants to see all the wild life upon the plains, as Bennie did.

The modest Anderson caravan had not journeyed far into the Missouri Bad Lands, at right angles to the old Oregon Trail, which so many adventurers had followed before and have since, before the signs of buffaloes became plentiful, although the boys did not at first recognize them. It was not until late September or early October, however, that the Andersons saw buffaloes in any numbers. Hitherto, there had been an occasional lonely bison feeding in some coulee, but they now began to see them in larger numbers.

The jolting wagon by this time had pounded its weary way over the plains and through the Bad lands and the desert-like portions of the prairies, where there was nothing but sagebrush and sprawling cactus, until they had reached a point near the northwest corner of Missouri.

It was not an infrequent sight to see upon the slope of a distant swell a dozen buffaloes peacefully grazing like domestic cattle. They usually made off at a slow trot whenever the wagon got within a few hundred yards of them. Not knowing much of the habits or disposition of the bison, Mr. Anderson said that they would not attempt to kill any at present even for meat, as deer and other game were plentiful.

So they journeyed along without molesting the bison that they saw, satisfied to let them alone, if they were in turn let alone. This amicable arrangement might have held good until they reached their journey's end, in

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53. **coulee** (kōō-lā'), dry ravine.

the heart of Kansas, had not something happened that made the killing of a few bison the price of safety to the party. This was an event that no one of the emigrants ever forgot as long as he lived, and an incident that filled one night as full of excitement and peril as it could well hold.

They had been traveling for two days over a nearly unbroken stretch of slightly undulating prairie. The summer sun had baked the earth till it was hard and lifeless. Every tuft of grass was burned to a crisp. Even the sagebrush that grew in all the sandy spots seemed parched by the shimmering heat. The sky was a bright, intense blue, and each night the sunset was red and the afterglow partially obscured by a cloud of dust.

The watercourses and the cottonwoods were half a day's journey apart, and an intolerable thirst was over all the landscape.

The second day of this trying desert-like prairie stretch of their journey was just drawing to a close when they noted upon the northern horizon what at first seemed to be a cloud of smoke.

At the thought of a prairie fire upon such a parched area as these plains, a horrible fear seized upon the little party, and Mr. Anderson hurried to the top of the nearest swell to learn if their worst fears were true.

On mounting the eminence, he discovered that the cloud extended from the east to the west as far as the eye could reach. It certainly was not smoke, but each minute it grew in density and volume, like a menace, something dark and foreboding that would engulf them.

Presently as he watched, he thought he heard a low rumbling, like the first indistinct sounds of thunder, and putting his ear to the ground in Indian fashion, he could hear the rumbling plainly. It was like the approach of a mighty earthquake, only it traveled much more slowly; like the rumbling of the surf; like the voice of the sea, or the hurricane, heard at a distance.

Again the anxious man scanned the dark, ominous-looking cloud, that now belted half the horizon, and this time he thought that he discerned dark particles like tiny dancing motes in the cloud. Then as he gazed, the specks grew larger, like gnats or small flies, close to where the horizon line should have been. Here and there were clouds of the dark specks, like swarms of busy insects. But what a myriad there was! In some places they fairly darkened the cloud.

Then in a flash the truth dawned upon the incredulous man, leaving him gasping with astonishment and quaking with fear.

All these tiny specks upon the horizon line were buffaloes. A mighty host stretching from east to west as far as the eye could reach, and to the north God only knew how far. Like an avalanche that rushes upon its way, unmindful of man and human life; pitiless as fate, and as remorseless as all the primeval forces of nature, the thundering herd was rolling down upon them.

For a few seconds he gazed, fascinated and held to the spot by his very fear and the wonder of it all. Darker and darker grew the cloud. Plainer and plainer the headlong rush of the countless host was seen, while the rumbling of their thousands of hoofs, which at first had been like distant thunder, now swelled to the volume of a rapidly approaching hurricane. The solid earth was felt to vibrate and rock, to tremble and quake.

Mr. Anderson waited to see no more, but fled back to his family, whose escape from this sea of hoofs now seemed to him almost hopeless. The boys hurried to meet him, their faces pale with fright, for even the rest of the family now realized that some great danger was swooping down upon them.

Mr. Anderson made his plan of escape as he ran. To think of fleeing was out of the question. Their slow-moving schooner would be overtaken in almost no time. There was no cañon, no coulee, in which to take refuge; no butte to which they might flee; not even a tree or a rock behind which they might crouch, and thus be partly shielded. Out in the open the danger must be met, with nothing but the shelter of the wagon to keep off the grinding hoofs, and only the muzzles of their three guns to stand between them and annihilation when the crash came.

Hastily they turned the wagon about, with its hind end toward the herd. The mules were unhitched from the pole and each hitched to the front wheel. A rope was also passed through the side strap of the harness of each mule, and he was fastened to the hind wheel of the wagon, so that he could not swing about and be across the tide when this sea of buffaloes should strike them. This kept the mules with their heels toward the herd, thus securing the additional aid of a mule's heels on guard at each side of the wagon. Old Brindle was secured to the pole of the wagon, where the mules had been. The wheels were blocked. What furniture the wagon contained was piled up behind to help make a barricade. When all had been made as snug as possible, the family crawled under the wagon and awaited results. The muzzles of the two rifles were held in readiness for an emergency at either side of the wagon, while Mrs. Anderson had the shotgun in readiness to reënforce the garrison should they need more loaded weapons at a moment's notice.

Nearer and nearer came the thundering herd, while the vibrations in the solid earth grew with each passing second. The clouds of dust shut out the light of the setting sun, and made a dark pall over all the landscape, like the descending of the mantle of death.

Bennie gritted his teeth together and tried hard not to let the muzzle of his rifle shake as he pointed it out between the spokes of the hind wheel on his side of the wagon.

On came the terrible battalions of galloping hoofs, the massive heads and black beards of mighty bulls glowering through the clouds of dust. Each second the pounding of their hoofs swelled in volume, and each second the vibrations of the solid earth became more pronounced. Like the smoke of a great conflagration, the dust-clouds settled over the prairies until the crouching, trembling human beings, so impotent in this vast mad rush of wild beasts, could see the frontlets of the bulls but a few rods away.

But almost before they had time to realize it, the mad, galloping, pushing, steaming, snorting herd was all about them, pounding by so close that the coats of the nearest bulls brushed the sides of the mules.

At first they seemed to turn out a

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44. **blocked**, made immovable.

bit for the wagon, but presently a bunch of buffaloes, more compact than the rest of the herd, was seen bearing down upon them as though they were charging the schooner, although they probably did not even notice it.

"Ready with your rifle, Bennie," called Mr. Anderson, and father and son both cocked their guns. When the bunch was almost upon them, both fired, and a mighty bull fell kicking against the back of the wagon, but his kicks were not of long duration, for at this short range the rifles did fearful execution.

There was no respite, however, for close behind the fallen bull came more, and Mr. Anderson reached for the shotgun, and piled another bull upon the first, although he had to finish him with a Colt's revolver, which was destined to stand them in much better stead than the guns.

It was with difficulty that the muzzle-loading rifles could be loaded while lying down in the cramped position under the wagon, but the Colt's revolver, which was a forty-four and just as effective at this short range as a rifle, could be readily reloaded, and Mrs. Anderson kept its five chambers full.

Old Abe, the mule upon the right side of the wagon, now took his turn in the fray, but a bull galloped too close to him, raking Abe's flank with his sharp horn. The mule let both heels fly, striking another bull fairly in the forehead, and felling him to the ground. But a buffalo's skull is as thick as a board, and the bull jumped up and galloped on with his fellows.

For a few minutes the two dead bulls at the rear of the wagon seemed to act as a buffer, and the others parted just enough to graze the wagon. The mules, which brayed and kicked whenever the buffaloes came too close, also helped, but presently another bunch was seen bearing down upon them. They were close together and crowding, and did not seem likely to give way for the crouching fugitives under the wagon.

Although Bennie and his father both fired, and Mr. Anderson followed up the rifle shots with both barrels from the shotgun, and three shots from the Colt's, yet they struck the wagon with a terrific shock.

There was frantic kicking and frenzied braying from both Abe and Ulysses, and a violent kicking and pounding in the wagon that seemed to be immediately over their heads.

It was plain that instantaneous action of some kind was necessary if their domicile was to be saved, for one of the crowding bulls had been carried immediately into the wagon. He had become entangled in the top, and was pawing and kicking to free himself. His great head just protruded over the seat.

Mr. Anderson reached up quickly with the Colt's, and put an end to his kicking with two well-directed shots.

There were now four dead bulls piled up behind the wagon and one inside of it, and soon the blood from their last victim came trickling through upon the helpless family. It was a gruesome position, but they could not escape it, and all were so glad that the blood was not their own that they did not mind.

"We are pretty well barricaded now, Bennie," shouted Mr. Anderson, just making himself heard above the thunder of galloping hoofs. "I think we are safe. They cannot get at us over

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MANY THOUSANDS OF BUFFALO ONCE ROAMED OUR PRAIRIES

all that beef, and they cannot get through the side; so I do not see but we are secure."

"Thank God," exclaimed Mrs. Anderson fervently, "but I shan't feel safe until the last buffalo has passed."

She had barely ceased speaking when old Abe uttered a piercing bray, in which were both terror and pain. He accompanied the outcry with a vicious kick, but almost immediately sank to the earth, kicking and pawing. It was then seen that a bull had ripped open the mule's left side, giving him a mortal wound. His frantic kicking so endangered the cowering fugitives under the wagon that Mr. Anderson was obliged to shoot him. His loss was irreparable, and the boys whimpered softly to themselves as they saw their old friend stretched out dead beside the wagon.

Old Brindle at this point became unmanageable, breaking her rope, so that the seething black mass swallowed her. "There goes old Brindle, too," sobbed Tommy. "I guess we'll starve now."

Poor Shep, who had been securely tied at the forward end of the wagon, cowered and whimpered as though he, too, thought the judgment day had come, and it was his and Tommy's lot to comfort each other—the dog licking the boy's hands, and he in turn patting the dog's head.

The loss of old Brindle and Abe proved to be the turning-point in the misfortunes of the Andersons, for the herd now parted at the barricade made by the dead buffalo, the mule, and the wagon, so that although every few minutes it seemed as though they would be engulfed, yet the danger veered to one side and passed by.

Half an hour and then an hour went by, and still there was no diminution of the herd. The second hour and the third passed, and still they came, crowding and pushing, blowing and snorting, steaming and reeking.

"Won't they ever go by, father?" asked Bennie. "I should think there were a million of them."

"It is the most wonderful thing that I ever saw," replied Mr. Anderson. "I have often heard old hunters tell about the countless herds of buffaloes, but I had always supposed that they were lying. In the future I will believe anything about their numbers."

At last, seeing that they were in no immediate danger, Mr. Anderson told the boys to go to sleep if they could and he would watch. If there was any need of their help, he would call them.

Accordingly, all the firearms were loaded and placed by Mr. Anderson, and the boys and Shep curled up near the forward wheels to rest. They were terribly tired, for the excitement and the hard work had told upon their young nerves and muscles.

The last thing Bennie remembered was the thunder of the myriad hoofs, and the rocking and trembling of the earth under him. But even these sounds soon ceased for him, and he and his brother slept.

When he again opened his eyes, the sun was shining brightly, and the clouds of dust that had obscured the moon when he fell asleep had been partly dissipated. Here and there he could see an occasional buffalo galloping southward, but the mighty herd, whose numbers had seemed like the stars, was gone.

"It's the tail end of the procession, boy," called Bennie's father. "The last installment went by about fifteen minutes ago. I did not dream that bison could be found in such numbers in western Missouri at the present time. I had supposed the few scattering head that we saw were all that were left in the state."

This conclusion of Mr. Anderson's was quite right, but that autumn, for some unaccountable reason, the great herd had come down for a part of the way on the Missouri River on its southern migration, following the old trail of two decades before, instead of crossing western Nebraska and Kansas. It had been a costly experiment, however, for all the way hunters had swarmed upon their flanks and they had lost thousands of head. But what did that matter? Their number was legion.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Clarence Hawkes (1869-), blind lecturer and author, for more than forty years has not "seen a squirrel, or a dog, or a chipmunk, or any of the thousand friendly things that race or creep or flit through the woods; yet the children of the United States have seen them all through his unseeing eyes and have learned to love them."

Hawkes was born on a little farm in Goshen, Massachusetts. One of his fondest childhood memories is the companionship with his grandmother. To her he gives much of the credit for his success in writing about outdoor life. "It was she," he says, "who taught me first to love the woods and fields, to watch the habits of the wild things, to *feel* the gladness of the sunshine, and to be thrilled by the play of the wind on the water. Surely God must have taken special care to give me a grandmother who could help my childish eyes to paint such unforgettable pictures on the walls of memory; for there were only a few brief years to paint, and the pictures have had to last me ever since."

When Clarence was but eight years old an accident necessitated the amputation of one of his legs. While this misfortune prevented the boy's taking part in various games, it did not keep him from what he loved best—spending time in field and forest, learning many things about the wild creatures living there.

In 1883, when Clarence Hawkes was fourteen years old, he was blinded by an accidental shot from his father's gun. After every possible effort had been made to restore the boy's sight he was sent to Perkins Institute for the Blind, near Boston, where he learned that he could live happily, even though blind, by means of his "rule of the Three P's—Patience, Perseverance, and Pluck, all spelled with capitals."

In 1902 Hawkes published his first animal story, *Little Frisky*. This venture was both a literary and a financial success, and the life work of Clarence Hawkes was determined; since that time he has written one or two books a year. Hawkes is often asked the question, "How can you, a blind man, describe nature and animals so faithfully that your books are real and alive?" He says, "The answer is partly hard work, but mixed with it are two other ingredients. One of them is a love of nature so keen and passionate that most people who have their eyes can hardly appreciate its intensity. I love the out-of-doors. I fish, I tramp, I hear sounds and smell fragrant odors that are lost to the casual traveler through the fields and woods. What I hear and smell and feel, I put in my books, *and also what I have seen;* for this is the second ingredient."

Clarence Hawkes, a member of the American Bison Society, that has for its purpose the conservation of American buffaloes, is well fitted to write this story, which is taken from his book called *King of the Thundering Herd.* "God Took Away My Eyes That My Soul Might See," by Bruce Barton (in *The American Magazine*, July, 1926), is an excellent story of the life and work of Hawkes.

Questions and Topics

1. The events narrated in this story actually took place, it is said, in 1871. Describe the caravan. Where was the family going? How long had they been traveling when the incident of the thundering herd occurred?

2. Where did the event occur? Locate the region on the map. What does this story tell you of the number of buffaloes on the plains at that time? Compare with the number one would expect to find in that region today. Account for the change. (See "Library Reading" below.)

3. Read also Chapter XX, "The Buffalo," in *The Covered Wagon*, by Emerson Hough. Compare the picture of the oncoming buffaloes in Hough's story with that given in "The Thundering Herd." Which one do you think seems more real? Why?

Class Reading. (Passages to be read aloud and discussed.) 1. The plan of escape, page 40, lines 12 to 56. 2. The description of the approach of the herd, page 40, lines 57 to 88. 3. The passing of the herd, page 40, line 90 to the end.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Make an outline to guide you in telling the story.

Suggested Problem. In 1923 the American Bison Society reported that there were 147 herds in the United States, consisting of 3654 buffaloes. There were only eight states without buffaloes, either in a semi-wild condition or in zoölogical parks. Is your state one of the eight? You will be interested in knowing that the first annual report of the Society, in 1908, recorded that buffaloes were found in only twenty-four states, the total number of animals being 1116. These facts show you what a well-conducted conservation movement can do. Write to your Secretary of State or to the American Bison Society (Address: 45 Wall Street, New York City) to find out how many buffaloes you have in your state and where they are located.

Library Reading. The other chapters of *The King of the Thundering Herd* (an interesting social exercise may be made by assigning the various chapters to different members, to be read silently and reported on in class); another story by this author: "Passing of the Buffalo" (in *Overland Monthly*, May, 1915).

Magazine Reading

The author of "The Thundering Herd" contributes stories, articles, and verse to many magazines and newspapers. In like manner Lowell, Holmes, Longfellow, Emerson, Whittier, and Poe were all contributors to the magazines of their time. Many of the masterpieces of American literature were first published in magazines, and doubtless some of the poems and prose stories in the magazines of today will also be considered masterpieces in the future.

More and more the American reader is coming to depend upon current periodicals for his general reading; from the large number of magazines now published he chooses the ones that suit his particular interest and taste. Examine the magazines in the library and ask the librarian's advice as to which ones you will be likely to find most useful and enjoyable. You are probably familiar with some or all of the following: *The Junior Red Cross News; St. Nicholas; Outdoor America; Time; The Youth's Companion; The Saturday Evening Post; The National Geographic Magazine; The Outlook; Nature Magazine; Field and Stream; The Mentor; Good Housekeeping; Scientific American; Popular Mechanics; The World's Work; The Literary Digest.* What others do you sometimes read?

Valuable suggestions for magazine reading will be gained if each member of the class chooses some one magazine, agreeing to examine the current numbers as they appear, and to inform the class of the most interesting articles, stories, and poems. In this way the individual reading of each member is placed at the service of the entire class.

Perhaps you have had the experience of reading a story in some magazine, and later, when you wished to refer to it, of being unable to recall in which number or in which magazine you read it. *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* will help you to locate a story, poem, or article by title, author, or subject. It will also be helpful in showing you what has appeared in current magazines by certain authors or on certain subjects. Ask your teacher or the librarian to show you how to use *The Readers' Guide.*

THE BUFFALO

Francis Parkman

BRINGING HOME THE MEAT

Four days on the Platte, and yet no buffalo! The wagons one morning had left the camp; Shaw and I were already on horseback, but Henry Chatillon still sat cross-legged by the dead embers of the fire, playing pensively with the lock of his rifle, while his sturdy Wyandot pony stood quietly behind him, looking over his head. At last he got up, patted the neck of the pony (whom, from an exaggerated appreciation of his merits, he had christened "Five Hundred Dollar"), and then mounted with a melancholy air.

"What is it, Henry?"

"Ah, I feel lonesome; I never been here before; but I see away yonder over the buttes, and down there on the prairie, black—all black with buffalo!"

In the afternoon he and I left the party in search of an antelope; until, at the distance of a mile or two on the right, the tall white wagons and the little black specks of horsemen were just visible, so slowly advancing that they seemed motionless; and far on the left rose the broken line of scorched, desolate sand-hills. The vast plain waved with tall rank grass that swept

30. rank, coarse.

our horses' bellies; it swayed to and fro in billows with the light breeze, and far and near, antelope and wolves were moving through it, the hairy backs of the latter alternately appearing and disappearing as they bounded awkwardly along; while the antelope, with the simple curiosity peculiar to them, would often approach us closely, their little horns and white throats just visible above the grass tops as they gazed eagerly at us with their round, black eyes.

I dismounted, and amused myself with firing at the wolves. Henry attentively scrutinized the surrounding landscape; at length he gave a shout, and called on me to mount again, pointing in the direction of the sand-hills. A mile and a half from us, two minute black specks slowly traversed the face of one of the bare, glaring declivities, and disappeared behind the summit. "Let us go!" cried Henry, belaboring the sides of Five Hundred Dollar; and, I following in his wake, we galloped rapidly through the rank grass toward the base of the hills.

From one of their openings descended a deep ravine, widening as it issued on the prairie. We entered it and, galloping up, in a moment were surrounded by the bleak sand-hills. Half of their steep sides were bare; the rest were scantily clothed with clumps of grass and various uncouth plants, conspicuous among which appeared the reptile-like prickly pear. They were gashed with numberless ravines; and as the sky had suddenly darkened and a cold, gusty wind arisen, the strange shrubs and the dreary hills looked doubly wild and desolate. But Henry's face was all eagerness. He tore off a little hair from the piece of buffalo robe under his saddle, and threw it up, to show the course of the wind. It blew directly before us. The game were therefore to windward, and it was necessary to make our best speed to get around them.

We scrambled from this ravine and, galloping away through the hollows, soon found another, winding like a snake among the hills, and so deep that it completely concealed us. We rode up at the bottom of it, glancing through the shrubbery at its edge, till Henry abruptly jerked his rein and slid out of his saddle. Full a quarter of a mile distant, on the outline of the farthest hill, a long procession of buffalo were walking, in Indian file, with the utmost gravity and deliberation; then more appeared, clambering from a hollow not far off, and ascending, one behind the other, the grassy slope of another hill; then a shaggy head and a pair of short, broken horns appeared, issuing out of a ravine close at hand, and with a slow, stately step, one by one, the enormous brutes came into view, taking their way across the valley, wholly unconscious of an enemy. In a moment Henry was worming his way, lying flat on the ground, through grass and prickly pears, toward his unsuspecting victims. He had with him both my rifle and his own. He was soon out of sight, and still the buffalo kept issuing into the valley. For a long time all was silent; I sat holding his horse, and wondering what he was about, when suddenly, in rapid succession, came the sharp reports of the two rifles, and the whole line of buffalo, quickening their pace into a clumsy trot, gradually disappeared over the ridge of the hill. Henry

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49. **windward**, the direction from which the wind blows.

rose to his feet, and stood looking after them.

"You have missed them," said I.

"Yes," said Henry; "let us go." He descended into the ravine, loaded the rifles, and mounted his horse.

We rode up the hill after the buffalo. The herd was out of sight when we reached the top, but lying on the grass not far off was one quite lifeless, and another violently struggling in the death agony.

"You see I missed him!" remarked Henry. He had fired from a distance of more than a hundred and fifty yards, and both balls had passed through the lungs—the true mark in shooting buffalo.

The darkness increased, and a driving storm came on. Tying our horses to the horns of the victims, Henry began the bloody work of dissection, slashing away with the science of a connoisseur, while I vainly endeavored to imitate him. Old Hendrick recoiled with horror and indignation when I endeavored to tie the meat to the strings of rawhide, always carried for this purpose, dangling at the back of the saddle. After some difficulty we overcame his scruples; and heavily burdened with the more eligible portions of the buffalo, we set out on our return.

Scarcely had we emerged from the labyrinth of gorges and ravines, and issued upon the open prairie, when the pricking sleet came driving, gust upon gust, directly in our faces. It was strangely dark, though wanting still an hour of sunset. The freezing storm soon penetrated to the skin, but the uneasy trot of our heavy-gaited horses kept us warm enough, as we forced them unwillingly in the teeth of the sleet and rain by the powerful suasion of our Indian whips. The prairie in this place was hard and level. A flourishing colony of prairie dogs had burrowed into it in every direction, and the little mounds of fresh earth around their holes were about as numerous as the hills in a cornfield; but not a yelp was to be heard; not the nose of a single citizen was visible; all had retired to the depths of their burrows, and we envied them their dry and comfortable habitations. An hour's hard riding showed us our tent dimly looming through the storm, one side puffed out by the force of the wind, and the other collapsed in proportion, while the disconsolate horses stood shivering close around, and the wind kept up a dismal whistling in the boughs of three old, half-dead trees above. Shaw, like a patriarch, sat on his saddle in the entrance, with a pipe in his mouth and his arms folded, contemplating with cool satisfaction the piles of meat that we flung on the ground before him. A dark and dreary night succeeded; but the sun rose with a heat so sultry and languid that the captain excused himself on that account from waylaying an old buffalo bull, who with stupid gravity was walking over the prairie to drink at the river. So much for the climate of the Platte!

AN UNSUCCESSFUL HUNT

But it was not the weather alone that had produced this sudden abatement of the sportsmanlike zeal which the captain had always professed. He had been out on the afternoon before, together with several members of his party; but their hunting was attended with no other result than the loss of one of their best horses, severely in-

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24. **connoisseur** (kŏn-ĭ-sûr′), expert.

jured by Sorel in vainly chasing a wounded bull. The captain, whose ideas of hard riding were all derived from transatlantic sources, expressed the utmost amazement at the feats of Sorel, who went leaping ravines and dashing at full speed up and down the sides of precipitous hills, lashing his horse with the recklessness of a Rocky Mountain rider. Unfortunately for the poor animal, he was the property of R., against whom Sorel entertained an unbounded aversion. The captain himself, it seemed, had also attempted to "run" a buffalo, but though a good and practiced horseman, he had soon given over the attempt, being astonished and utterly disgusted at the nature of the ground he was required to ride over.

Nothing unusual occurred on that day; but on the following morning Henry Chatillon, looking over the ocean-like expanse, saw near the foot of the distant hills something that looked like a band of buffalo. He was not sure, he said, but at all events, if they were buffalo, there was a fine chance for a race. Shaw and I at once determined to try the speed of our horses.

"Come, captain; we'll see which can ride harder, a Yankee or an Irishman."

But the captain maintained a grave and austere countenance. He mounted his led horse, however, though very slowly, and we set out at a trot. The game appeared about three miles distant. As we proceeded, the captain made various remarks of doubt and indecision, and at length declared he would have nothing to do with such a breakneck business; protesting that he had ridden plenty of steeple-chases in his day, but he never knew what riding was till he found himself behind a band of buffalo the day before yesterday. "I am convinced," said the captain, "that 'running' is out of the question. Take my advice now and don't attempt it. It's dangerous, and of no use at all."

"Then why did you come out with us? What do you mean to do?"

"I shall 'approach,' " replied the captain.

"You don't mean to 'approach' with your pistols, do you? We have all of us left our rifles in the wagons."

The captain seemed staggered at the suggestion. In his characteristic indecision, at setting out, pistols, rifles, "running," and "approaching" were mingled in an inextricable medley in his brain. He trotted on in silence between us for a while; but at length he dropped behind, and slowly walked his horse back to rejoin the party. Shaw and I kept on; when lo! as we advanced, the band of buffalo were transformed into certain clumps of tall bushes, dotting the prairie for a considerable distance. At this ludicrous termination of our chase, we followed the example of our late ally and turned back toward the party. We were skirting the brink of a deep ravine, when we saw Henry and the broadchested pony coming toward us at a gallop.

"Here's old Papin and Frederic, down from Fort Laramie!" shouted Henry, long before he came up. We had for some days expected this encounter. Papin was the *bourgeois* of Fort Laramie. He had come down the

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15. **run**, hunt by running down. 37. **led horse**, an extra horse.

56. **approach**, conceal oneself, and crawl on the ground toward the buffalo, or lie in wait for them. 85. **bourgeois** (bōōr′zhwä′), head man, principal trader.

river with the buffalo robes and the beaver, the produce of the last winter's trading. I had among our baggage a letter which I wished to commit to their hands; so, requesting Henry to detain the boats, if he could, until my return, I set out after the wagons. They were about four miles in advance. In half an hour I overtook them, got the letter, trotted back upon the trail, and looking carefully as I rode, saw a patch of broken, storm-blasted trees, and moving near them some little black specks like men and horses. Arriving at the place, I found a strange assembly. The boats, eleven in number, deep laden with the skins, hugged close to the shore to escape being borne down by the swift current. The rowers, swarthy, ignoble Mexicans, turned their brutish faces upward to look as I reached the bank. Papin sat in the middle of one of the boats upon the canvas covering that protected the robes. He was a stout, robust fellow, with a little gray eye that had a peculiarly sly twinkle. "Frederic" also stretched his tall, rawboned proportions close by the *bourgeois*, and "mountain-men" completed the group; some lounging in the boats, some strolling on shore; some attired in gayly painted buffalo robes like Indian dandies; some with hair saturated with red paint, and beplastered with glue to their temples; and one bedaubed with vermilion upon his forehead and each cheek. They were a mongrel race, yet the French blood seemed to predominate; in a few, indeed, might be seen the black, snaky eye of the Indian half-breed; and one and all, they seemed to aim at assimilating themselves to their savage associates.

I shook hands with the *bourgeois* and delivered the letter; then the boats swung around into the stream and floated away. They had reason for haste, for already the voyage from Fort Laramie had occupied a full month, and the river was growing daily more shallow. Fifty times a day the boats had been aground; indeed, those who navigate the Platte invariably spend half their time upon sand-bars. Two of these boats, the property of private traders, afterwards separating from the rest, got hopelessly involved in the shallows, not very far from the Pawnee villages, and were soon surrounded by a swarm of the inhabitants. They carried off everything that they considered valuable, including most of the robes; and amused themselves by tying up the men left on guard, and soundly whipping them with sticks.

We encamped that night upon the bank of the river. Among the emigrants there was an overgrown boy, some eighteen years old, with a head as round and about as large as a pumpkin, and fever-and-ague fits had dyed his face of a corresponding color. He wore an old white hat, tied under his chin with a handkerchief; his body was short and stout, but his legs of disproportioned and appalling length. I observed him at sunset breasting the hill with gigantic strides, and standing against the sky on the summit like a colossal pair of tongs. In a moment after, we heard him screaming frantically behind the ridge, and nothing doubting that he was in the clutches of Indians or grizzly bears, some of the party caught up their rifles and ran to the rescue. His outcries, however, proved but an ebullition of

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2. **beaver**, beaver skins.

joyous excitement; he had chased two little wolf pups to their burrow, and he was on his knees, grubbing away like a dog at the mouth of the hole, to get at them.

Before morning he caused more serious disquiet in the camp. It was his turn to hold the middle guard; but no sooner was he called up than he coolly arranged a pair of saddle-bags under a wagon, laid his head upon them, closed his eyes, opened his mouth, and fell asleep. The guard on our side of the camp, thinking it no part of his duty to look after the cattle of the emigrants, contented himself with watching our own horses and mules; the wolves, he said, were unusually noisy; but still no mischief was anticipated, until the sun rose, and not a hoof or horn was in sight! The cattle were gone! While Tom was quietly slumbering, the wolves had driven them away.

Then we reaped the fruits of R.'s precious plan of traveling in company with emigrants. To leave them in their distress was not to be thought of, and we felt bound to wait until the cattle could be searched for, and, if possible, recovered. But the reader may be curious to know what punishment awaited the faithless Tom. By the wholesome law of the prairie, he who falls asleep on guard is condemned to walk all day, leading his horse by the bridle, and we found much fault with our companions for not enforcing such a sentence on the offender. Nevertheless, had he been of our own party, I have no doubt he would in like manner have escaped scot-free. But the emigrants went further than mere forbearance; they decreed that since Tom couldn't stand guard without falling asleep, he shouldn't stand guard at all, and henceforward his slumbers were unbroken. Establishing such a premium on drowsiness could have no very beneficial effect upon the vigilance of our sentinels; for it is far from agreeable, after riding from sunrise to sunset, to feel your slumbers interrupted by the butt of a rifle nudging your side, and a sleepy voice growling in your ear that you must get up, to shiver and freeze for three weary hours at midnight.

LOST ON THE GREAT PLAINS

"Buffalo! buffalo!" It was but a grim old bull, roaming the prairie by himself in misanthropic seclusion; but there might be more behind the hills. Dreading the monotony and languor of the camp, Shaw and I saddled our horses, buckled our holsters in their places, and set out with Henry Chatillon in search of the game. Henry, not intending to take part in the chase, but merely conducting us, carried his rifle with him, while we left ours behind as incumbrances. We rode for some five or six miles, and saw no living thing but wolves, snakes, and prairie dogs.

"This won't do at all," said Shaw.

"What won't do?"

"There's no wood about here to make a litter for the wounded man; I have an idea that one of us will need something of the sort before the day is over."

There was some foundation for such an apprehension, for the ground was none of the best for a race, and grew worse continually as we proceeded; indeed it soon became desperately bad, consisting of abrupt hills and deep hollows, cut by frequent ravines not

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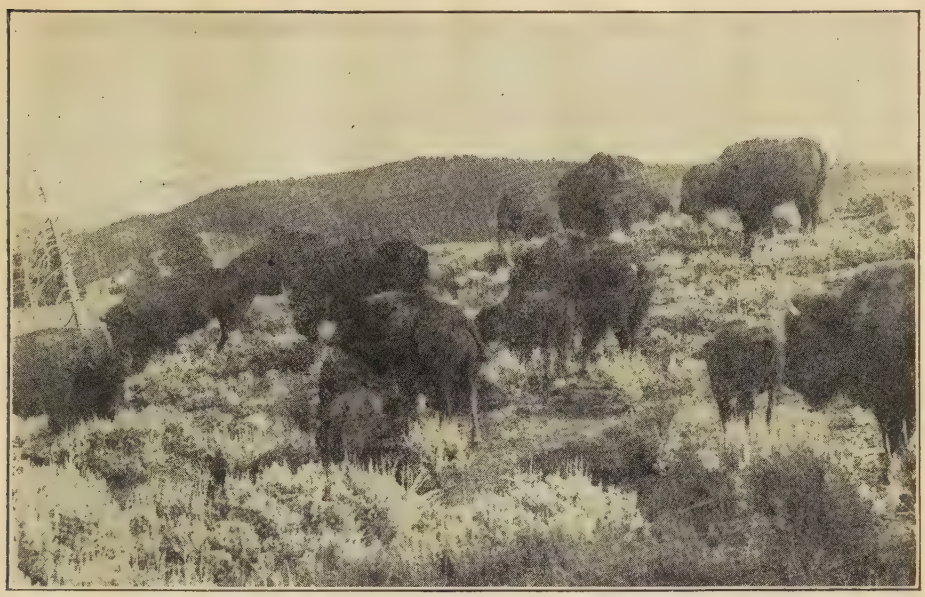
61. misanthropic, gloomy.



Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

THE BUFFALO HERD IN YELLOWSTONE PARK

easy to pass. At length, a mile in advance, we saw a band of bulls. Some were scattered grazing over a green declivity, while the rest were crowded more densely together in the wide hollow below. Making a circuit to keep out of sight, we rode toward them until we ascended a hill within a furlong of them, beyond which nothing intervened that could possibly screen us from their view. We dismounted behind the ridge just out of sight, drew our saddle-girths, examined our pistols, and mounting again rode over the hill and descended at a canter toward them, bending close to our horses' necks. Instantly they took the alarm; those on the hill descended; those below gathered into a mass, and the whole got in motion, shouldering each other along at a clumsy gallop. We followed, spurring our horses to full speed; and as the herd rushed, crowding and trampling in terror through an opening in the hills, we were close at their heels, half suffocated by the clouds of dust. But as we drew near, their alarm and speed increased; our horses showed signs of the utmost fear, bounding violently aside as we approached, and refusing to enter among the herd. The buffalo now broke into several small bodies, scampering over the hills in different directions, and I lost sight of Shaw; neither of us knew where the other had gone. Old Pontiac ran like a frantic elephant up hill and down hill, his ponderous hoofs striking the prairie like sledge-hammers. He showed a curious mixture of eagerness and terror, straining to overtake the panic-stricken herd, but constantly recoiling in dismay as we drew near. The fugitives, indeed, offered no very attractive spectacle, with their enormous size and weight, their shaggy manes and the tattered remnants of

12. drew, tightened, in anticipation of hard riding.

their last winter's hair covering their backs in irregular shreds and patches, and flying off in the wind as they ran. At length I urged my horse close behind a bull, and after trying in vain, by blows and spurring, to bring him alongside, I shot a bullet into the buffalo from this disadvantageous position. At the report, Pontiac swerved so much that I was again thrown a little behind the game. The bullet, entering too much in the rear, failed to disable the bull, for a buffalo requires to be shot at particular points, or he will certainly escape. The herd ran up a hill, and I followed in pursuit. As Pontiac rushed headlong down on the other side, I saw Shaw and Henry descending the hollow on the right at a leisurely gallop; and in front, the buffalo were just disappearing behind the crest of the next hill, their short tails erect and their hoofs twinkling through a cloud of dust.

At that moment I heard Shaw and Henry shouting to me; but the muscles of a stronger arm than mine could not have checked at once the furious course of Pontiac, whose mouth was as insensible as leather. Added to this, I rode him that morning with a common snaffle, having the day before, for the benefit of my other horse, unbuckled from my bridle the curb which I ordinarily used. A stronger and hardier brute never trod the prairie; but the novel sight of the buffalo filled him with terror, and when at full speed he was almost uncontrollable. Gaining the top of the ridge, I saw nothing of the buffalo; they had all vanished amid the intricacies of the hills and hollows. Reloading my pistols in the best way I could, I galloped on until I saw them again scuttling along at the base of the hill, their panic somewhat abated. Down went old Pontiac among them, scattering them to the right and left, and then we had another long chase. About a dozen bulls were before us, scouring over the hills, rushing down the declivities with tremendous weight and impetuosity, and then laboring with a weary gallop upward. Still Pontiac, in spite of spurring and beating, would not close with them.

One bull at length fell a little behind the rest, and by dint of much effort I urged my horse within six or eight yards of his side. His back was darkened with sweat, and he was panting heavily, while his tongue lolled out a foot from his jaws. Gradually I came up abreast of him, urging Pontiac with leg and rein nearer to his side, when suddenly he did what buffalo in such circumstances will always do: he slackened his gallop, and turning toward us with an aspect of mingled rage and distress, lowered his huge shaggy head for a charge. Pontiac, with a snort, leaped aside in terror, nearly throwing me to the ground, as I was wholly unprepared for such an evolution. I raised my pistol in a passion to strike him on the head, but thinking better of it, fired the bullet after the bull, who had resumed his flight; then drew rein, and determined to rejoin my companions. It was high time.

The breath blew hard from Pontiac's nostrils, and the sweat rolled in big drops down his sides; I myself felt as if drenched in warm water. Pledging myself (and I redeemed the pledge) to take my revenge at a future opportunity, I looked round for some indications to show me where I was, and what course I ought to pursue. I might as well have looked for land-marks in the midst of the ocean. How many miles I had run or in what direction, I had no idea; and around me the prairie was rolling in steep swells and pitches, without a single distinctive feature to guide me. I had a little compass hung at my neck; and ignorant that the Platte at this point diverged considerably from its easterly course, I thought that by keeping to the northward I should certainly reach it. So I turned and rode about two hours in that direction. The prairie changed as I advanced, softening away into easier undulations, but nothing like the Platte appeared, nor any sign of a human being; the same wild, endless expanse lay around me still; and to all appearance I was as far from my object as ever. I began now to consider myself in danger of being lost; and therefore, reining in my horse, summoned the scanty share of woodcraft that I possessed (if that term be applicable upon the prairie) to extricate me. Looking round, it occurred to me that the buffalo might prove my best guides. I soon found one of the paths made by them in their passage to the river; it ran nearly at right angles to my course; but turning my horse's head in the direction it indicated, his freer gait and erected ears assured me that I was right.

But in the meantime my ride had been by no means a solitary one. The whole face of the country was dotted far and wide with countless hundreds of buffalo. They trooped along in files and columns, bulls, cows, and calves, on the green faces of the declivities in front. They scrambled away over the hills to the right and left; and far off, the pale blue swells in the extreme distance were dotted with innumerable specks. Sometimes I surprised shaggy old bulls grazing alone, or sleeping behind the ridges I ascended. They would leap up at my approach, stare stupidly at me through their tangled manes, and then gallop heavily away.

The antelope were very numerous; and as they are always bold when in the neighborhood of buffalo, they would approach quite near to look at me, gazing intently with their great round eyes, then suddenly leap aside and stretch lightly away over the prairie as swiftly as a racehorse. Squalid, ruffianlike wolves sneaked through the hollows and sandy ravines. Several times I passed through villages of prairie dogs, who sat, each at the mouth of his burrow, holding his paws before him in a supplicating attitude and yelping away most vehemently, energetically whisking his little tail with every squeaking cry he uttered. Prairie dogs are not fastidious in their choice of companions; various long, checkered snakes were sunning themselves in the midst of the village, and demure little gray owls, with a large white ring around each eye, were perched side by side with the rightful inhabitants. The prairie teemed with life. Again and again I looked toward the crowded hillsides, and was sure I saw horsemen; and riding near, with a mixture of hope and dread, for Indians were abroad, I found them transformed into a group of buffalo. There was nothing in human shape amid all this vast congregation of brute forms.

When I turned down the buffalo path, the prairie seemed changed; only a wolf or two glided past at intervals, like conscious felons, never looking to

76. **teemed with life**, was filled with animals and insects of many kinds.

the right or left. Being now free from anxiety, I was at leisure to observe minutely the objects around me; and here, for the first time, I noticed insects wholly different from any of the varieties found farther to the eastward. Gaudy butterflies fluttered about my horse's head; strangely formed beetles, glittering with metallic luster, were crawling upon plants that I had never seen before; multitudes of lizards, too, darted like lightning over the sand.

I had run to a great distance from the river. It cost me a long ride on the buffalo path before I saw from the ridge of a sand-hill the pale surface of the Platte glistening in the midst of its desert valleys, and the faint outline of the hills beyond waving along the sky. From where I stood, not a tree nor a bush nor a living thing was visible throughout the whole extent of the sun-scorched landscape. In half an hour I came upon the trail, not far from the river; and seeing that the party had not yet passed, I turned eastward to meet them, old Pontiac's long, swinging trot again assuring me that I was right in doing so. Having been slightly ill on leaving camp in the morning, six or seven hours of rough riding had fatigued me extremely. I soon stopped, therefore; flung my saddle on the ground, and with my head resting on it, and my horse's trail-rope tied loosely to my arm, lay awaiting the arrival of the party, speculating meanwhile on the extent of the injuries Pontiac had received. At length the white wagon coverings rose from the verge of the plain. By a singular coincidence, almost at the same moment two horsemen appeared coming down from the hills. They were Shaw and Henry, who had searched for me awhile in the morning, but well knowing the futility of the attempt in such a broken country, had placed themselves on the top of the highest hill they could find, and picketing their horses near them, as a signal to me, had lain down and fallen asleep.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note

Francis Parkman (1823-1893), an American historian, was born in Boston, Massachusetts. At the age of eight years he went to live with his grandfather on a wild tract of land not far from Boston, and there he developed the fondness for outdoor life shown in all his writings. By the time he had finished college he had resolved to write the history of the French in America. For this task he needed an intimate knowledge of Indian life. To gain this knowledge he made the journey described in *The Oregon Trail*, from which "The Buffalo" is taken.

Parkman left Boston in April, 1846, accompanied by Quincy Adams Shaw, a relative, and went first to St. Louis. This trip, made by railroad, steamboat, and stage, took two weeks. There they engaged guides and bought an outfit, including presents for the Indians. After eight days on a river steamboat they reached Independence, Missouri, where the land journey began. The entire trip took five months.

At this time there were no states west of the Missouri River, nor were there any white settlers. From Canada to what is now Oklahoma, tribes of savage Indians roamed, hunting the buffalo and warring among themselves. Two great overland routes led across this immense wild stretch from the Missouri River to the Pacific Ocean. The southern route, known as the Santa Fe Trail, carried a large trade between the East and Mexico and the southern part of California. The northern route, or Oregon Trail, was commonly used by emigrants on their way to the northwest coast.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Locate on a map the Platte River and the region mentioned in this story. Why did Parkman make this dangerous journey through the wilderness? (See biography, page 54.) Two great overland routes led to the Pacific Ocean; what other exploring party chose the northern route as did Parkman? (See "Lewis and Clark, Famous Pioneer Scouts," Fitzhugh, in *Junior High School Literature*, Book One.)

2. To what prairie animals are you introduced in this story? Read the description of the prairie dogs found on page 53; do you think this is a good description? Why? What insects did the author see that differed from those he had seen farther east? Be prepared to read to the class other passages from the selection, showing that Parkman was a close observer of nature.

3. Compare the approach of the buffalo as described by Parkman with that given by Clarence Hawkes in "The Thundering Herd."

4. Give a brief description of the author's experience while he was lost on the plains. Read aloud lines which you think are particularly well written.

Theme Topics

The reading period calls forth many interesting subjects that you will wish to learn more about and discuss with your classmates. You will find it well worth while occasionally to make a report to the class on some particular subject connected with your reading lesson that you have become interested in and to which you have given some thought and study. Most of these reports you will doubtless like to give orally, but some of them you may wish to present in written form. Whether your report is oral or written, always make sure that it has a good beginning, tells interesting facts, and ends well. You will add interest to certain reports if you appeal to the eyes as well as the ears of your audience by the use of pictures, maps, and blackboard sketches.

The following topics about the buffalo may help you in selecting a subject for your report, which should require about two minutes.

1. The Buffalo, or Bison (see *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Volume 2). 2. "The Biggest of Our Game—the Buffalo," Seton (in *Wild Animals at Home*). 3. Should the buffalo have been protected on our western frontier? (See "The Shrunken Range," Seton, in *Wild Animals at Home*). 4. "The Bison, or American Buffalo" (see Roosevelt, *The Wilderness Hunter*, Volume II, and Seton, *Life Histories of Northern Animals*). 5. Foes of the American bison. 6. What the United States Congress has done to protect the American bison.

Suggested Problem. Read *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Volume 1, pages 428-431, and any other available reference books on the habits and uses of the American bison. Divide your class into two groups and arrange for a debate on the following question: Resolved—That the American buffalo should not have been exterminated from the western plains.

Library Reading. "The Bison Track," Taylor; "An Adventure with Buffalo Calves," Baynes (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1923); "The Bison of House Rock Valley," Barnes (in *Nature Magazine*, October, 1927); "The Breaking of a Buffalo Team," Baynes (in *Nature Magazine*, May, 1924); "A Bison-King," Miller and "To a Buffalo Skull," Carr (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke).

OVIS POLI, THE GREAT HORNED-SHEEP*

THEODORE AND KERMIT ROOSEVELT

We stayed four days at Kashgar, and gathered ourselves for the last effort of the trip—our hunt for ovis poli. Round the horns of this great sheep, story and legend have clustered for ages. Forgotten for six hundred years after Marco Polo first noticed him, he was rediscovered in the late thirties of the last century by a British officer. Since then he has been the lodestar of big-game hunters. We could get but little late news of him. Indeed, many of those best posted considered the ovis poli nearly extinct.

With our pony caravan there were, as usual, two Chinese soldiers. Our head pony man was a draggled old gray-bearded Beg, who looked like Time in a primer. He wore a long, faded wrapper, which flapped around his thin shanks in the bitter mountain wind like a torn sail round spars in a gale. He fluttered along behind the caravan like a piece of paper in a windy city street. Last but not least was Rah Tai Koon Beg, a fat, bearded, jolly fellow, with a bright blue coat belted in with a yellow scarf. Very often he rode with us and carried one of the rifles. The rifle-sling was not long enough to suit his figure, and the rifle was half hidden in the clothes and fat that covered his broad back.

For a couple of days we traveled through the plains. We passed from oasis to oasis. Burned and forbidding, the desert lay between. There was an endless succession of scrub bushes and sun-scorched rock, with dust-devils dancing between. Time and again we passed small oases on which the desert was marching. On their outskirts were houses half buried in sand, and dead trees whose gray, gnarled upper limbs alone stuck out of sand-dunes. Closer in, where the sand had not yet conquered, were half-submerged fields and partially covered trees whose tops were still green with leaves.

On the third day we turned due south. Soon we were among the foothills. The plains of Turkestan were behind us. The hills were more than welcome after the long weeks we had spent in the plains. Bare and red, they suggested the buttes of Colorado. We marched up the bed of a rocky stream, the trail weaving from side to side over numerous fords. About noon we saw two men approaching on horseback, who proved to be Nadir Beg and the mail-runner from India.

Nadir Beg was the native that Gillan had got us as a guide for the ovis poli country. He was an important citizen of the town of Tashkurgan, a fine-looking man with a light complexion, a black beard, and hawk-like nose. He was a Sarikol, one of the people who live in the valleys and mountains of that name. These Sarikoli, because of their Aryan features and light complexions, are said to be the descendants of the soldiers of Alexander the Great, whose "distant footsteps" still echo down the corridors of time in northwestern India. In the East, where

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*From *East of the Sun and West of the Moon* by Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt. Copyright, 1926, Charles Scribner's Sons. Used by permission of the authors and publishers. Abridged.

1. **Kashgar,** the capital of Eastern Turkestan.

73. **Aryan,** pertaining to members of the Indo-European family. 75. **Alexander the Great** (356-323 B.C.), a famous king of Macedon, who made many foreign conquests.

nothing is entirely forgotten, and little is remembered with accuracy, the tradition of the great Macedonian remains as the myth of a demigod.

That evening we camped by a little Kirghiz settlement on a small plain in the valley. The principal building was a mud-walled square around a great cottonwood tree. In it was bivouacked a caravan from Tashkurgan on its way to Kashgar. The men were good-looking, lean fellows and very friendly.

Around the camp fire we worked out our plans for the poli hunting. Nadir Beg said that though goolja (rams) were scarce, he had seen a fine head shot by a Kirghiz near Subaski the previous winter. We accordingly decided to try that point first.

For the next two days we pushed on up the river. At times the trail was very bad. It wound along the steep sides of the mountain. The valley narrowed into a gorge through which the stream rushed so rapidly that fording was very difficult. A small boy, perhaps fourteen years old, led the lead pony of our caravan. At one of the fords he fell in, but was pulled out by Nadir Beg and some of the others. After the water had been tilted out of him he seemed all right. His clothes, however, could not be worn wet in the bitter cold; so he was fitted out from various surplus stores. As he was by all odds the smallest of the party, the fit was far from good. The final touch to his attire was given by an enormous pair of knee-high boots, which made him look, as he paddled along, like the Puss-in-boots of the fairy tale.

After crossing the ford where the boy fell in, I noticed the head pony man stoop down and put a stone on a small pile that was there. That was Tauism, or nature-worship. The people of this country are nominally Mohammedans, but like most people who live in the lonely places of the world, their religion is largely overlaid with primitive nature-worship. Where-ever there was a bad ford we saw this pile of rocks. At times we saw trees with bits of rag or paper fluttering from their branches.

As we wound our way along, we met an occasional caravan moving toward the plains. The men were generally so bundled up that they looked like animated bolsters. A number of times we noticed poli skins, either on their saddles or covering their bales. This encouraged us very much. When we questioned them they told us that these were the skins of female sheep from both the Chinese and the Russian Pamirs.

Sometimes we came on great woolly camels, which lifted their heads from their grazing and eyed us incuriously. They were in splendid shape, fat, and strong. It was a constant source of wonder to us that these great animals were able to keep in such good condition feeding on the withered bushes and scant dry grass of the country.

Here we saw a type of shelter we had not seen before, a mud-and-stone yourte. The bottom was built of rough rocks, the top was of dry clay. Generally they clustered in the lee of some large rocks, like chickens around a hen. Now it had begun to be bitterly cold. The snow lay thick on the mountains. Snow flurries and sleet storms swept

29. **lead**, extra.

69. **Pamir**, in central Asia. 81. **yourte** (yûrt), the hut of the natives of northern and central Asia.

across the valley nearly every afternoon. The wind blew with gusty fury.

It was after dark when we reached the small settlement that goes by the name of Bulun. In the gloom we saw the shadowy shape of a square, half-ruined mud fort with a few yourtes clustered about it. After much chattering of shadowy figures that flitted through the dark, we got off, and were shown into one of the yourtes to await the arrival of the caravan now well behind us.

Inside the yourte a Kirghiz family was gathered around the fire, which cast a glow rather than a light upon them. There were the man, his wife, a rather handsome, worn woman, and three brown, bright-eyed children, who sat as quiet as mice. The air was so filled with smoke that it was almost impossible to keep our eyes open. This is the way these Kirghiz must spend fully twelve to fourteen hours a day through many of the winter months. There was neither moon nor light in the yourte to do anything.

We and our men crowded in, completely filling the yourte. We were very grateful for the shelter from the wind, and the comparative warmth from the huddled humanity and the tiny fire. When the caravan arrived some hours later, we were sorry to have to go out to our flimsy canvas tents.

Next morning we were up at daylight. The lake was cupped by snow-covered hills. Frost lay heavily on the brown sparse grass. Suddenly, through a gap in the mountain wall, a great level ray of sunlight fell, painting the low-lying clouds gold. A flock of ducks flew over, their wings flickering in the golden morning light.

We marched to the Little Kara Kul, where, after talking with the natives, we decided to stop and hunt for a day. The village of Little Kara Kul consisted of a stone kraal in which were three or four yourtes. We were now in the land of the yak, and the great shaggy beasts grunted and shuffled around our tent all night.

A yak is not an uncomfortable animal to ride, but patience is necessary. He goes very slowly, though his gait is reasonably smooth, and he always gets there. Also, he goes over the most impossible country imaginable about as fast as he goes over level ground. He plods unconcernedly through snow up a boulder-strewn slope of forty-five degrees. He moves over obstacles with the same deliberate unconcern with which I have seen a tank in the war negotiate a shell-hole. He is guided with a rope through his nostrils, and steers like a dray. He blows like a porpoise, keeps his mouth open a large part of the time, and lolls a long ant-eater-like tongue from side to side.

When we got up next morning it was bitterly cold. The sky was the monotonous gray of winter. Everything was white from a light snow. After a hurried breakfast, we started for the hunting-grounds, mounted on yaks. Their black woolly backs were incrusted with frost. On the first lake we passed, a flock of geese settled, spiraling down from the sky with a musical honking. They stood in a row on a sand bar like sentinels. The next lake was frozen except at one end. In the open water were myriads of ducks and geese. As we came up, they arose

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50. **kraal** (kräl), inclosure for cattle. 52. **yak** (yăk), a kind of ox, used as a beast of burden in central Asia.

into the air with a sound like ocean surf on a shingle bench.

It was typical Pamir country, sandy valleys dotted with tufts of dried grass, and snow-covered hills and mountains. For so barren a country there was a surprising amount of wild life. We saw snow-buntings, pigeons, vultures, and hawks. There were many tracks across the snow. I noticed much wolf-sign, tracks of marmots, tracks like those of some small cat, and the trail where a little mouse had run hither and yon, dragging its tail in the snow, evidently in search of roots. We flushed four or five large hares which loped off with deceptive speed. To the latter, Kermit and I, mindful of the old Southern custom, solemnly took off our caps in order that we might have luck with the poli.

As we were plodding along, Khalil jumped off his yak, calling out "Goolja!" and pointing to a slope some six hundred yards away. Along it were running two small poli rams, with horns about twenty inches long. They were too small to shoot, but it gave us a thrill to see the ovis poli in the flesh for the first time. Though they had seen us they seemed but little frightened, and, cantering gently up the slope, disappeared over the crest. They were very handsome with their gray backs and white chests and legs.

Shortly after this we separated, Kermit going to the left and I to the right. Only a few minutes after I left him I saw some animals along the rocks about seven hundred yards away. After studying them with the field glasses, I found them to be six female poli with four young. Our first care was for the males, so we left them undisturbed, and hunted up a nullah to the one side. We found nothing and worked our way back in the hope that some male poli had joined the females. None had, and, as we wished to hunt the country beyond, we walked toward them over a great snowbank. They soon saw us and cantered gracefully away over the mountains. We then plodded through the deep snow to the crest of a saddle. Again we saw females but no males. Night fell as it falls in the mountains, suddenly. The shadows lengthened, and we found ourselves in the cold darkness. Far across the valley white mountains still blazed in the golden light. Ten minutes more and night closed like an extinguisher over all. Kermit and I met in the valley and rode into camp together. As we passed the lakes, we heard from the black the querulous quacking of the ducks who had settled there again.

On the whole we were not discouraged by the day's work, for though we had seen no good heads, we had seen enough females and young to make us reasonably certain that there were some mature males near by. That evening, after talking with the natives in camp, we decided that the ravines we had hunted that day contained no mature rams and agreed to move to Subashi the next day. Accordingly, we sent a native forward that evening to look the country over with a pair of our binoculars and to report when we arrived there.

We got to Subashi about one o'clock the following day. It was a valley with a little stream in the center from which the land sloped up rather abruptly to surrounding hills. The

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11. **marmot** (mär′mŏt), animal similar to our woodchuck. 16. **flushed**, roused.

46. **nullah** (nŭl′ä), dry bed of a stream.

ground was sandy, the vegetation sparse, but camels, sheep, and yaks seemed to be able to eke out a reasonable existence there. As it was evidently a place where there was no room for two separate guns, we decided to hunt together. Twice on our way up the valley we saw herds of female and young poli on the hillside. Soon we met the "jungli wallah" sent out the night before. He was in a state of great excitement. He told us that he had found a herd of eight goolja. We were delighted, and pushed forward cautiously to a point where the nullah forked. With our field-glasses we could just see them lying among some rocks toward the end of the right branch. The ravine, where the poli were, ended in some stiff-looking mountains. The left fork, slightly longer, ended near a divide beyond which lay the Russian Pamirs. Between the two branches was a high ridge of slide rock covered with snow.

Two stalks were possible, neither good; one over the top of the mountain to the extreme right, the other up the left nullah and over the dividing ridge. We chose the latter, for we were afraid we should not have time to complete the former. After riding a short way up the nullah, we left our horses and started climbing. As we approached the foot of the hill, a handsome red fox jumped up and trotted off. We wanted it for our collection, but did not shoot at it for fear of scaring off our poli. Somehow in hunting this very often happens. Smaller game always seems to show up during a stalk for big game.

The hill was a steep one. We zigzagged to and fro, floundering in snow and slipping on rock. The altitude was high, over 16,000 feet, and it cut our breath badly. At last, after an hour and a half of hard work, we reached the summit and peered over. To our sorrow we found that the poli, for some reason unknown to us, had moved and were slowly filling up a shoulder nearly eight hundred yards away. They were not frightened; they were apprehensive. As it was now four-thirty, and there was no chance to try another stalk, we settled ourselves on the ridge for what Rahima called a "lookum see." Through the field-glasses and telescopes we could see the sheep plainly. They were very handsome as they stepped delicately along, now stooping to nibble a tuft of grass, now halting to glance around and sniff the wind. Occasionally one would clamber on a rock and stand sentinel-like, his head thrown back until the massive spiral horns seemed to rest upon his shoulders. Standing thus they looked like the very spirit of the mountains. We studied them carefully. They were eight in number. Six had horns about forty-five inches in length. Two were splendid animals with horns measuring fifty or better.

A knife-like wind had risen and we were getting the full force of it. To make the climb we had stripped off our heavy coats. We were soaked with sweat and were soon chilled through and through. Everyone was shivering. It was hard to hold the telescope steadily enough to see the game. Kermit and I agreed that if we had had to shoot then, we would have been as likely to hit the moon as a poli. In spite of this, we stayed

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10. **jungli wallah** (jŭng'lē wŏl'ä), sent out to reconnoiter. 26. **stalks** (stâks), ways of approach.

Courtesy of the Field Museum of Natural History

OVIS POLI, THE GREAT HORNED SHEEP
(Trophies of the Expedition, brought to America)

until almost dark in order to mark down where our game stopped.

Through the dusk we plodded down the hill. When we reached the foot, we saw down the valley the red glow of some camp fires. This at once explained the behavior of the rams. Our caravan had moved up to where the valley forked, and we were in plain sight of the hills where the poli had been. Cold, weary, and rather disconsolate, we made our way to camp, determined to start again early next morning.

All night long the wind blew down the valley, singing and whistling around our camp. Our light canvas tent bellied in the wind, and time and again we thought it would blow over. The cold from the ground came right through our bedding rolls. Toward midnight it began to snow, and fine powdery flakes whirled in on us.

At four-thirty A.M. we got up. The snow had stopped, but the whole country was sheeted in white. We pulled on with numb fingers the few clothes we had taken off, gulped down some coffee, and started up the nullah where we had last seen the animals. Soon day began to break. A cold, steely-gray sky, heavy with unshed snows, arched over us. We dismounted and walked, partly from caution, partly because it was too cold to ride, even clothed as we were.

About six o'clock we saw our game. Unfortunately, one of the men had turned a bend of the ravine too quickly and they had glimpsed him. Again they were not frightened but only apprehensive, and they made off slowly across the end of the valley and up the steep slope of the mountain. We lay still and watched. At last they breasted the crest, showed for a moment against the sky, and one by one disappeared on the other side.

As soon as they were out of sight we started to follow them. One of the Kirghiz was sent back with our yaks, while Kermit, Rahima, Khalil, a local hunter, and I tramped ahead. It was about half-past six. At first the way was only moderately steep. Then it changed and we had to climb. We floundered through snowdrifts waist deep on slopes where it was difficult to believe snow could rest. We climbed over shoulders of rock where the loose shale under its white covering made every step a slip.

The altitude rapidly increased, and soon we were at least 17,000 feet high. We snatched gasping at every mouthful of thin air. When we stopped to rest I threw myself flat, though Kermit only seemed to need to lean on his stick. About eight we reached the crest. Our hopes were high, for we felt from the way the poli were traveling they might be on just the other side. Very cautiously we worked our way up to some jutting rocks and looked over. We saw nothing. By this time the sun was shining. After looking around for ten or fifteen minutes, the shikaries decided they had gone beyond the next range, and suggested that we start down the slope. Fortunately, at this moment Kermit picked them up with the field-glasses. They were on the opposite side of the valley, perhaps a mile away, lying on a patch of snow. Had we gone down the slope, they surely would have seen us and run off.

With the wind as it was, only one stalk was possible. This entailed walking about five miles as the crow flies, during which we crossed two mountains and numerous spurs. The stalk began at once. We struggled across snowbanks many feet deep; we zigzagged over rock drifts; we stumbled through corries where the snow concealed deep holes between boulders into which we fell. We climbed hand over hand up rock shoulders. At one place Kermit and I tobogganed down a deep snow slope and nearly started a snowslide.

The sun on the snow had made a heavy mist that hung curtain-wise across the valley. At last we reached a little ravine flanked by a steep ridge from which we felt we would get a shot at our game. Up the slope we toiled, looking about for the poli. It was a hard task, for we had to snatch moments when gaps occurred in the mist as it rolled by before the wind. We had sweated heavily, and our clothes were drenched. Now the knife-like wind cut us to the bone. More than six hours had passed while we were climbing. In the beginning I had consistently brought up the rear of the column, but toward the end, one of the shikaries and the "jungli wallahs" dropped behind me.

After watching carefully for about twenty minutes, we made sure the rams were not where we had last seen them. As Rahima put it, we were "very mad going," for we had labored mightily on this stalk. Suddenly the fog began to thin, shredded away, and we saw the sheep opposite us in the Russian Pamirs. They were perhaps seven hundred yards distant, but, as we were in plain sight of a snowdrift, we lay quite still. We finally were able to crawl cautiously out of sight. We started at once for a point near our quarry. The clouds began to bank over us in real earnest.

When we reached a position some-

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28. **shikaries** (shĭ-kär′ēz), hunters. 39. **stalk**, approach.

46. **corries** (kŏr′ēz), hollow places.

where between three or four hundred yards from the rams, we realized that a snowstorm, sweeping up the valley, would be on us in a few minutes, and make shooting impossible. It was now or never. I had won the first shot; so settling myself very carefully in the snow, I fired at the animal which seemed to me to present the best target. Kermit immediately followed suit. At the crack of the rifles the rams were up and away, but we thought our shots had hit. Fortunately they did not know where we were, and so headed back in our general direction toward the Chinese Pamirs.

Running as hard as we could over the snow, we came to a point which would give us a clear view of them when they passed. I had snatched off my gloves to get a better grip on the rifle, and now my hands were so cold that I could not feel the trigger. Suddenly the sheep came into view from behind a huge buttress of rock. They were in single file, the big rams leading. They were about two hundred fifty yards away, going at a plunging canter through the drifts. Their great spiral horns flared out magnificently, their heads held high. Every line was clear cut against the white of the snow.

We began firing at once at the two leaders. First one and then the other staggered and lost his place in the line. Though hard hit they pulled themselves together, joined the herd, and all disappeared over a near-by ridge. Clutching our rifles, we stumbled after them. When we reached the trail we found bloodstains. We put every ounce of strength we had into the chase, for these were the trophies we had traveled 12,000 miles to get. The going was very bad. Every few steps we floundered armpit deep in snow. It was like the foot-tied race of a nightmare. Try as we would, we could not make time. Suddenly the wind rose, snow began to drift down, and the trail was blotted out in the swirling white of the storm. We could do no more and had to give up and make for camp.

Working our way down to the valley we found our yaks, so frosted with snow that they looked like animated birthday cakes. The two native hunters with them had seen the rams cross the ridge and were confident they were mortally wounded. They felt sure they would find them next day if the storm did not obliterate their trail. This was but poor comfort, as a blizzard was then raging, and even if we were lucky enough to find a sheep, the wolves would have destroyed the body skins. From the sportsman's standpoint, of course, the great horns are the trophy, but for the mounting in the museum, the whole skin is necessary.

It was growing late. Thoroughly tired out we rode back to camp. The snow drifted in stinging particles against our faces. It was a moment when we finally appreciated the beards we had grown. Though far from ornamental they were a great protection. When we got to our tent they were stiff with snow and ice. After as hot a supper as we could get, we rolled up in our bedding. Storm or shine, we made up our minds to be off early next morning to the point where we had last seen our poli.

In the gray dawn we were up again. The storm had blown over during the night. Stars were glittering coldly over the white mountains. On our grunting yaks we plodded up the valley to the scene of yesterday's stalk. When we arrived, the sun was just rising. Its rays, as they came through the mountain clefts, struck the snow slantwise and gave it a queer, unreal, coppery glow. The wind had blown much of last night's fall clear of the mountain slope in front of us. There we could see fragments of the poli trail which led up and over the crest.

The one thing to do was to follow the trail. Here we struck an unexpected snag. Two of the three Kirghiz with us said that the slope ahead was too dangerous to climb, because we would almost certainly be caught in a snowslide. As these men had had a hard time the previous day, we felt that in this case their wish was father to their thought. Though the mountain looked steep and high, we insisted that the climb could be made.

Rahima Loon was really tired, and so we left him with the yaks and began climbing. Our party consisted of Kermit, myself, Khalil, and three "jungli wallahs," one of whom was as game as a bantam, while the other two were sad. For four hours we plodded in zigzags up through the snow. It was back-breaking work. The trail had to be broken through drifts four to eight feet deep. The altitude was high, the air thin, and when at last we panted to the top we looked as if we had been in a Turkish bath.

On the other side of the ridge stretched a wide valley. It was seamed with rocky spurs from the surrounding mountains. The snow lay thick and undisturbed, for this side was sheltered from the wind which swept the slope up which we had climbed. We could see no tracks, though we searched the country with our field-glasses for a long while. The animals might be lying dead behind any one of a thousand rocky shoulders, or be covered with snow.

The wind blew colder and colder. Even the Kirghiz huddled shivering in the lee of some rocks. Apparently the poli were hopelessly lost. Of the party, all shared our view but the cheerful "jungli wallah." He said he thought he stood a chance of finding them by circling back and up the valley into which we were looking. By so doing he could look up the ravines that ran down from the mountains. He said also that he hoped to mark them by wolf-tracks.

As there seemed little else to do we told him to go ahead, though we had but little faith in the result. Tramping down the slopes again we reached camp late in the afternoon, very downhearted.

The "jungli wallah" followed out his plan. He went up the other valley, and, with some field-glasses we had lent him, studied the country. He saw seven wolves near the head of a small ravine and knew at once that one of our rams lay there. Going there he found not one, but two. The sheep had lain down close together after passing the ridge, and had died during the night. They were the two leaders and had fine heads. The horns of one measured fifty-one and a half inches, and the other forty-nine and a half. He brought them into camp late in the evening. We were delighted. They were our first poli.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Notes

Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., (1887-) and Kermit Roosevelt (1889-) are sons of the late Theodore Roosevelt, twenty-sixth President of the United States. Both are graduates of Harvard University, and both served America during the World War.

From early childhood Kermit and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., have been deeply interested in natural history. When they were small children, they met, through their father, who was an eager student of nature, many of the world's greatest naturalists. It has always been their ambition to make an expedition to Central Asia, one of the oldest inhabited regions in the world, and one about which very little is known.

The main objective of the Roosevelt brothers was to reach the highest mountain point of Pamir, in Turkestan, where lives the ovis poli, "a wild sheep which is conceded by sportsmen the world over to be one of the finest of all game trophies. He represents the elder branch of the family of which our bighorn is a member, and makes our bighorn look, in comparison, a small animal. He lives in the barren, treeless Pamirs. He was originally discovered by Marco Polo [an Italian traveler to the Orient] about 1256; hence the name."

Being unable to finance a scientific expedition such as they hoped to make, Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt appealed to the members of the Field Museum of Natural History in Chicago. Mr. Stanley Field and Mr. James Simpson gave their support to the plan, and the James Simpson-Roosevelts-Field Museum Expedition was born. The story of this undertaking and its interesting results is told by the Roosevelt brothers in their book *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, from which this story, "Ovis Poli, the Great Horned Sheep," is taken. You will be interested in reading the entire book.

Questions and Topics

1. Locate on your map the region of the hunt for ovis poli. Trace the route followed by the hunters on an outline map, showing as accurately as you can the territory where the ovis poli were captured. (See Route Map of the Expedition, page 8, in *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt.)

2. What was known about the great horned sheep before the expedition made by Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt? Describe in your own words some of the native members of the party. Read aloud the lines that describe Nadir Beg.

3. In what various ways did the party travel in Turkestan? What animals and birds were seen? Describe the vegetation found in that country. Read aloud the description you found most interesting.

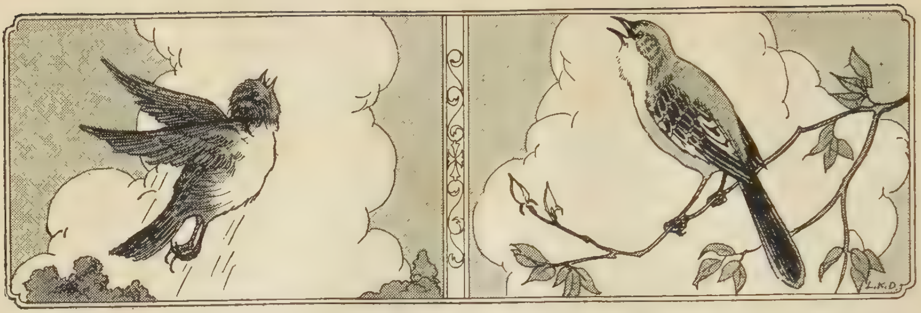
4. Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt did not hunt the ovis poli entirely for sport; what purpose, aside from sport, do you think they had in mind?

Class Reading. You will enjoy reading "Pleasures of Anticipation," Chapter I, in *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*. This tells why the expedition was undertaken and what the hunters hoped to find.

Theme Topics. 1. Comparison of American bighorn sheep and ovis poli. 2. "The World's White Rooftree" (see *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt).

Library Reading. "In Quest of the Ovis Poli," Clark (in *World's Work*, October, 1927); "A Wild Sheep Tale from South America, Hornaday (in *Tales from Nature's Wonderland*); "The Bighorn in the Snow," Mills (in *Watched by Wild Animals*); "The Bighorn, or Mountain Sheep," Roosevelt (in *The Wilderness Hunter*, Book I, Chapter VI); "Big Horn," McCowan (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1923); *East of the Sun and West of the Moon*, Theodore and Kermit Roosevelt; "The Feet of the Young Men," Kipling; "Ovis Poli," Bryant (in *Nature Magazine*, October, 1925).

BIRDS



THE SKYLARK

James Hogg

Bird of the wilderness,
Blithesome and cumberless,
Sweet be thy matin o'er moorland and lea!
Emblem of happiness,
Blest is thy dwelling-place—
Oh, to abide in the desert with thee!
Wild is thy lay and loud,
Far in the downy cloud;
Love gives it energy, love gave it birth.

Where on thy dewy wing,
Where art thou journeying?
Thy lay is in heaven, thy love is on earth,
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
O'er the red streamer that heralds the day,
Over the cloudlet dim,
Over the rainbow's rim,
Musical cherub, soar, singing, away!
Then, when the gloaming comes,
Low in the heather blooms,
Sweet will thy welcome and bed of love be!

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13. **fell,** marsh. 15. **red streamer,** sunrise glow in the sky. 20. **heather,** small, blossoming evergreen shrubs, common in Scotland.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

James Hogg (1770-1835) was born in Ettrick, Scotland. He is called "The Ettrick Shepherd" because he came from a family of shepherds and worked in his boyhood as a cowherd and sheep-tender. He passed many long, lonely days in the fields, and spent his evening hours listening to old ballads and legends which his mother recited to him. This strange childhood left within his heart, he tells us, "a something that's without a name." When Hogg was about thirty he assisted Walter Scott in the collection of old ballads for the *Border Minstrelsy*, and a short time later published a small volume of poems. The publication of *The Queen's Wake*, in 1831, a collection of tales and ballads supposed to have been sung to Mary, Queen of Scots, by native bards of Scotland, established Hogg's reputation as an author.

Questions and Topics

1. What different names does the poet give to the skylark? What evidence does Hogg give you that the skylark is a "bird of the wilderness"? How does your knowledge of the geography of Scotland help you to understand the poet's reference to the "wilderness"? What word refers to the bird's morning song?

2. What line in the second stanza tells you that it is early morning? Read lines which tell you how high the lark seems to fly while singing.

3. What time of day is the gloaming? Where does the lark make its nest? What word used by the poet in describing the lark's nest tells his country? Where do you think the shepherd poet was when he heard the lark? In order to enjoy the song of a bird as the poet enjoyed it, what must one have in himself?

Learning by Heart

You will wish to learn by heart some of the beautiful thoughts brought to you by the Nature poets, so that these gems may be with you always. The memorizing of literary selections has many distinct educational advantages. It enriches your vocabulary and gives you a storehouse of beautiful expressions. It supplies you with a number of lofty sentiments artistically expressed, a permanent store of literary treasures which you can quote at will. Memorize the poems and quotations you like best. Perhaps you will wish to commit to memory "The Skylark," by James Hogg. If not, choose some other poem in this group to memorize, and be prepared to give it in class.

TO A SKYLARK

William Wordsworth

Ethereal minstrel! Pilgrim of the sky!
Dost thou despise the earth where cares abound?
Or, while the wings aspire, are heart and eye
Both with thy nest upon the dewy ground?
Thy nest which thou canst drop into at will,
Those quivering wings composed, that music still!
Leave to the nightingale her shady wood;
A privacy of glorious light is thine,
Whence thou dost pour upon the world a flood
Of harmony, with instinct more divine;
Type of the wise who soar but never roam,
True to the kindred points of Heaven and Home!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

William Wordsworth (1770-1850), a famous English poet, was born in the celebrated Lake Country of northern England, and spent the greater part of his lifetime there. So varied and beautiful is the scenery of the region that it furnished him inspiration for much of his poetry.

Nothing unusual marked the boyhood of Wordsworth save a delight in the sights and sounds of the outdoor world. When he went to Cambridge University he gave no promise of future greatness. His genius developed slowly. In 1791, after receiving his University degree, he wandered aimlessly about the Continent trying to decide what profession he should choose for his life work. A beautiful devotion to his sister Dorothy, and a desire to see again his old home, at length led his footsteps back to England. Shortly after, Wordsworth settled down with Dorothy in a little cottage in the Lake Country and began to devote himself earnestly to the writing of poetry. In his sister he found a congenial companion, whose understanding of the beauties and wonders of nature was equal to his own.

Much of Wordsworth's time was spent in the open air, and every foot of ground in the neighborhood was traveled over by the poet and his inspiring companion. A large part of his verse was composed during their daily rambles. All lovers of nature have keen eyes and ears for its beauties. But Wordsworth was more than a mere observer and listener; to him nature was a great teacher that had for everyone a beautiful spiritual lesson. The following lines, written by the poet, show clearly his belief:

And hark! how blithe the throstle sings!
He, too, is no mean preacher.
Come forth into the light of things;
Let Nature be your teacher.

The subjects for most of Wordsworth's finest poetry were taken from the life that lay close about him—the fields and the brooks and the mountains, and the flocks and herds. No poet has done more to open our eyes to the beauty of nature than this man who lived with it and studied it for nearly eighty years.

Questions and Topics

1. Describe Wordsworth's feeling toward the skylark as he expresses it in the first line of the poem. Why do you think he called the bird "ethereal minstrel"? What characteristic has the lark which gained for it the title "pilgrim of the sky"?

2. Find a line in the poem which tells you where the skylark builds its nest. What comparison does Wordsworth make in lines 7 to 8? What habit has the lark that makes it "true to Heaven"? What habit makes it "true to Home"? Which habit is a type of our longing to do good and great things? Which habit is the type of the faithful performance of common duties?

3. What feeling do you believe led Wordsworth to write this poem? What did you learn about the poet through reading his biography, page 67, that would lead you to expect him to write nature poems? What other nature poems by Wordsworth have you read?

TO A SKYLARK

Percy Bysshe Shelley

Hail to thee, blithe Spirit!
Bird thou never wert,
That from heaven, or near it,
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest
And singing still dost soar, and soaring ever singest.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning
Thou dost float and run
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen—but yet I hear thy shrill delight,

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see—we feel that it is there.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

What thou art we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody.

Like a Poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not;

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,

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16. even, evening. 22. silver sphere, moon. 39. wrought, moved.

Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love—which overflows her bower;

Like a glowworm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view;

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet those heavy-wingéd thieves;

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,
All that ever was
Joyous and clear and fresh, thy music doth surpass.

Teach us, Sprite or Bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine;
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

Chorus Hymeneal,
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine would be all
But an empty vaunt,
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields or waves or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? What ignorance of pain?

With thy clear, keen joyance
Languor cannot be;
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee;
Thou lovest—but ne'er knew love's sad satiety.

Waking or asleep
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream—
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

Yet if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear;
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know,
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow,
The world should listen then—as I am listening now.

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53. **deflowered**, brought to full bloom. 66. **Hymeneal** (hī′mē-nē′ăl), for a wedding.

89. **fraught**, burdened.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Percy Bysshe Shelley (1792-1822) has been called the poet of the "clouds and sunsets and rainbows, of the swift wind, of the deep blue of the boundless sea, of the soaring skylark." He was a reformer, and his greatest hope was, not to write beautiful poetry, but to make the world better, "to purify life of its misery and evil." He is remembered as a great poet, and not as a reformer, even though this is not as he would have desired.

Shelley studied at Eton, one of England's most famous boarding schools for boys, and at Oxford University. He had a very sensitive and sympathetic nature, a lively and charming imagination, and a rather unruly and unconventional personality. He was always generous and indulgent with others and fearless in his pursuit of what he thought was right.

In 1818 he left his native land, England, for Italy, where he spent the remainder of his life and wrote his best poetry. "To a Skylark" was written during this period, as were the beautiful lyrics, "The Cloud" and "Ode to the West Wind." When only thirty years of age, Shelley was drowned while on a pleasure cruise off the coast of Italy.

Questions and Topics

1. By what name is the skylark addressed in the first line? What other names have been given to this bird in the poems you have just read? Which name do you think is most apt? Give reasons for your answer.

2. Find the line in the second stanza that shows the energy and enthusiasm with which the lark begins its flight; why should this sudden spring of the bird make the poet think of fire?

3. What question does the poet ask in the seventh stanza? Read aloud the lines in which he tries to answer his own question. Is he satisfied with any of the comparisons he has made? Find the line which tells you that the song of the lark is sweeter and more joyous than any of these. In which stanza does the poet compare the music produced by man with the song brought to us by the lark? What does Shelley suggest the bird may be singing about? From what has the skylark never suffered? How are we affected by "hate and pride and fear"? This poem was written more than one hundred years ago; tell why you think men treasure it and will not let it die.

HARK, HARK! THE LARK

William Shakespeare

Hark, hark! the lark at heaven's gate
    sings;
  And Phoebus 'gins arise,
His steeds to water at those springs
  On chaliced flowers that lies;
And winking Mary-buds begin
  To ope their golden eyes.
With everything that pretty is,
  My lady sweet, arise,
    Arise, arise.

2. **Phoebus** (fē'bŭs), Apollo, the sun god. 3. **Mary-buds**, marigolds. 4. **lies**, for *lie*, permissible in Shakespeare's day.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

William Shakespeare (1564-1616), a famous English poet and the greatest dramatist the world has produced, was born at Stratford-on-Avon, England. At the age of twenty-two, after his marriage with Anne Hathaway, he moved to London, where for twenty-five years he wrote poems and plays, was an actor, and later became a shareholder in a theater. He lived and wrote at the time of Queen Elizabeth, which is known as the Elizabethan Age. It was a period rich in genius of many kinds, but especially in the creation of dramatic literature. In 1612 Shakespeare retired to Stratford, where he spent the last few years of his life.

Questions and Topics

1. The lark, singing as it goes, flies straight up into the blue sky. When it is

far out of sight, and its lovely song floats back from the far distance, the bird seems to the listener to be singing "at heaven's gate." At what time of day does the lark sing "at heaven's gate"? Read aloud the lines which tell you that it is morning. By what other name is Phoebus known? For what was the watering of the steeds a preparation?

2. What is added to the picture by the poet's choice of marigolds as the opening flowers? Which lines do you think are the most beautiful in this little song? Have you ever heard "Hark, Hark! the Lark" rendered by a good singer? You would enjoy hearing one of the phonograph records of it.

3. Review the story of Phoebus, the sun-god. It will help you to visualize the words of the poet.

4. If you substitute an old form, "bin," for "is," in line 7, you will retain a pleasing rime.

LARKS

ROBERT BRIDGES

What voice of gladness, hark!
In heaven is ringing?
From the sad fields the lark
Is upward winging.

High through the mournful mist that blots our day
Their songs betray them soaring in the gray.
See them! Nay, they
In sunlight swim; above the furthest stain
Of cloud attain; their hearts in music rain
Upon the plain.

Sweet birds, far out of sight
Pour songs of pleasure;
Dome us with joy as bright
As heaven's best azure.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Robert Bridges (1844-), an English poet, was educated at Eton College and Oxford University. On leaving Oxford, Bridges studied medicine and held many important hospital positions before his retirement, in 1882. He has published eight plays and several volumes of verse. In the year 1912 his *Poetical Works* appeared; the year following he was appointed poet laureate of England to succeed Alfred Austin. Bridges is a master of the secrets of rhythm, and his lines always have a delicacy and beauty.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What feeling do you think the poet had in his heart when he wrote this poem? What comparison do you find in the first stanza? Why is it impossible to see the larks? What betrays them to the poet?

2. You have now finished reading five poems written by British poets about the skylark; which one did you enjoy most? Why? Which poem told you most about the *song* of the lark? Which author is most skillful in making you feel the joy in the lark's song? Which of the poets is a present-day writer? Make a list of the different names these poets have given to the skylark. Choose one of the poems to memorize and be prepared to recite it to the class.

Suggested Problem. Make a study of the rime-schemes and rhythms of the poems in this group. Rhythm means the effect produced by regularity of accent in prose or poetry. Note in the poems similarities and differences in rhythm and rime-scheme, and decide which poem you think is most musical. Take a class vote to determine which poem has been most enjoyed.

Library Reading. "Address to the Woodlark," Burns (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham), "To the Lark," Dafydd Ap Gwilym, and "The Song of the Lark," MacDonald (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume II, Markham); "Poet and Lark," DeVere (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "The Lark," Reese (in *Verse*

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3. **sad fields,** so called because of the gloomy day.
13. **Dome,** surround.

of our Day, Gordon and King); "The Little Red Lark," Tynan (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Lark," Stephens (in *Songs from the Clay*); "The Lark," Service (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); "Shelley's Skylark," Hardy (in *Collected Poems of Thomas Hardy*).

TO A WATERFOWL

William Cullen Bryant

Whither, midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far through their rosy depths dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way?

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean-side?

There is a Power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast—
The desert and illimitable air—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold, thin atmosphere;
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend
Soon o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone; the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

He who from zone to zone
Guides through the boundless sky thy certain flight,
In the long way that I must tread alone
Will lead my steps aright.

9. **plashy**, wet. 10. **marge**, edge (for *margin*).

23. **thy fellows**, other waterfowl. 29. **zone**, region.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

William Cullen Bryant (1794-1878), our first great American poet, was reared among the rugged Berkshire Hills of western Massachusetts. The excellent library of his father, who was a country physician, probably had far more effect on the boy than the dull district school he attended. Bryant grew up in close touch with nature and the simple farm surroundings, and this lonely life may have tended to make him rather more serious and thoughtful than most boys of his age. When he was nine years old he was putting his thoughts into verse in the stately fashion of the English poets of that time.

At fifteen Bryant entered Williams College, where he remained one year. He was then ambitious to continue his studies at Yale, but his father's financial circumstances compelled him to give up that hope and to face the immediate problem of earning his own living. He studied law and, in 1815, opened an office in the village of Plainfield, Massachusetts.

Bryant was then twenty-one years old. Already he had written some poems of a high degree of excellence, one of which alone, "To a Waterfowl," would have "made him immortal."

Caring little for the practice of law in a small town, Bryant in 1825 went to New York. The next year he became editor of the *Evening Post*—a position which he continued to fill with distinction for more than half a century.

And yet this busy editor of a great city newspaper found leisure, from time to time, to write verses. His poems were loved by his countrymen because he chose for the most part American subjects—the scenes and impressions of his boyhood, the flowers, the birds, the woods, the climate of his own New England.

As soon as Bryant could afford it, he bought a country place on Long Island. Here was "a nook, such as a poet might well choose, embowered in woods that covered a row of gentle hills, and catching glimpses of a vast expanse of water." To this retreat he slipped away as often as he could from his busy newspaper desk, to do some flower gardening, to enjoy nature, and to write an occasional poem. It was here that Bryant died, at the age of eighty-four, and is buried.

Note. When Bryant was twenty-one he went one day to the little village of Plainfield a few miles from his father's home to see if he could find encouragement for opening a law office there. Parke Godwin, his biographer, thus describes the incident as related by Bryant himself. "He felt, as he walked up the hills, very forlorn and desolate, indeed, and not knowing what was to become of him in the big world. The sun had already set, and while he was looking upon the rosy splendor with rapt admiration, a solitary bird made wing along the illuminated horizon. He watched the lone wanderer until it was lost in the distance, asking himself whither it had come and to what far home it was flying. When he went to the house where he was to stop for the night, his mind was still full of what he had seen and felt, and he wrote those lines as imperishable as our language, 'To a Waterfowl.'"

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. After a good reader has read this entire poem in class, tell under what circumstances it was written.

2. How does the poet speak of the sunset? What characteristics did Bryant show in stopping to enjoy the sunset and to watch the bird? What was the appearance of the bird against the sky?

3. What words in the fourth stanza emphasize the thought that there is no path or road for the bird to follow through the air?

4. Find the lines that tell what toil is referred to in the sixth stanza. When will the bird's toil end? What will follow toil?

5. How does the thought that the bird is guided help the poet?

6. What comparison does he make between his life and the flight of the bird?

7. What did you learn in "What Literature Is," page 11, about literature that interprets life? Can you show that this poem is such a piece of literature?

Library Reading. "Birds of Passage," Longfellow; *The Travels of Birds*, Chapman; "Masters of Flight" (photographs), Finley (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, July, 1919); "The Birds of Killingworth," Longfellow (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "The Loon," Sarett (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham); "Wild Geese," Ashley, "The Wild Geese of Windygoul," Seton, and "The Gray Squadron," Hawkes (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Seven*); "The Stormy Petrel," Procter, "Mother Carey's Chickens," Sharp (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "Wild Geese," Peterson, "On Scaring Some Waterfowl in Loch-Turit," Burns, and "The Wild Duck's Nest," Wordsworth (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); "A Tragedy of the Marshes," Crandall (in *Nature Magazine*, March, 1928); "Levy, the Story of an Egret," Pearson (in *Stories of Bird Life*); "The Marshes of Malheur," Finley (in *Nature Magazine*, 1923); "The Adventures of a Loon," Hulbert (in *Forest Neighbors*); "Birds of Many a Feather," Waldo (in *Grenfell: Knight-Errant of the North*, Chapter XIII).

The Lyric

Since many of the poems in "The World of Nature" are lyrics, it will be well for you to keep in mind some of the distinguishing characteristics of this form of poetry. The lyric is a poem having a song-like quality. It must sing itself or suggest song. This style of poem takes its name from the lyre, a harp played by the ancient Greeks to accompany their songs. The lyric does not tell a story as do some poems. In it the poet expresses his own observations and emotions—his love, his joy, his grief. A great lyric not only expresses the poet's feeling, but it has the power to make us feel. We learn through it to feel tenderness, or pity, or sorrow, or happiness.

"To a Waterfowl" is a true lyric. What feeling caused Bryant to write these lines? Other well-known lyrics by Bryant are "Robert of Lincoln," a poem in which he gives us a glimpse of his quiet humor, "March," "The Gladness of Nature," and "The Yellow Violet," poems in which he expresses joy at the return of spring; "The Death of the Flowers," a poem that commemorates the death of the poet's sister; and "To a Fringed Gentian," a poem of hope. Note lyrics by other authors in this book.

As nature is a favorite theme with poets, you will, no doubt, meet many lovely lyrics in your magazine reading.

Newspaper Reading

William Cullen Bryant, as editor of the New York *Evening Post*, influenced the thinking of a large circle of readers. Since that time the newspaper has constantly grown in power, until today it is one of the important factors in American life and education.

The first newspaper in the United States, *Public Occurrences*, was started in 1690. The oldest existing newspaper in the country is the New Hampshire *Gazette*, founded in 1756. Since the days of Benjamin Franklin, and later of William Cullen Bryant, there have been many influential journalists in America, notably Horace Greeley, editor of the New York *Tribune;* Charles A. Dana, editor of the New York *Sun;* and Henry Watterson, editor of the Louisville *Courier-Journal*. Who is the editor of the newspaper with which you are most familiar?

Bring to class copies of some local newspaper and show that there is a regular place for general news, editorials, society news, sports, market reports, jokes, cartoons, weather reports, and advertisements; of what advantage to the busy reader is a definite place in the paper for each of these? *Headlines* in large type call attention to the story, and *leads* in smaller type directly under the headlines give a brief summary of the story. How do these, also, help to save the reader's time?

When was the first newspaper started in your community? Have you seen copies of newspapers printed one hundred years ago or printed during the Civil War? If you can, bring to class copies of old-time newspapers and compare them with those of today.

Keep a class scrapbook for current events and for interesting newspaper mention of literary men and women and their works. Note especially accounts of local visits by authors. A committee of pupils may be chosen to be responsible for pasting the clippings as they are handed in from time to time by members of the class. Do you have a regular time in your school for reporting on current events? Bring to class clippings from current newspapers that refer to stories, authors, or characters found in your text such as Rip Van Winkle, Evangeline, Kipling, van Dyke, etc.

Read again the discussion of "What Literature Is," pages 11 and 12. Is a newspaper article a true example of literature? What is the chief value of newspapers?

SEA GULLS

Pacific & Atlantic Photos, Inc.

THE GULLS

Clinton Scollard

The gray gulls follow
O'er slope and hollow;
With grace of the swallow
They float and flee;
With pointed pinion
They have dominion
Of the restless air
And the restless sea.

We may not dart with them,
May not have part with them,
Take hope or heart with them,
No, not we!
Yet are we one of them,
Having the sun with them,
The sun in the sky
O'er the boundless sea.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Clinton Scollard (1860-) was born in Clinton, New York, and received his college training at Hamilton College, Harvard University, and Cambridge, England. He is now a professor of English literature at Hamilton College, a position he has held for many years.

It has been said that "all who write easily are tempted to write carelessly." Clinton Scollard has resisted this temptation; he has produced a large amount of verse, but he is and has always been a careful worker.

In addition to his poetry, collected now in fourteen volumes, Scollard has written six novels, two books on travel, and one volume of nature sketches.

One of the greatest sources of this author's inspiration is his delight in the out-of-doors. On his rambles he has "every sense alert to see, to hear, and to enjoy." You will find pleasure in reading Scollard's *Footfarings*, a volume written partly in prose and partly in verse. It is "a book abrim with morning joy, and bringing with it the aroma of wood-flowers and the minstrelsy of birds."

Questions and Topics

1. To what other bird does the poet compare the gulls?

2. What privileges have the gulls that

we cannot enjoy? What have we in common with them? Over what things do the gulls have dominion? The poet uses the apt expression, "pointed pinion"; as you would expect in birds capable of far flights, gulls' wings are very long and powerful; hence the birds can make steady progress against the strongest gales.

3. You will enjoy reading more about gulls in *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Volume 4.

Library Reading. "A Gull," Hillyer (in *The Magic Carpet*, Richards); "Gulls at St. Ives," Hudson (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "The Sea-Mew," Browning, "Sea-Birds," Akers (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "The White Gull" (written in commemoration of Shelley), Carman (in *By the Aurelian Wall*); "The Gull Bread Line," Finley (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1923); "The Wounded Gull," Gosse, "Sea-Gulls of Manhattan," van Dyke (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); "The Gulls of Mono," Dawson (in *Nature Magazine*, October, 1925); "Modern Cliff-Dwellers," "Ocean Wanderers," and "The White-Winged Fleet," Job (in *Among the Waterfowl*); "The Cliff Dwellers," and "Above the Surf," Brown (in *The Frozen Barrier*).

TAMPA ROBINS*

Sidney Lanier

The robin laughed in the orange-tree:
"Ho, windy North, a fig for thee;
While breasts are red and wings are bold
And green trees wave us globes of gold,
  Time's scythe shall reap but bliss for me—
  Sunlight, song, and the orange-tree.

"Burn, golden globes in leafy sky,
My orange-planets; crimson I
Will shine and shoot among the spheres
(Blithe meteor that no mortal fears)
  And thrill the heavenly orange-tree
  With orbits bright of minstrelsy.

"If that I hate wild winter's spite—
The gibbet trees, the world in white,
The sky but gray wind over a grave—
Why should I ache, the season's slave?
I'll sing from the top of the orange-tree:
  'Gramercy, winter's tyranny.'

"I'll south with the sun, and keep my clime;
My wing is king of the summer time;
My breast to the sun his torch shall hold;
And I'll call down through the green and gold:
  'Time, take thy scythe, reap bliss for me;
  Bestir thee under the orange-tree.' "

14. **gibbet** (jĭb′ĕt), bare and dreary-looking. 18. **Gramercy** (grȧ-mûr′sĭ), thanks. 19. **clime**, climate.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Sidney Lanier (1842-1881) is one of the "Southern poets," having been born in Macon, Georgia. The home life of Lanier and his brother was a very happy one because the boys were both talented musicians. Sidney Lanier showed remarkable ability in music at an early age and was able to play with ease almost any kind of musical instrument. In the little parlor of the Lanier home the neighbors and friends gathered in the evenings to enjoy the impromptu musical entertainments given by the boys, their mother accompanying them on the piano.

Lanier's father, fearing that his son would become a professional musician, forbade him to practice on the violin; the boy thereupon transferred his interest to the flute. During the Civil War he played much to his fellow soldiers, and

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*From *Poems of Sidney Lanier*, copyright, 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

later as a professional player he earned for himself the distinction of being one of the greatest flute-players in the world.

While he was in college, Lanier began to test his powers as a writer of poetry and was ambitious to take up writing as a profession, but the Civil War came and he and his brother entered the Confederate Army as privates. He refused an army promotion because he wished to be near his brother. He was held as prisoner in the Federal prison at Point Lookout for five months, during which time "he read all of the books he could get his hands on, and played on his beloved flute whenever he had the opportunity to do so."

Later in life Lanier practiced law, but ill health forced him to abandon this work, and seek relief at San Antonio, Texas. The later years of the poet's life were a struggle against poverty and disease. During these years, however, he wrote many lovely poems, and occasionally lectured on English poetry. Among the most notable poems written by Lanier are "Tampa Robins" and "The Song of the Chattahoochee" (page 489).

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Locate Tampa on your map. If you were not told the name of the bird, what lines would tell you that the robin is meant? Why is Time described as carrying a scythe? Name the things that mean bliss to the robin.

2. How does the robin feel toward winter? Explain the meaning of the line, "My wing is king of the summer time." To whom is the robin speaking in the last two lines?

Library Reading. "Robin's Faithfulness," Tynan (in *Shamrocks*); "The Robin in the Rain," Woods (in *Poems of Today*, Cooper); "Robin Redbreast," Allingham, "Robin Redbreast," Doane (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "What Puzzled the Robins," Hawkes (in *The Way of the Wild*); "Sir Robin," Larcom (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "How the Robin Came," Whittier (in *Complete Poetical Works*).

THE REDWING

BLISS CARMAN

I hear you, Brother, I hear you,
Down in the alder swamp,
Springing your woodland whistle
To herald the April pomp!

First of the moving vanguard,
In front of the spring you come,
Where flooded waters sparkle
And streams in the twilight hum.

You sound the note of the chorus
By meadow and woodland pond,
Till, one after one up-piping,
A myriad throats respond.

I see you, Brother, I see you,
With scarlet under your wing,
Flash through the ruddy maples,
Leading the pageant of spring.

Earth has put off her raiment
Wintry and worn and old,
For the robe of a fair young sibyl,
Dancing in green and gold.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Bliss Carman (1861-), teacher, civil engineer, editor, and poet, was born in the province of New Brunswick, Canada. He was educated at the Universities of New Brunswick, Edinburgh (Scotland), and Harvard.

As literary editor of *The Independent* and the *Chap Book* and a contributor to many of our leading magazines, Mr. Carman has become widely known. He left Canada early in his career and has made his home in the United States the greater part of his life, except for occasional brief visits to his old home down by the sea.

Bliss Carman makes his greatest appeal through his lyrics, interpreting the beauty and wonders of the nature world. He is no mere landscape painter, but translates and interprets for us as only a poet can whose feeling for nature is keen and deep. Mr. Carman, whose birth month is April, sings much of the early spring. Even though he has many poems about April and Spring, his songs are always new, fresh, and spontaneous, never monotonous.

The poem, "The Redwing," is a nature lyric which reveals the poet's love for the birds and the springtime.

Questions and Topics

1. Who is the speaker in this poem? Whom does he address as "Brother"? What is "the moving vanguard" of spring in your locality?

2. Describe the redwing so accurately that one could recognize it when he sees it. Where is the redwing most often seen? Name the things that go to make up the "pageant of spring." What other word might the poet have used instead of "sibyl"?

3. The poet refers to the "ruddy maples"; is this use of "ruddy" correct? Give reasons to support your answer.

Library Reading. "The Sociable Redwing," Dawson (in *Nature Magazine*, October, 1927).

THE LINNET

Walter de la Mare

Upon this leafy bush
  With thorns and roses in it,
Flutters a thing of light,
  A twittering linnet.
And all the throbbing world
  Of dew and sun and air
By this small parcel of life
  Is made more fair;
As if each bramble-spray
And mounded gold-wreathed furze,
  Harebell and little thyme,
  Were only hers;
As if this beauty and grace
  Did to one bird belong,
And, at a flutter of wing,
  Might vanish in song.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Walter de la Mare (1873-   ), famous for poems about children, was born in Kent, England, and educated at St. Paul's Cathedral Choir School in London. He has written much beautiful verse, a considerable amount of which has been set to music. His *Peacock Pie* is a book of poems all small children like, since it makes them think of the Mother Goose rimes. "The Linnet" was taken from de la Mare's *Collected Poems*, published in 1913. You will enjoy reading other poems in the same volume.

Questions and Topics

1. List the different qualities of the linnet brought out by the poet in this artistic word-picture. Where does the linnet get its name? (see *New International Encyclopedia*, Volume 14, and *Webster's New International Dictionary*).

2. What did the poet fear "might vanish in song"? To what does he refer in line 7? in line 13?

Library Reading. "The Green Linnet," Wordsworth (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "To a Linnet in a Cage," Ledwidge (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke).

THE MOCKING BIRD

JOHN JAMES AUDUBON

It is where the great magnolia shoots up its majestic trunk, crowned with evergreen leaves, and decorated with a thousand beautiful flowers that perfume the air around; where the forests and fields are adorned with blossoms of every hue; where the golden orange ornaments the gardens and the groves; where bignonias of various kinds interlace their climbing stems around the white-flowered stuartia, and mounting still higher, cover the summits of the lofty trees around, accompanied with innumerable vines that here and there festoon the dense foliage of the magnificent woods, lending to the vernal breeze a slight portion of the perfume of their clustered flowers; where a genial warmth seldom forsakes the atmosphere; where berries and fruits of all descriptions are met with at every step—in a word, kind reader, it is where Nature seems to have paused, as she passed over the earth, and opening her stores, to have strewed with unsparing hand the diversified seeds from which have sprung all the beautiful and splendid forms which I should in vain attempt to describe, that the mocking bird should have fixed its abode, there only that its wondrous song should be heard.

But where is that favored land? It is in that great continent to whose distant shores Europe has sent forth her adventurous sons, to wrest for themselves a habitation from the wild inhabitants of the forest, and to convert the neglected soil into fields of exuberant fertility. It is, reader, in Louisiana that these bounties of nature are in the greatest perfection. It is there that you should listen to the love song of the mocking bird, as I at this moment do. See how he flies round his mate, with motions as light as those of the butterfly! His tail is widely expanded, he mounts in the air to a small distance, describes a circle, and, again alighting, approaches his beloved one, his eyes gleaming with delight, for she has already promised to be his and his only. His beautiful wings are gently raised, he bows to his love, and again bouncing upward, opens his bill, and pours forth his melody, full of exultation at the conquest which he has made.

They are not the soft sounds of the flute or the hautboy that I hear, but the sweeter notes of Nature's own music. The mellowness of the song, the varied modulations and gradations, the extent of its compass, the great brilliancy of execution, are unrivaled. There is probably no bird in the world that possesses all the musical qualifications of this king of song, who has derived all from Nature's self. Yes, reader, all!

No sooner has he again alighted near his mate than, as if his breast were about to be rent with delight, he again pours forth his notes with more softness and richness than before. He now soars higher, glancing around with a vigilant eye, to assure himself that none has witnessed his bliss. When these love scenes are over, he dances through the air, full of animation and delight, and, as if to convince his

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60. **hautboy** (hō'boi), a musical wind instrument.

lovely mate that to enrich her hopes he has much more love in store, he that moment begins anew, and imitates all the notes which Nature has imparted to the other songsters of the grove.

For a while, each long day and pleasant night are thus spent. A nest is to be prepared, and the choice of a place in which to lay it is to become a matter of mutual consideration. The orange, the fig, the pear tree of the gardens are inspected; the thick brier patches are also visited. They appear all so well suited for the purpose in view, and so well do the birds know that man is not their most dangerous enemy, that, instead of retiring from him, they at length fix their abode in his vicinity, perhaps in the nearest tree to his window. Dried twigs, leaves, grasses, cotton, flax, and other substances, are picked up, carried to a forked branch, and there arranged. Five eggs are deposited in due time, when the male, having little more to do than sing his mate to repose, attunes his pipe anew. Every now and then he spies an insect on the ground, the taste of which he is sure will please his beloved one. He drops upon it, takes it in his bill, beats it against the earth, and flies to the nest to feed and receive the warm thanks of his devoted female.

When a fortnight has elapsed, the young brood demand all their care and attention. No cat, no vile snake, no dreaded hawk, is likely to visit their habitation. Indeed the inmates of the next house have by this time become quite attached to the lovely pair of mocking birds, and take pleasure in contributing to their safety. The dewberries from the fields, and many kinds of fruit from the gardens, mixed with insects, supply the young as well as the parents with food. The brood is soon seen emerging from the nest, and in another fortnight, being now able to fly with vigor, and to provide for themselves, they leave the parent birds, as many other species do. . . .

In winter, nearly all the mocking birds approach the farmhouses and plantations, living about the gardens or outhouses. They are then frequently seen on the roofs, and perched on the chimney tops; yet they always appear full of animation. While searching for food on the ground, their motions are light and elegant, and they frequently open their wings as butterflies do when basking in the sun, moving a step or two, and again throwing out their wings. When the weather is mild, the old males are heard singing with as much spirit as during the spring or summer, while the younger birds are busily engaged in practicing, preparatory to the love season. They seldom resort to the interior of the forest either during the day or by night, but usually roost among the foliage of evergreens, in the immediate vicinity of houses in Louisiana, although in the eastern states they prefer low fir trees.

The flight of the mocking bird is performed by short jerks of the body and wings, at every one of which a strong twitching motion of the tail is perceived. This motion is still more apparent while the bird is walking, when it opens its tail like a fan and instantly closes it again. . . . When traveling, this flight is only a little prolonged, as the bird goes from tree to tree, or at most across a field, scarcely, if ever, rising higher than the top of the forest. During this migration, it generally resorts to the

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

BIRD SANCTUARY, AVERY'S ISLAND, LOUISIANA
(Here 120,000 birds are protected)

highest parts of the woods near watercourses, utters its usual mournful note, and roosts in these places. It travels mostly by day.

Few hawks attack the mocking birds, as on their approach, however sudden it may be, they are always ready not only to defend themselves vigorously and with undaunted courage, but to meet the aggressor half way, and force him to abandon his intention. The only hawk that occasionally surprises the mocking bird is the *Falco Starlen*, which flies low with great swiftness, and carries the bird off without any apparent stop. Should it happen that the ruffian misses his prey, the mocking bird in turn becomes the assailant, and pursues the hawk with great courage, calling in the meantime all the birds of its species to its assistance; and although it cannot overtake the marauder, the alarm created by their cries, which are propagated in succession among all the birds in the vicinity, like the watchwords of sentinels on duty, prevents him from succeeding in his attempts.

The musical powers of this bird have often been taken notice of by European naturalists, and persons who find pleasure in listening to the songs of different birds while in confinement or at large. Some of these persons have described the notes of the nightingale as occasionally fully equal to those of our bird. I have frequently heard both species, in confinement and in the wild state, and without prejudice have no hesitation in pronouncing the notes of the European philomel equal to those of a soubrette of taste, which, could she study under a Mozart, might perhaps in time become very interesting in her way. But to compare her essays to the finished talent of the mocking bird is, in my opinion, quite absurd.

42. **philomel** (fĭl'ȯ-mĕl), nightingale, a beautiful European songster. 43. **soubrette**, coquettish singer. 44. **Mozart** (mō'tsärt), Austrian composer and pianist (1756-1791).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

John James Audubon (1780-1851), an American naturalist and ornithologist, was born in Louisiana. His earliest recollections were "associated with lying among the flowers of that fertile land, sheltered by the orange trees, and watching the movements of the mocking bird, 'the king of song,' dear to him in after life from many associations."

When Audubon was a small child his parents took him to Paris to begin his education. There the boy had the best instruction of the day. Among his teachers was J. L. David, the well-known painter, from whom Audubon received his earliest lessons in tracing objects in natural history. According to the naturalist, John Burroughs, the young Audubon "was an admirable marksman, an expert swimmer, a good dancer and skater; played well on the flute and violin; was skilled in training dogs, and in stuffing and preserving animals and birds; had great bodily strength and great beauty of form and feature."

After Audubon's return to America, in 1798, he wandered for a number of years over the southern and western parts of the United States, struggling to earn a living as a crayon-portrait painter and teacher of drawing. Meanwhile he passionately pursued the study of his "beloved birds," and made drawings and paintings of them. His pictures are unrivaled in their exact reproduction of form and color. In addition they show the birds in characteristic positions.

In 1827, when he was forty-seven years of age, Audubon obtained sufficient subscribers to enable him to begin the publication of his *Birds of America*, which consisted of four hundred thirty-five colored plates and contained ten hundred fifty-five life-sized figures of birds. His book met with immediate success and was soon followed by more volumes dealing with his travels and observations of animal life.

Questions and Topics

1. Read the line which tells you whether the author wrote this description from memory or while he was actually visiting the scene described. In what state is the home of the mocking bird described by Audubon?

2. How does the author account for all the beauties of the scene? Have you ever visited a region so favored by nature? If so, tell the class about it.

3. Describe the song of the mocking bird. Why does the author call this bird the "king of song"? Account for the fact that the mocking birds build their nests near the dwelling place of man. Where do these birds spend the winter?

4. Read aloud the lines that give the most beautiful description of nature; of the bird; of the song of the bird. Read lines which lead you to believe that the mocking bird is a happy creature. How does the author imply that the richness of the plant life of this region is reproduced in the bird's song?

5. How does Audubon say the musical powers of the mocking bird compare with those of the nightingale? You will enjoy hearing the following Victor Records: "Mocking Bird," Gluck, with "Bird Voices" by Kellogg; "Bird Chorus," and "Songs of Our Native Birds," by Kellogg; "Songs and Calls of Our Native Birds," Gorst; also Columbia Record, "Bird Calls," Avis.

Theme Topic. Prepare a two-minute talk on the work of the "National Association of Audubon Societies," telling (*a*) its object, and (*b*) what it is accomplishing. (Consult the encyclopedia and *Bird-Lore*, the official magazine of the Audubon Association.)

Library Reading. "The Mocking-Bird," Stanton (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "A Mocking Bird," Bynner (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King); "The Mocking Bird," Sidney Lanier (in *American Poetry*, Boynton).

THE PASSING OF THE FLOCKS

William Beebe

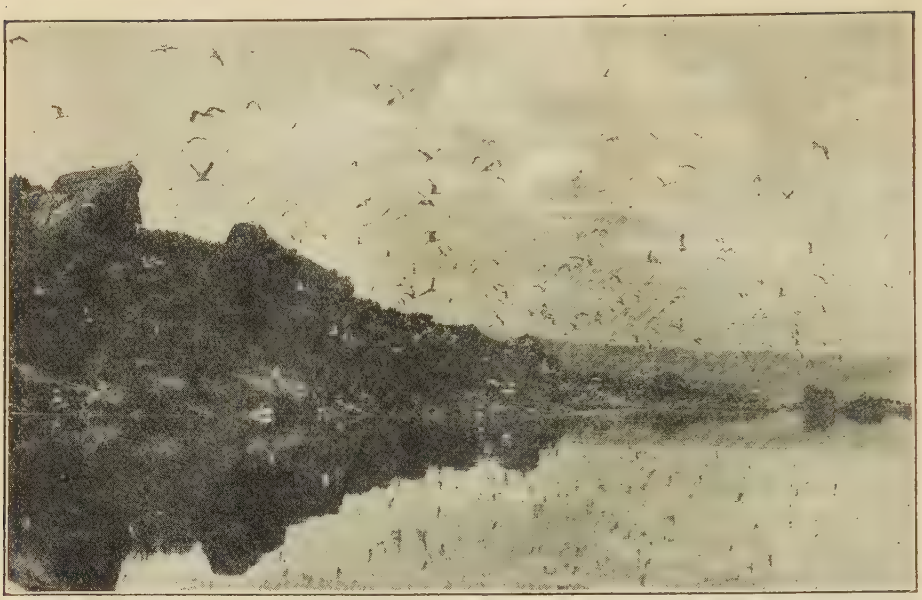
It is September. August — the month of gray days for birds — has passed. The last pinfeather of the new winter plumage has burst its sheath, and is sleek and glistening from its thorough oiling with waterproof dressing, which the birds squeeze out with their bills from a special gland, and which they rub into every part of their plumage. The youngsters, now grown as large as their parents, have become proficient in fly-catching or berry-picking, as the case may be. Henceforth they forage for themselves, although if we watch carefully we may still see a parent's love prompting it to give a berry to its big offspring (indistinguishable save for this attention), who greedily devour it without so much as a wing flutter of thanks.

Two courses are open to the young birds who have been so fortunate as to escape the dangers of nestlinghood. They may unite in neighborly flocks with others of their kind, as do the blackbirds of the marshes; or they may wander off by themselves, never going very far from their summer home, but perching alone each night in the thick foliage of some sheltering bush.

How wonderfully the little fellow adapts himself to the radical and sudden change in his life! Before this, his world had been a warm, soft-lined nest, with ever-anxious parents to shelter him from rain and cold, or to stand with half-spread wings between him and the burning rays of the sun. He has only to open his mouth and call for food, and a supply of the choicest morsels appears and is shoved far down his throat. If danger threatens, both parents are ready to fight to the last, or even willing to give their lives to protect him. Little wonder is it that the young birds are loath to leave; we can sympathize heartily with the last weaker brother, whose feet cling convulsively to the nest, who begs piteously for "just one more caterpillar!" But the mother bird is inexorable and stands a little way out of reach with the juiciest morsel she can find. Once out, the young bird never returns. Even if we catch the little chap before he finishes his first flight and replace him, the magic spell of home is broken, and he is out again the instant our hand frees him.

What a change the first night brings! Yet with unfailing instinct he squats on some twig, fluffs up his feathers, tucks his wee head behind his wing, and sleeps the sleep of his first adult birdhood as soundly as if this position of rest had been familiar to him since he broke through the shell.

We admire his aptitude for learning; how quickly his wings gain strength and skill; how soon he manages to catch his own dinner. But how all this pales before the accomplishment of a young brush turkey or moundbuilder of the antipodes. Hatched six or eight feet under ground, merely by the heat of decaying vegetation, no fond parents minister to his wants. Not only must he escape from the shell in the pressure and darkness



Courtesy of Nature Magazine

MIGRATING BIRDS

of his underground prison (how we cannot tell), but he is then compelled to dig through six feet of leaves and mold before he reaches the sunlight. He finds himself well feathered, and at once spreads his small but perfect wings and goes humming off to seek his living alone and unattended.

It is September — the month of restlessness for birds. Weeks ago the first migrants started on their southward journey, the more delicate insect-eaters going first, before the goldfinches and other late nesters had half finished housekeeping. The northern warblers drift past us southward — the magnolia, Blackburnian, Canadian fly-catching, and others, bringing memories of spruce and balsam to those of us who have lived with them in the forests of the north.

"It's getting too cold for the little fellows," says the wiseacre, who sees you watching the smaller birds as they pass southward. Is it, though? What of the tiny winter wren which spends the zero weather with us? His coat is no warmer than those birds which have gone to the far tropics. And what of birds which we occasionally come across in mid-winter, of species which generally migrate to Brazil? It is not the cold which deprives us of our summer friends, or at least the great majority of them; it is the decrease in food supply. Insects disappear, and only those birds which feed on seeds and buds, or are able to glean an insect diet from the crevices of fence and tree-trunk, can abide.

This is the month to climb out on the roof of your house, lie on your back, and listen. He is a stolid person indeed who is not moved by the chirps and twitters which come down through the darkness. There is no better way to show what a wonderful power sound has upon our memories. There sounds a robin's note, and spring seems here again; through the night comes a whitethroat's chirp, and we see again the fog-dimmed fields of a Nova Scotian upland; a sandpiper "peeps," and the scene in our mind's eye as instantly changes, and so on. What a revelation if we could see as in daylight for a few moments! The sky would be pitted with thousands and thousands of birds flying from a few hundred yards to as high as one or two miles above the earth.

It only adds to the interest of this phenomenon when we turn to our learned books on birds for an explanation of the origin of migration, the whence and whither of the long journeys by day and night, and find— no certain answer! This is one of the greatest of the many mysteries of the natural world, of which little is known, although much is guessed, and the bright September nights may reveal to us—we know not what undiscovered facts.

I see my way as birds their trackless way.
I shall arrive! what time, what circuit first,
I ask not; but unless God send his hail
Of blinding fireballs, sleet, or stifling snow,
In some time, his good time, I shall arrive;
He guides me and the bird. In his good time!

—*Robert Browning.*

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

William Beebe (1877-) is the director of an interesting Tropical Research Station in British Guiana established by the New York Zoölogical Society for the study of animal life. Theodore Roosevelt visited this station in February, 1916, and wrote thus of Beebe: "He is not only a first-rate observer, but a writer able to record his observations. What he writes is not only readable and interesting; it also possesses both charm and distinction. Moreover, he is a man of such broad interest and cultivation that he sees his own particular facts in relation to all their surroundings."

Beebe's method of studying animal life in the tropics is different from that hitherto employed by naturalists. It is "restricted, intensive observation." For instance, he once spent an entire week studying a particular cinnamon tree bearing the ripe fruit. During that time he identified ninety-seven species of birds. Then he dug up two square yards of jungle sod under the same tree and thoroughly examined all of the insect life in this limited space. Roosevelt believed that the results of this method of study would be of the utmost value in increasing our knowledge of tropical life.

"The Passing of the Flocks" is taken from *The Log of the Sun*, a book which shows Beebe's remarkable power to make us see and feel the experiences that he describes.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What preparation do the birds make to protect their new winter plumage? What two courses are open to the young birds in the early autumn months? What great change must the "little fellow" now make in his manner of living?

2. Read aloud the lines that describe (*a*) the breaking of home ties for the young bird; (*b*) his first night out in the world alone. With what wild game bird does Beebe contrast the "little fellow"?

3. Account for the statement: "It is September—the month of restlessness for the birds." What drives birds south in the winter? What type of bird is able to find food in the north in winter?

4. What interesting experiment does the author suggest "to show what a wonderful power sound has upon our memories"? What sounds are mentioned that you might hear? What birds might you see if it were daylight?

To what great natural mystery does the author refer in the last paragraph? Why do you think Beebe chose the lines by Browning as a closing thought for "The Passing of the Flocks"?

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. How birds help to keep down weeds. 2. Laws made to protect birds. 3. Uncle Sam's refuges for birds. 4. "A bird in the bush is worth two in the hand" (*Bird-Lore* motto). 5. "Shooting birds with a camera." 6. Are we game to save our birds? You will find *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Volume 1, helpful in preparing your talks. Write to the Department of Agriculture, Washington, D. C., for pamphlets on the protection and uses of birds.

Library Reading. *The Log of the Sun*, Beebe; "Some Famous Bird Travelers" and "The Travels of the Bobolink," Chapman (in *The Travels of Birds*); "The Flight of Birds" and "The Procession Passes," Wright (in *Gray Lady and the Birds*); "Flight of Birds," Burroughs (in *Atlantic Monthly*, September, 1920); "The Bird as a Traveller," Wright and Coues (in *Citizen Bird*); "Bird Life in Winter" and "The Coming of Spring," Hudson (in *The Land's End*); "The Migration of Birds," Chapman (in *Bird-Life*); "Birds of Passage," Longfellow; *Adventures in Birdland*, Crump.

BIRDS OF THE SOUTHERN WINTER

Archibald Rutledge

To the blizzard-bound Northerner there is no more fascinating form of imagination than to picture to himself the sunny homes that have been found by his bird friends that have migrated southward. Yet few bird-lovers can have an accurate idea of the winter surroundings of their summer favorites unless they have observed them in the South.

It is a well-known fact that the robin changes his disposition with his location; when on the lawn he may be the most confiding and friendly companion, but at any distance from a house he is apt to develop traits of wildness and suspicion. The characteristic of wariness is always found among robins in the South. In general, the robin is songless in his winter quarters, his only notes being his liquid word of alarm and his shrill flight call. Occasionally, however, a flock will give voice to a subdued chorus, audible at a considerable distance through the hollow-echoing piney woods. These great pineries of the Southland, together with the swamps that drain—or more often do not drain—them, harbor robins in vast numbers. Near the mouth of the Santee River in southeastern South Carolina the writer recently tried to estimate the number of robins in a flight that was changing swamps. How wide the flight was is not known, but the portion upon which the estimate was based passed over an open field, completely surrounded by tall pines, a quarter of a mile long by a half-mile wide. Over this space the robins flew from noon until dusk—about five hours. At any fixed period there must have been a thousand robins in sight; so, estimating that it took a robin a minute and a half to fly across the field, the total number seen could not run far short of two hundred thousand. Probably the number was much greater. During this hurried passage the birds were silent except for an occasional flight call, which would be answered by a score of similar cries.

In the liberal semi-tropical woods of the South the robins have a "continual feast of nectared sweets." They feed chiefly on the black berries of the gum tree, on those of the tupelo, on the scarlet ones of the holly, the cassena, and the baybrier, and on those of the wild orange. They are also very fond of the faintly sweet crumpled yellow berries of the Pride-of-India tree. The swamps and thickets are full of berry-laden vines, while every watercourse is lined with growths bearing succulent fruits. It is a fact not generally known that the fruit of the wild orange—a semi-domesticated evergreen, bearing small black berries, not edible, about the size of gooseberries—contains an acid that is intoxicant; and the writer has seen robins, gorged on this rich food, become silly and dazed, and actually fall to the ground in what was apparently a drunken stupor. It has been suggested that this unfortunate state was brought about by the birds' gluttony; and while this theory may be correct, the other seems nearer right, since robins are not known to suffer ill effects from overeating other kinds of foods.

One of the most beautiful sights in all the pine woods of the South is that of a flock of robins feasting in a holly tree. The bark of the tree is grayish white, and the leaves, of course, are those of a typical evergreen. The holly often attains—especially near water—a height of fifty or sixty feet, and is usually cone-shaped, like many varieties of cedar; and when its glossy foliage is starred with myriads of twinkling scarlet berries its beauty is supreme. It looks as, perhaps, a Christmas tree would look in paradise. When the redbreasts, roaming the wide woods, come upon such a glorious find, they are as happy as little children are over the beneficence of Santa Claus. They crowd into the green foliage, their bright breasts flashing back and forth against the dark green of the leaves and the shadowy snow of the trunk and branches, or blending in glistening beauty with the color of the berries. In the delight of such feasting, a robin will occasionally resort to a shady alcove in the tree or on some retired limb near by, there to give rather droll and thoughtful utterance to some half-forgotten notes of spring song. Other robins, on near-by perches, will preen their feathers until their turn for berries comes, when they will fly into the tree, whence will instantly emerge those that have had their share of feasting. There seems always to be much good fellowship manifest, and there is little quarreling except on the part of a few male birds that doubtless have begun to feel the significance of crabbed age. The belief of those who hold that a flock of robins in a berry tree is continually "scrapping" doubtless arises from the habit that the birds have of fluttering before the fruit they intend taking; and when flocks do this, and myriads flutter about a tree, calling in delight and excitement, the casual impression given is one of woodland warfare. As the winter advances, robins draw in from the pine woods and the swamps to cities, villages, and plantations, where they find winter-mellowed fruit awaiting them. In such environments the robins lose much of their wild and wary nature and become friendly,

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3. **nectar'ed**, delicious-tasting, liquid.

confiding birds of the Northern spring and early summer.

Among the sweet-voiced lurkers in thickets and in coverts that Milton has called "bosky bournes" the catbird and the brown thrasher are worthy of most notice. The veery, that superb mysterious voice of the woodland, winters in South America, as does the wood-thrush, else these had glorified the winter in the Southern states, would they, indeed, deign to sing at such a season. When the first breath of autumn tinges the Southern woods, the catbirds arrive and immediately begin their foraging for pikeberries. This luscious bird fruit is commonly found along fence-rows, in grown-up cleared ground, and on the borders of thickets; and there our querulous arrival is to be seen whisking from pikeberry bush to rail fence, where he will fluff up his feathers, then smooth them—actually flatten them—and, flirting his red-tinged tail, will peer inquisitively from side to side, giving his cautious, questioning call. It may be a fancy, or it may be that this is true only of certain birds that have been observed, but the catbird in the South appears to have more red in his plumage than the same bird in the North; but he has little enough in either home. All winter long catbirds are to be found in thickety growths that afford them shelter and food. The brown thrashers, as a rule, inhabit the denser copses, where their favorite occupation seems to be scratching—literally shuffling—among the dead leaves for whatever gain such capers afford. They are more frequent singers during the winter than catbirds, though their exquisite lyrics of the dawn and the twilight are heard only with the coming of love in the springtime.

Cedar waxwings are welcome visitors to the South in the winter, for, while they are shy and silent, their manners are attractively demure and their plumage rivals in delicate tints the exquisite blending of shades usually found only on game birds. They are late nesters in the North, being, in fact, rather negligent about the performance of this essential duty; for it is often as late as August before a brood is reared. When their scattered bands wander southward, they unite; so frequently they may be observed in flocks of several hundred. The food they enjoy most is the waxen berry of the mistletoe, though in general they eat just what robins eat, and the two species are often found associated together.

Mourning doves range from Cuba to Ontario, and nest almost throughout their range, though most of them are migrants. Their movements, however, are slow, and are regulated chiefly by the amount of grain that can be gleaned from the stubble fields. By the first of September they are well in flight, and by November the South is overrun with them. There they are to be differentiated from the little rosy-breasted ground dove—known locally as the "mourning dove," whose note is as crooning as that of its soberer-hued relative is grieving. Doves in the South during the winter feed in open fields much as they do in the North, and roost in great numbers in pine or myrtle thickets, sheltered from the wind. In the daytime, during their resting or siesta periods, they resort to cypress or willow-bordered

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5. **bosky bournes**, bushy places.

streams, and to the murmuring spires of lofty pines, where they sun themselves and drowse in the high aromatic air. In peafields or cottonfields of any size it is no unusual thing to flush a thousand doves or more; and birds disturbed in this manner invariably fly toward the nearest dry-topped tree. This habit has well-nigh proved fatal to the species, for, by posting themselves under such trees and by sending out riders over the fields, hunters can kill incredible numbers of doves. A recent report from a branch of the Audubon Society in Alabama stated that a half-dozen hunters in a single day had killed several thousand doves in one cottonfield by the method just described. Fortunately, the Southern states have awakened to the importance of protecting their birds, and wise laws have put a stop to such slaughter.

Among the bird sights that have the power to impress through sheer wonder and astonishment none is greater or more beautiful than a vast concourse of red-winged blackbirds, either covering long aisles of cypresses as with a sable mantle, or "balling" in inky clouds over the rice stubble. It is estimated that in such flocks the number runs close to half a million. Sometimes they light in some favorite feeding-place—as where a stack of rice has stood—in such countless numbers that they actually swarm on one another's backs, seeming to be two or three tiers deep. Blackbirds in the winter resort to the river marshes and the waste thickets of delta lands both to feed and to roost. In company with the redwings, there are often boat-tailed grackles, Florida grackles, and rusty blackbirds. Occasionally, too, there will be seen an albino of one of these species, a most odd and surprising sight.

Blackbirds are very destructive to rice, both while it is in the field and after it has been stacked. The tops of the stacks are soon shredded of their grain; but birds forage along the sides all winter. Some kinds of birds, particularly blackbirds and several varieties of the sparrow family, beleaguer the rice all day; but it is at dawn or at twilight that the stacks are gathering-places for all the birds on the plantation. There flames the cardinal, his haughty crest rising and falling with every change in his subtle and various emotions; there the blue jay, ceasing his endless pranks and his noisy clamoring in the live-oaks, will sail out of the top of a tall tree to find his supper at a common table among humbler companions; sometimes the tufted titmouse will feed on rice, as also will flickers; most remarkable of all, perhaps, is the appearance of a hermit thrush among the motley concourse of birds.

In general, the birds of the Southern winter are not singers; and the absence of the lyric strain is a serious defect in a character, whose chief charm, as in the case of song birds, is romantic. But probably we should not love their songs half so well if we could hear them all the time. During the winter months even the glorious mocking-bird is a harsh-mannered, harsh-voiced neighbor, though a balmy, bright hour is apt to melt his heart and to lure him into song. Probably the cheeriest, bonniest, of all the winter birds is the intrepid, the dauntless, the deliciously pert and inquisitive Caro-

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5. **flush**, arouse. 30. **balling**, collecting in a ball-like mass.

55. **beleaguer**, besiege.

lina wren, whose carol rings merrily from the faded garden or from the windswept woodpile. During all the months of bare trees and north winds he is singing jauntily, always with his busy air of absurd importance.

No migrant changes its nature so completely during different periods of the year as does the bobolink. In the North, where this sportive songster is found in grassy meadows and along reed-grown streams in the summer, he is the personification of blithe joy and abandon. Bryant's poem to him is an excellently accurate description of his summer nature; but during his stay in the South he is an entirely different creature. While he is not really a resident of the Southern states during the winter—he winters as far south as Paraguay and southern Brazil—his stay at the end of the summer is often six weeks in length—ample time in which to study a bird in a "stop-over" environment. In the rice fields of the South he is a most interesting as well as a most destructive bird, and his presence adds to the picturesqueness of the great rice harvest. The bobolinks arrive about August 20, and sometimes linger, if there is good feeding in grassy cornfields, until the first of October. When the birds first come, they are rather thin and shy, and their only note is a metallic monotonous "pinkpank." But as the season progresses they become very fat and very tame, often sitting on the coffee-grass that lines the margins of the rice field banks until the observer can almost catch them. The plumage of both sexes at the time is softly ocherous, with tints of brown and black on the back and wings.

To the rice-planter these "rice-birds" are a veritable plague, so much so that one of the regular expenses of the plantation is that occasioned by "bird-minding." There are various ways in which to combat these pests. One is by posting men on platforms along the banks, from which eminences they bawl their long, hand-woven "wahwoo" lashes. The crack of these whips sounds like the report of a gun, and early in the season is rather effective in keeping the birds restless. But after a while they become used to the harmless din, and more strenuous methods have to be resorted to. On a heavy charge of coarse-grained powder a flattened buckshot is rammed tightly. When this shot leaves a musket, it sings above the feeding birds, and its sound is said to resemble the rush of the wings of the sharp-shinned hawk, a dread enemy of rice-birds. At any rate, it has a wonderful effect in making the feeding hosts rise and scatter far. But the only way to keep birds from ruining a crop is to send bird-hunters into the rice after them. The fields at this stage of growth are flooded, and the water is about two feet deep. It is stagnant, muddy, and infested with all manner of water-loving insects and reptiles. Yet the hunter, slouching his battered cap over his eyes, will sink out of sight under the golden canopy of the rice, appearing next far out in the field, enveloped in smoke and shadowed by myriads of birds that he has roused from their banquet. In order to make a telling shot, the gunner is obliged to keep below the level of the rice; and the distance of the stalk is sometimes half a mile. Through

67. **sharp-shinned**, with slender shanks. 88. **stalk**, cautious approach.

Courtesy of the John Crerar Library

THE BOBOLINK
(From a drawing by John James Audubon)

tangled growths of saw-grass, over blind ditches and bogholes, always up to his knees in water and always under the rice, the bird-minder creeps warily. Nor is his anxiety confined to a fear that he may flush the birds out of range; for in the water through which he crawls there lurk the deadly cottonmouth moccasin, the water-rattler, and even the alligator—though an alligator seldom attacks man unless he mistakes him for some defenseless and legitimate object of prey. When the hunter comes upon the birds, he makes sure of their exact location—which is not an easy matter because of the bewildering sound made by the chirring of thousands of bills on the rough rice hulls—levels his musket over the drooping heads of the grain, and utters a long, rolling whoop. As the feasters clear the level his musket roars out; and, if conditions be favorable, the gunner frequently picks up more than a hundred birds. Other hunters prefer to go into the field and wait until a great cloud of birds, disturbed, yet seeking a place to light, "balls" near enough to shoot.

But while the chief interest occasioned by this late summer visitor is rather expensive and rather unpleasant, there are at such a time observations possible which to the student of bird life are highly valuable. Undoubtedly the most impressive of these is the fact of the rice-bird's gluttony. He grows so corpulent that he becomes unwary, he loses his grace of flight, his voice changes from a tenor to a lugubrious bass, and he is actually so fat that if, when shot, he falls on a hard ricefield bank, he will literally burst open. Rice-birds roost in the marshes that border the rivers and in tall reeds that have taken possession of waste ricelands. Even there they are pursued by hunters who, blinding them with a lightwood torch, pick them off their perches. And, even though

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28. **balls**, comes together in such a crowd as to look like a ball.

the birds are a nuisance to the South, for the sake of others who love them for their songs of the summer, laws should be passed forbidding the capture of birds at night.

The bobolinks pay the South another visit in the spring, when they are known as May-birds. At that time they feed on the rice that is being sown. The males are then in full summer plumage and in full song. They precede the females in migration by a week or more, and appear far more joyous than their soberer-hued helpmates. This spring visit to the South is very short, and the true bobolink as he is at this time is not so well known there as the rice-bird is in the late summer.

A drive through the Southern woods in winter is a source of great delight to the bird lover. The level roads, smooth as white sand can make them and fragrantly carpeted with pine-needles, lead from dewy swamp to airy ridges, and by tiny farms that have been desperately wrested from the engulfing growth of the monstrous woods. In the native growths of pine and tupelo the birds most frequently met, and seldom found anywhere else, are the pine-warbler, the brown-headed nuthatch, and the downy woodpecker. Occasionally, swinging far through the tinted vistas of the purple forest, there will be seen the magnificent black pileated woodpecker, which, with his flaming scarlet cockade, looks at a distance much as the lost ivory-billed woodpecker must have looked before the encroachments of men drove him out of his native haunts. From the grassy roadside flickers bound up startlingly, hurtle to near-by trees, and there hang, their heads peering over their shoulders. On passing through gallberry thickets or along watercourses with heavy undergrowth, jolly towhees, with their striking red and black plumage, will rustle in the dead leaves or startle one by their abrupt "fluff-fluff" as they rise out of the brush. Perched on a dry twig, they will eye the intruder amiably, though they sometimes seem to express a personal opinion in their baffling incredulous whistle. Or, again, from the depths of some shadowy thicket their clear call, comparable in resonance to that of the bob-white, will sound far through the woods, "Towhee! Towhee!" In sunny spaces along the road small flocks of doves will be seen, and frequently brown coveys of quail will troop gracefully over the sandy driveway or will huddle together until one passes. Through the sunlit woods large flocks of bluebirds can be seen, warbling that delightful note that in the North heralds the spring. Meadow larks, while usually found in grainfields and cottonfields, are often met with in the pine woods, where they find excellent cover in the tall yellow broom-sedge. Traveling together in small flocks, the Carolina chickadee and the tufted titmouse are frequently seen, as are also goldfinches, brown creepers, ruby-crowned kinglets, and blue-gray gnat-catchers. If the observer be fortunate, it is quite likely that he may catch a glimpse of a blue-headed or a white-eyed vireo, an orange-crowned, a yellow-throated, or a palm warbler, or even a Southern yellowthroat or a golden-crowned thrush. Most of the members of the sparrow family winter in fields rather than in woods; and so, if the road leads through cultivated lands, one may see vesper sparrows, savanna sparrows—along ditch banks—chipping sparrows, white-throated sparrows, and, most welcome of all, song sparrows, that sing throughout the entire winter.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Archibald Rutledge (1883-) was born in South Carolina and studied at Porter Academy in Charleston. Later he received both his B.S. and A.M. degrees from Union College, New York. Mr. Rutledge is a sympathetic student of Southern life and customs as well as of nature in the Southland. His writings contain many tales of his thrilling personal experiences while hunting in the marshes and swamps of his native state.

This author has received many favorable comments on his *Plantation Game Trails*, which has been called the best book ever written on the alligator, the deer, and the wild turkey. In the *Library of Southern Literature*, Rutledge has the distinction of being referred to as "the foremost writer produced by South Carolina in the present century."

"Birds of a Southern Winter" is taken from *Days Off in Dixie*. You will enjoy reading other stories in this volume.

Questions and Topics

1. What changes did the author notice in the disposition of the robin when he observed him in his winter quarters? What attractions do the robins find in the woods of the South?

2. Describe the scene that Rutledge believes to be "one of the most beautiful sights in all the pine woods of the South." What leads to the belief that robins are continually quarreling when they are getting their meal from the berry tree?

3. Which bird mentioned by Rutledge do you think is his favorite? Read aloud lines to support your choice. What particular berry attracts the catbird? Read aloud the lines which describe the habits and appearance of the catbird.

4. Why is the cedar waxwing a most welcome visitor in the South? Give the reason why blackbirds are unwelcome. What changes take place in the bobolink during his six weeks' stay in the South? He is considered a pest there; how do the Southern planters protect their rice crops from being completely destroyed by him?

5. Read aloud what you consider the best description in this article. Describe in your own words the scene that would greet you on "a drive through the Southern woods in winter."

6. Make a list of the different kinds of birds mentioned in "Birds of a Southern Winter." List those birds mentioned that are common to your locality. List those that you are familiar with.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. How nature built the bird for flying. 2. What we owe to our feathered friends. 3. How and why the plumage of the bird is changed. 4. Unseen foes of birds.

Suggested Problem. You have made a list of the birds mentioned in this article. From the list choose those birds that frequent the section of the country you live in, and make a careful study of each. Then write a paper in which you describe their personal appearance, habits, and homes. Find colored pictures to assist you in your descriptions. Use all the reference books available in an effort to make your work interesting, instructive, and attractive.

Library Reading. "Bird Refuges of Louisiana," Roosevelt (in *Scribner's Magazine*, March, 1916); "Titmouse," de la Mare, and "Thrushes," Underhill (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); "Bird Songs and Call Notes," Hawkes (in *The Way of the Wild*); "Purple Grackles," Lowell (in *Contemporary Poetry*, Wilkinson); "The Blackbird," Henley (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "My Catbird," Venable (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham); "Nesting Time in Birdland," Howes (in *Nature Magazine*, April, 1927).

BOB-WHITE: A VANISHING GAME BIRD

Dallas Lore Sharp

Out of the swampy tangle in the hollow I hear the morning notes of the wood thrush, a shy, hidden minstrel, a voice of the woods at prayer. Below in the open meadow tumbling cataracts of bobolinking come tinkling up to me. I saw two male bobolinks over in the meadow yesterday, just returned from their winter journey, and newly wed, and dangerously happy—a human view! They could not stay down in the lush grass for a whole minute together, so bubbling were their spirits, so buoyant were their souls with song.

All the air this morning is lively with cries and calls, for this is early June, the lovely din close caught to earth, where everything seems listening except these singing birds. And now the quiet speaks, or seems to me to speak, so unaccustomed am I to the call of the quail. High above the nearer notes, and off beyond the meadow under the wall of the woods, I hear the clean-cut whistle, "Bob-white! Bob-white!"—round and tender, each throbbing syllable a clear pure curve of melody, almost of color, as it arches the meadow and falls upon my ear. Except for the protection of our Hingham sanctuary I should in all probability never hear bob-white whistling from the gray stone fences on my side of town again.

Bob-white needs a sanctuary and needs it now. Hardier, it may be, than the heath hen, and readier for human associations, bob-white might forever hold his own. It is the family we must save while it is still a family, spread as a family and conscious that it is a family. Reduce a family to a handful of individuals, and its spirit is broken. Let a species begin to slip and something racial seems to overtake it—a loss of heart and vital strength and natural instincts; fewer young are raised; and, conquered as a race, it seems as a race to pass within the shadow of its doom.

The singing of the bobolinks is the merrier, I think, for the law New Jersey has recently passed placing these birds upon the protected list. I was a New Jersey boy, loving the tall reeds of the river flats as much as the bobolinks, where in autumn I have seen the birds slaughtered by the thousands. As soon as the big reeds began to ripen, the bobolinks — or "reedbirds" or "ricebirds," as we called them — moving south, would swoop down upon the meadows, and down upon the birds would swoop the city gunners. The destruction was awful. That is forbidden now.

Behind this new law, however, and stronger than the law, is the growing sympathy and understanding of the people. Much as we need such laws, they are worse than null unless those who write them upon the statute books first write them upon their hearts. Love and law will save the bobolinks. It is love that knows his song, knows his story, knows his significance in a world of men and meadows. This is spirit—which makes the letter of the law alive.

Every reason for protecting the

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12. lush, luxuriant. 32. Hingham sanctuary, near Boston.

bobolink or any bird is a reason for protecting the quail. Only the beauty of his scaling flight—a perfect mark—and his plump body can be advanced for killing him. He ought at once to be taken from the game-bird class, except in private preserves, and placed securely among the insect-eaters as the friend of man.

Bob-white is a seed-eater, a prodigious seed-eater, there is no denying that, and, according to Mrs. Margaret Morse Nice in Vol. III, No. 3, of the *Journal of Economic Entomology*, a single bob-white in a single day has been known to eat of barnyard grass 2500 seeds; beggar ticks, 1400; black mustard, 2500; burdock, 600; crab grass, 2000; curled dock, 4175; dodder, 1560; evening primrose, 10,000; lamb's quarter, 15,000; milkweed, 770; pepper grass, 2400; pigweed, 12,000; plantain, 12,500; rabbit's foot clover, 30,000; round-headed bush clover, 1800; smartweed, 2250; white vervain, 18,750; water smartweed, 2000; besides—but this leaves no reasonable doubt of bob-white's being something of a seed-eater.

For a day of three square meals, 122,205 seeds, and every seed of them a pest! Besides these, I was starting to say, bob-white is the enemy of 145 species of injurious insects, including cutworms. And his appetite for trouble of this sort is as immeasurable as it is for troubling weeds.

A friend of mine in Illinois came recently upon a hen quail, surrounded by numerous chicks, and watched her climb the tall weeds to shake down the chinch bugs infesting them to her devouring brood. Some of the weeds and grass she bent down where the chicks could pick the bugs off, scratching hard to provide for her family, but scratching harder still, though she recked little of it, to provide for the family of my farmer friend—and myself.

Many a time I have followed the tracks of the quail in a freshly cultivated potato patch where they have run about with havoc to the beetles. Paris green will do for the beetles, to be sure, but Paris green is expensive and dangerous. The immense economic waste borne annually by the nation on account of insects staggers the multiplication table. It is our greatest single loss. Over against these insect enemies, nature has set the birds. This is a bug-bitten, worm-eaten, louse-infested world. But what light the quail throws upon the situation! He was constructed to take care of 145 species of them. And the comfort of knowing that a single flicker has a counted record of 1000 chinch bugs for a meal; that a cuckoo has been seen to devour "250 tent caterpillars when disturbed in the *midst* of a meal"; and that in forty minutes a Maryland yellow-throat was observed to stow away a total of 3500 plant lice!

These are thrilling, no less than comforting, figures, or would be if only there were quails and cuckoos and flickers and Maryland yellow-throats enough. And we still have the chance to make them enough. But let the slaughter continue, and not only shall worms destroy our bodies in the grave, but they shall crawl over the land of the living and eat up the world.

Bob-white is "the most marvelous engine of destruction for the smaller pests of the farm ever put together of flesh and blood," says one of our

48. **recked**, was concerned.

scientists. And what a marvel, what a triumph of anatomical engineering is his competent, compact body! Is there known a better constitution than his?

The bird is literally born with his boots on. The Illinois friend who told me the chinch-bug story came upon a quail's nest in one of his wheat fields, and carefully mowed around the spot, hoping to spare the eggs. Passing that way a few days later, he stopped to take a look at the nest. The sun was beating down upon the unprotected eggs, only a few of which were left. The birds had abandoned their home, he thought. Probably a fox or skunk had raided it.

But as he looked he imagined that one of the eggs stirred a little. A most mysterious thing! He came nearer and watched. The egg moved again, and he saw the pointed tip of a beak crack through the shell, and rapidly, right around in a circle, like some automatic punching machine operating from within, cut the shell in two. There was a kick, and a flop, and a popping, panting baby quail standing in the fierce sunshine. He caught his breath, took a squint at his hatcher in the sky and hiked for cover, still damp from the shell.

Here is a bird that needs nothing but a chance, and less than half a chance at that. Vitality such as his needs food only, and we have the weeds and bugs. This strength and courage is characteristic of the family. The plumed quail, or valley quail of California, like bob-white, begins to scratch for himself almost before he is hatched. He is "on his mark" and ready to jump in the shell.

A pair of valley quail built a nest in a window box among the plants some six or eight feet from the ground. It chanced that the people of the house were ardent bird-lovers, and in their delight made the couple welcome to the window, the while they kept a most unneighborly watch upon the exquisite domestic affairs behind the big pane of glass.

As the time arrived for the eggs to hatch, everybody was concerned about the sheer drop from the window box to the ground. How would the chicks get down? Except for a small rosebush a bit to one side, there was nothing beneath the window to break the fall. Would the mother help them—on her back, as tradition has it, or in her mouth as a cat carries her kittens?

There is a vast difference between a baby quail and a kitten. The first scatter-brain chick to hatch jumped right out of the box, to the horror of the watchers, without so much as a look beneath to see how far he might descend or where he might land, and fluttering his stub wings like tiny fins, hit the ground with a thud, bounced up, got his feet, and staggered off—smashing home ties with the world's record for speed.

These birds are not of the apron-string class. Two or three more of the brood took the same sudden departure from the nest in the box, but most of the covey stayed a moment to reconnoiter, discovered the rosebush under the corner of the window sill, and dropped off into it, tumbling through the branches unhurt to the ground. None of them suffered damage, apparently. But it certainly speaks for a constitution when an infant goes after life in this manner and gets away with it.

Bob-white has everything to recom-

BOB-WHITE, "HARDY, FRIENDLY, MUSICAL, BENEFICIAL"

mend him. I should like to see him taken out of the game-bird class over all his range and made the special subject for study and honor. Hardy, friendly, musical, beneficial, he is by nature and habits our particular ally, a buffer spirit, or rather a go-between,

> "In the primal sympathy
> Which, having been, must ever be,"

linking all life together, men and quail.

We must have a yet friendlier mind for all outdoors. Conservation calls for knowledge as well as for sentiment. A marked sign of these times is the extent of our outdoor study, in school, out of school, among young and old, and persons of every sort. It has had much educationing, and the mind of America is at last distinctly inquiring and sympathetic toward all wild life, though for many a wild form this knowledge and interest has come too late. It finds these shapes and races gone, their names forever blotted from the Book of Life. For others, like the heath hen, the California condor, the prong-horned antelope of our sage plains, it has come in time to help, and possibly to save.

All of this is a heavy price to pay for our dull wits and savage hearts. Yet nothing less than such irreparable loss could have aroused our fears and conquered our desire to kill. The lesson has gone none too deep even yet. See the senseless wild-life slaughter going on in Africa, sweeping that mighty continent like a fire. And much of it by Americans, too! But over the whole of America the slaughter still goes on in spite of all that Americans have done in the way of protection. Yet a great and beneficent work has been started. Such far-reaching laws have been enacted, such a new, wiser, kinder care supplants the old spirit of slaughter, that we may hope for a new earth, and such peace between wild life and human life as only the poets and prophets heretofore had dared to dream.

We do not need to band bob-white. His ways are known. The year around he will not wander farther than across the town. But as a game bird he is still a legal mark for the gunner. Time was when I have drawn a bead upon him as he rose from the stubble and scaled away on short spread wings over the old worn fence into the alder swale. It took time and honest thinking and self-denial to shift from gun to field-glasses, from shooting to watching, to know the difference between a frosty field with a living quail left in it, and that quail a bunch of bloody feathers in my game-bag.

We owe much good legislation to our sportsmen, no one wishes to deny that. But the plain fact remains that conditions for wild life have steadily and speedily changed for the worse, and that as matters stand, the sportsman who feeds and kills a covey of quail is not so good a conserver of birds as one who feeds them and lets them live.

And the clear, sweet call from under the wall of the woods this morning proves how quickly, if given a chance, bob-white will return. Not since 1904 have native quail nested about Mullein Hill. They have from time to time been introduced here, and have strayed across from the sanctuary whistling until the gunning season in the fall. Then silence again.

One autumn lately I was slow getting up my "No Gunning" signs, and the first day of open season on quail found me hastily nailing notices along the public road. The sportsmen were ahead of me, shooting over the meadow on the opposite side of the road, following up the only covey in the neighborhood. There were two or three men and as many dogs. I knew my birds were finished.

Hurrying along with my warnings, I was driving a nail home when a gun spoke directly back of me, so close that I jumped as if I had been shot, and turning in my tracks saw a quail, wings wide open, head hanging, come up over the road and slide softly down at my feet, and at the foot of the maple tree under my futile sign!

The gunner approached and read my notice, looked at the dead quail, and said: "I'm mighty sorry. It's the last covey, too. We've bagged 'em all." Then pointing to the "No Gunning" sign, he went on, "Posting a little piece like yours won't do any good. We've got to post the whole country. But first we've got to be educated out of killing. I've shot all my life. It's hard to realize that a game bird does not belong to the man who can kill it according to the law."

"You won't be shooting this way again this season?" I said.

"No. This is my one day off. And this is the last quail."

"But I'm living here all the time," I went on. "I've heard that quail calling throughout the summer, and there isn't a sweeter call, is there? You have killed him for an instant's excitement. I would have had the pleasure of hearing him for a year to come. I suppose you will eat him?"

"That's all he's good for dead," he replied, and picked up the bird, a beautiful male.

But the creature was not dead, not quite. Its body was paralyzed. A drop of blood was oozing from its conical beak. But its clear, beautiful eyes were wide open, as if for a last look upon the tinted woods and brown frosted fields of its home. There was no fear, no reproach, no sign of pain in the steady, gentle eyes. Death had laid his hand upon the wild thing and it was all soul. Pressing thumb and forefinger beneath the drooping wings the sportsman stopped the beating of the eager heart, dropped the exquisite creature into a canvas bag, and went his way.

I went my way, protesting — the open season, the pleasure of killing, and this swift, unfair, unprofitable doom.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Dallas Lore Sharp (1870-) was born in Haleyville, New Jersey. In 1895 he was graduated from Brown University, and in 1898 from the Boston School of Theology. After a brief period as pastor in Porter, Massachusetts, he entered Brown University as Professor of English. He served for a time as a member of the editorial staff of *The Youth's Companion*, and is a frequent contributor to many other periodicals.

The writings of Dallas Lore Sharp are very like those of John Burroughs, the naturalist; both authors show keen and accurate observation, sympathetic insight into nature, and respect for truth; and each writer is master of a peculiarly graceful and direct literary style.

Mr. Sharp may quite accurately be regarded as a poet-naturalist. He sees things as they are, and he sees them in relation to their surroundings. His alert imagination interprets nature with keenness, certainty, and sympathy. Instead of roaming over the country to study nature, Dallas Lore Sharp believes in staying at home and "getting the honey" there. His advice is "to study nature in some locality —anywhere—the nearer home the better, provided there are trees, water, fences, and some seclusion." For himself and his readers, Mr. Sharp has made his Massachusetts home a center of delight.

You will enjoy reading *Sanctuary! Sanctuary!*, the book from which "Bob-White: a Vanishing Game Bird" is taken. In this book Mr. Sharp urges the preservation of wild life, and the study, knowledge, and love of it, in order that we may the better appreciate the beauty of the world in which we live.

Questions and Topics

1. Dallas Lore Sharp has made a seven-acre sanctuary for birds near his home at Hingham, Massachusetts; list all the different kinds of birds mentioned in this story, that find protection therein. Which birds in the list are familiar to you? Which birds mentioned do not frequent your locality? Can you tell why?

2. Why does the author believe that bob-white is greatly in need of a sanctuary? Look up the laws of your state to find what birds receive legal protection.

3. What is the only sure means of protection for the bobolink? How can *you* assist in saving these useful birds? Give proof that bob-white is the farmer's friend.

4. What great work has nature given the birds to do? What four birds does Sharp mention as being great insect eaters?

5. Explain the meaning of the following sentence: "The bird is literally born with his boots on." Give examples from your text to support the statement, "These birds are not of the apron-string class."

6. Why does Dallas Lore Sharp believe it is necessary for "young and old" to have a knowledge of all wild life? What evidence is given by the author that the "great and beneficent work" of protecting wild life has begun?

7. Do you believe the "No gunning" sign is a help in educating the "people out of killing"? Why? Read aloud the appeal made by the author for the protection of the quail in his sanctuary. What effect do you think this appeal should have had on the sportsman?

Class Reading. 1. Read aloud the lines which tell you why bob-white deserves a sanctuary. 2. Read lines telling how America may be trained to conserve wild life.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. One quail in the field is worth more to you than a dozen in a bag. 2. An ideal hunting trip consists of a good comrade, interesting country, and a camera instead of a gun. 3. "Help the Birds, for They Are Helping Us." 4. The quail question.

Suggested Problem. Make a study of the bird sanctuaries of the present time of which there is an ever-increasing number. You will find help in *Nature Magazine* and in the "Library Reading" listed below. Here are seven sanctuaries that should be included in your study. (*a*) The memorial bird sanctuary in Hyde Park, London, dedicated to W. H. Hudson, writer and field naturalist. The memorial cost about $10,000, and the money was raised in England and America in small sums donated by the lovers of Hudson's books. (*b*) The Hingham Wild Life Sanctuary. This is a tract of three thousand acres near Hingham, Massachusetts, where both birds and animals are protected. (*c*) The Roosevelt Memorial Bird Sanctuary at Oyster Bay, Long Island. (*d*) The Baynes Sanctuary at Meriden, New Hampshire. (*e*) The Kellogg Bird Sanctuary near Battle Creek, Michigan. (*f*) The Bird Sanctuary on Avery's Island, Louisiana. (*g*) Three-Arch Rocks, off the coast of Oregon, a sea-fowl sanctuary. Find out about the wild-life sanctuary that is nearest your home.

Library Reading. "Private Game Preserves" and "National and State Game Preserves and Bird Refuges," Hornaday (in *Our Vanishing Wild Life*); "Birds That Have Named Themselves," McAtee (in *Nature Magazine*, February, 1928); "The Bobolink," Lowell; "Robert of Lincoln," Bryant (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "The O' Lincoln Family," Flagg, "The Bobolink," Hill (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "Partridges," Worden, "Bob White," Guest (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); *Sanctuary! Sanctuary!*, Sharp; "Economic Value of Our Birds" and "Valuable Wild Life," Hornaday (in *Wild Game Conservation*); "Conservation in Labrador," Townsend (in *Audubon's Labrador*); *The Bird Study Book*, Pearson; *The Bird Book*, Reed; *American Game Birds*, Reed; "The Kellogg Bird Sanctuary," Corsan (in *Outdoor America*, February, 1928).

THE PUZZLED GAME BIRDS*

THOMAS HARDY

They are not those who used to feed us
When we were young—they cannot be—
These shapes that now bereave and bleed us?
They are not those who used to feed us,
For did we then cry, they would heed us.
—If hearts can house such treachery,
They are not those who used to feed us
When we were young—they cannot be!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Thomas Hardy (1840-1928), "The Grand Old Man of Modern Letters," was a native of Dorchester, England. He was educated at local schools and by private tutors. For about ten years he worked as an architect and then, at the age of twenty-eight, turned his attention strictly to writing. Success came with his second novel, published when he was thirty-two. From then on, for more than fifty years, he wrote numerous novels, several volumes of short stories, and, in his later years, a considerable body of verse. In 1925, at the age of eighty-five, he published a notable volume of poetry.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. To whom do the birds refer in the first two lines? What past good deeds do they recall? What leads you to feel that the birds are not entirely convinced that their former friends are treacherous?

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. Bird-banding (see Chapter XI) *Sanctu-*

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ary! Sanctuary!, Sharp; "Bird Banding," Baldwin (in *Nature Magazine*, May, 1923); "Bird Banding Movement," Gladden (in *Review of Reviews*, May, 1923).

Library Reading. "Birds of Many a Feather," Waldo (in *Grenfell: Knight-Errant of the North*); "No Sanctuary," Markham (in *Junior High Literature, Book One*); "Wounds," Benson (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke).

HOW TO CATCH A BIRD

Leland B. Jacobs

Don't hunt him with a sling or gun,
For that would surely spoil the fun;
For when all life has left his breast
You then can pick up all the rest—
A crumpled body, red and small,
A bit of plumage, that is all.
You haven't got his song or call!
Don't kill him!

I'll tell a secret that I heard—
The perfect way to catch a bird.
Just get a bird book, called a guide,
And with field-glasses at your side
Go out into the woods and see
The bird perched up in some tall tree;
Stop, too, and hear his melody—
You've got him!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

1. What do you get when you hunt a bird with a gun or sling? What do you lose? Which do you think is greater, the gain or the loss? Why?

2. What advice does the poet give you in this poem? You will find *The Bird Study Book*, by Pearson, helpful.

Library Reading. "Pensioners," Letts (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "World-Wide Bird Protection," Pearson (in *Nature Magazine*, December, 1923); "The Bloodless Sportsman," Foss, "The Catch," Bangs, "Three Things to Remember," Blake, "His Epitaph," Flynn, "A Bird in the Hand," Gale, "A Meadow Tragedy," Shorter, "Compassion," Hardy, "Stupidity Street," Hodgson (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); *The Importance of Bird Life*, Hartley.

Photograph by Roger Preston

"HOW TO CATCH A BIRD"

Work-Type and Recreational Reading

You have, without doubt, discovered by this time that you read for a wide variety of purposes; for example, you read "The Buffalo" by Parkman in order to gain information about the buffalo. You read "The Passing of the Flocks" by Beebe to learn about the interesting question of migration of birds. "The Plucking of Wild Flowers," by Ricker, brings to you important facts which you should learn for future use. All of these selections you probably read largely for information—to find out some interesting and helpful fact, to answer some worth-while question, to follow your teacher's directions, or perhaps to select some important point with its supporting details. Reading for these purposes we call *work-type* reading. It has to do with our work in discovering new facts and how we may apply these facts in our own lives. Thus most of your lessons in history, geography, civics, arithmetic, and science call for work-type reading. Almost all of the reading that you do in school for the definite increase of knowledge may be called work-type reading.

Recreational reading is simply reading for wholesome enjoyment. You probably would say that your reading of "Coaly-Bay, the Outlaw Horse" was recreational because you read it for pleasure. In your leisure moments in school, at home, or in the library you choose a good book to read for recreation; for example *Skyward*, by Commander Byrd, or *The Leather-Stocking Tales*, by Cooper, are books which were written for you to enjoy.

Throughout life you will find occasion to use both work-type and recreational reading frequently, since these types contribute to your work and to your play. It is the desire of the authors that you learn to read effectively whatever you are called upon to read. Follow carefully the suggestions given in your text and by your teacher, in order that you may develop the proper skills in reading.

FLOWERS

MORNING GLORIES

Madison Cawein

They swing from the garden-trellis
  In Ariel-airy ease;
And their aromatic honey
  Is sought by the earliest bees.

The rose, it knows their secret;
  And the jessamine also knows;
And the rose told me the story
  That the jessamine told the rose.

And the jessamine said: "At midnight,
  Ere the red cock woke and crew,
The fays of Queen Titania
  Came here to bathe in the dew.

"And the yellow moonlight glistened
  On braids of elfin hair;
And fairy feet on the flowers
  Fell softer than any air.

"And their petticoats, gay as bubbles,
  They hung up, every one,
On the morning glory's tendrils,
  Till their moonlight bath was done.

"And the red cock crew too early,
  And the fairies fled in fear,
Leaving their petticoats, purple and pink,
  Like blossoms hanging here."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Madison Cawein (1865-1914) was born in Louisville, Kentucky, and spent most of his life in his native state. When he was a small boy he lived for a time among the hills and meadows and woodlands of the country near New Albany, Indiana. It was there that Cawein first learned to know and love nature, and to develop his powers of imagination. "If ever children were happy," he said, years later, "they were happy here. We walked two and a half miles every school day from fall to spring to the New Albany district school, but we enjoyed it. I used to walk along by myself, making up wonderful stories of pirate treasures and adventures, which I could continue, in serial form, from day to day in my imagination unending—dependent upon no publisher."

When Cawein began to write, his mind instinctively turned to the nature world he had loved from his early years. Most of the themes for his large amount of poetry are taken from it. Cawein will be remembered as one of America's sweet singers in verse.

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11. **fays,** fairies. **Queen Titania** (tĭ-tȧ′nĭ-ȧ), the queen of the fairies.

Questions and Topics

1. The poet made a compound word by combining the name Shakespeare gave to a fairy with the word "airy"; what do you think was his purpose in doing this? When is the name of the flower first mentioned? Why do you think the poet withheld the name? How does Cawein say he learned this story? Where does the poet think the morning glories came from?

Library Reading. "The Flowerphone," Brown (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "The Seed," Fenollosa (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); "The Morning Glory," Coates (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham).

THE MISCHIEVOUS MORNING GLORY*

Mary Fenollosa

It was the rosy flush of dawn
In beautiful Japan
When, from the house with swinging pail,
Came little Noshi-San,
Her strapped and lacquered wooden clogs
A-clicking as she ran.

She hurried to the mossy well,
Then paused, for—what a sight!—
Her bucket-pole was held secure
By tendrils curling tight,
And one great, dewy, purple bloom
Had opened to the light.

The dainty thief, with smile and nod,
Looked up as if to say,
"I got here first; and don't you think
That really I should stay?"
And Noshi gravely answered, "Yes;
I'll find another way."

She sought a kindly neighbor's well
And, laughing, told her plight.
"Gift-water I must beg of you!"
The neighbor's smile was bright;
But, being Japanese, she thought
The child exactly right.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Mary McNeil Fenollosa, an American poet, is a native of Alabama. During eight years' residence in Japan she became very much interested in the lives and customs of the Japanese people as well as in their art and literature. She has written several volumes of verse about the people of Japan, among them *Blossoms of a Japanese Garden*, from which "The Mischievous Morning Glory" is taken.

Questions and Topics

1. Describe the sight that greeted Noshi-San when she paused at "the mossy well." Read aloud the words that might have led you to believe the mischievous flower was a morning glory.
2. Why does the poet call the flower a thief? Which one of these two morning-glory poems do you like the better? Why?
3. Explain the last two lines of the poem.

Library Reading. "The Blossomy Barrow," Daly (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards).

THE YELLOW PANSY

Helen Gray Cone

To the wall of the old green garden
A butterfly quivering came;
His wings on the somber lichens
Played like a yellow flame.

He looked at the gray geraniums,
And the sleepy four-o'clocks;
He looked at the low lanes bordered
With the glossy-growing box.

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8. **box**, an evergreen shrub, used as an edging for flower-beds.

He longed for the peace and the silence,
And the shadows that lengthened there,
And his wee wild heart was weary
Of skimming the endless air.

And now in the old green garden—
I know not how it came—
A single pansy is blooming,
Bright as a yellow flame.

And whenever a gay gust passes,
It quivers as if with pain,
For the butterfly-soul that is in it
Longs for the winds again!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Helen Gray Cone (1859-), an American poet, born in New York City, is a professor of English in Hunter College. She has written many strong, beautiful poems. Some of her published works are: *The Ride to the Lady and Other Poems*, *Soldiers of the Light and Other Poems*, and *A Chant of Love for England and Other Poems*, from which "The Yellow Pansy" is taken.

Questions and Topics

1. Describe in your own words the garden scene of this poem. What fanciful story does the poem tell you?

2. Read "The Dandelions," by Helen Gray Cone (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*). Which of these two poems do you like the better? Compare their rime-scheme. Which do you think is the more musical?

Library Reading. "There Is Pansies," Howells (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Butterfly," Markham (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "The Butterfly," Palmer (in *Poems of Today*, Cooper); "Ode to a Butterfly," Higginson, "To a Butterfly," Wordsworth, "The Mountain Heart's-Ease," Harte (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

ARBUTUS

Frank Dempster Sherman

Along the wood's brown edge
The wind goes wandering
To find the first pink pledge—
The hint of Spring.

The withered leaves around,
She scatters every one,
And gives to wintry ground
A glimpse of sun.

And to the woodland dumb
And desolate so long
She calls the birds to come
With happy song.

Then the arbutus! This
The pledge, the hint she sought—
The blush, the breath, the kiss—
Spring's very thought!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Frank Dempster Sherman (1860-1916), born in Peekskill, New York, was the oldest of a family of nine children. The education of the youth was spasmodic, because he was obliged, at times, to discontinue his studies in order to earn money to pay his way through school. After receiving a degree at Columbia University he did a year's post-graduate work at Harvard. Sherman was made a Fellow in Architecture at Columbia in 1887, and throughout the remainder of his life he worked as instructor and professor in that institution.

He was a great favorite among the students, and was known not only as an extraordinarily brilliant lecturer, but also as a guide, counselor, and friend of his students. One of his colleagues has said, "His work will live in the lives of hundreds of those whom he inspired, and in the progress and development of the school for which many times, his wise counsels proved of inestimable value."

Sherman was a poet of moods. After

Photograph by L. W. Brownell

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

periods of silence he would be moved to write by a visit to the seclusion of the Catskills, the pine groves of Carolina, or the quaintness of St. Augustine's streets. When Professor Sherman began writing, Lowell, Whittier, and Longfellow were still living, but from none of them did he draw any direct inspiration. Upon his work he "set his own seal of individuality."

Questions and Topics

1. What is the "first pink pledge" that gives a hint of Spring? Where is this flower found most abundantly? (See *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia,* Volume 1.)

2. How do the birds help to wake up the "woodland dumb"? The arbutus is a dainty and fragrant wild flower that is becoming scarcer each year; it will not grow successfully if transplanted to our gardens. In gathering arbutus, one should take care not to uproot the plant and should pluck only a few sprays.

3. If you are interested in dramatization you may wish to use the play, "Everybody's Affair," by Oleda Schrottky. Its theme is the preservation of wild flowers. Copies of this play may be secured at a cost of fifteen cents each by writing to Girl Scout Headquarters, 670 Lexington Avenue, New York City.

THE TRAILING ARBUTUS

John G. Whittier

I wandered lonely where the pine-trees made
Against the bitter East their barricade,
And, guided by its sweet
Perfume, I found, within a narrow dell,
The trailing spring flower tinted like a shell
Amid dry leaves and mosses at my feet.

From under dead boughs, for whose loss the pines
Moaned ceaseless overhead, the blossoming vines
Lifted their glad surprise,
While yet the bluebird smoothed in leafless trees
His feathers ruffled by the chill sea-breeze,
And snow-drifts lingered under April skies.

As, pausing o'er the lonely flower I bent,

I thought of lives thus lowly, clogged, and pent,
Which yet find room,
Through care and cumber, coldness and decay,
To lend a sweetness to the ungenial day,
And make the sad earth happier for their bloom.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

John Greenleaf Whittier (1807-1892) was born in a farmhouse near Haverhill, Massachusetts. His home had been built by a Puritan ancestor in the seventeenth century and still stands as a memorial to the poet. The character of Whittier's boyhood can best be learned through the reading of his flawless poem *Snow-Bound.* This poem gives a faithful picture of rural life in New England, a life which Whittier lived for eighty-five years.

Much of Whittier's boyhood was spent in hard physical toil, and his only educational advantages came from the country schools, when they were open, and his father's meager library of about thirty volumes of Quaker literature and the Bible. When Whittier was about fourteen one of his teachers read to him some of the poems of Robert Burns. These poems made a deep impression upon him.

Soon he began scribbling verses. The first of these were sent to a village newspaper by Whittier's sister without his knowledge, and he was greatly surprised when he came upon one of his own poems in the paper. It was a paper that had been recently established by William Lloyd Garrison, who became interested in Whittier, sought him out, and encouraged him to attend Haverhill Academy. Financial difficulties made this venture seem almost impossible to Whittier, but finally he did spend a few months at the school, using up the entire earnings he had been able to save from his shoemaker's trade which he had worked at in his odd moments.

Through his acquaintance with Garrison, Whittier began his brief career as a newspaper man. Poor health drove him back to the farm, and later to Amesbury, Massachusetts, where he spent the rest of his life writing. Whittier wrote much of his native New England—her mountains and streams and wild flowers, her history and legend. During these years he produced his best work. His *Snow-Bound* gained for him a lasting place among the great American poets.

Questions and Topics

1. Where did the poet find "the trailing spring flower"? Have you ever found it? Where? When? What beautiful thought came to the poet while he bent over the arbutus?

2. The poet *found* the lowly flower that lends "sweetness to the ungenial day"; can you find in your reading or among your acquaintances some lowly persons who "make the earth happier"? Tell the class something about them.

3. What other poems by Whittier have you read?

4. Memorize at least the last stanza of this poem.

Class Reading. In Whittier's day the trailing arbutus, or mayflower, grew abundantly in Massachusetts, and was a favorite flower with him always. It was the first flower that greeted the Pilgrims after their fearful winter. The name *mayflower* was familiar in England, as the application of it to the historic vessel shows, but it was applied by the English, and still is, to the hawthorn. Read aloud in class "The Mayflowers," another poem about the arbutus by Whittier, in *Whittier's Complete Poetical Works.* Which one of these two poems do you think is the more interesting? Which one gives you the greater number of facts about the arbutus?

Library Reading. "Trailing Arbutus," Sarett (in *Slow Smoke*); "Trailing Arbutus," Abbey (in *Songs of Nature*, Burroughs); "Under the Leaves," Leighton (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "Arbutus," Crapsey (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "Arbutus," Hansen (in *Nature Magazine*, April, 1924); "The Protection of Our Native Plants," Ricker (in *Nature Magazine*, May, 1923); *The Guide to Wild Flowers*, Lounsberry.

THE RHODORA

Ralph Waldo Emerson

In May, when sea-winds pierced our solitudes,
I found the fresh rhodora in the woods,
Spreading its leafless blooms in a damp nook,
To please the desert and the sluggish brook.
The purple petals fallen in the pool
Made the black water with their beauty gay;
Here might the redbird come his plumes to cool,
And court the flower that cheapens his array.
Rhodora! if the sages ask thee why
This charm is wasted on the earth and sky,
Tell them, dear, that if eyes were made for seeing,
Then beauty is its own excuse for being;
Why thou wert there, O rival of the rose!
I never thought to ask; I never knew;
But in my simple ignorance suppose
The selfsame power that brought me there brought you.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Ralph Waldo Emerson (1803-1882) was born in Boston. Several of his direct ancestors were Puritan clergymen, men who had been educated at Harvard. He was one of six children when his father, the Reverend William Emerson, died in 1811. The people of the parish had been so fond of Mr. Emerson that his salary was continued for seven years, and the Emerson family were given the privilege of living in the parish house three years after their father's death. Despite these kindnesses there was much work to be done by the Emerson children, but the spirit of play entered into all they did. The mother was forced to take boarders in order to realize her ideal—to give each and every one of her children a good education.

Emerson finished his course at Harvard in 1821, after which he taught school to earn money enough to enable him to complete the Divinity Course at the college. He preached for a time but was unhappy in the work because he could not enter into the spirit of certain forms of the church worship, and resigned his pastorate. After half a year of travel abroad, during which time he met Wordsworth, Coleridge, and Carlyle, he settled down to his literary work in Concord, where he lived the remainder of his life. Three-fourths of each year Emerson wrote and studied. The three winter months he gave to lecturing.

Emerson wrote no narrative poems, no dramatic poems, no formal odes, almost no poems for special occasions. When he did write such a poem as the "Concord Hymn" he made the words radiate out into all time and space, as when the embattled farmers "fired the shot heard round the world." Much of his poetry is philosophical and difficult to understand. He is best known for his essays, which are full of noble ideas and wise philosophy. Several of his nature poems are clear-cut and vivid as snapshots.

Questions and Topics

1. Where and when did the poet find the rhodora? Read aloud the line that tells you the flower grew in a lonely place. What comparison does Emerson make between the color of the bird and the color of the flower?

2. The poet seems untroubled at the thought of the rhodora's wasting its loveliness; how do you account for this fact? Mention ways in which we show that there is a use for beauty in the satisfaction it gives the eye.

3. These lines you will wish to have with you always. Memorize the poem and be prepared to recite it to the class.

4. Read the fourth and last stanzas of "To a Waterfowl" (page 72); compare the thought in these stanzas with the thought in the last line of "The Rhodora."

THE FRINGED GENTIAN

Photograph by L. W. Brownell

TO THE FRINGED GENTIAN

William Cullen Bryant

Thou blossom, bright with autumn dew,
And colored with the heaven's own blue,
That openest when the quiet light
Succeeds the keen and frosty night,

Thou comest not when violets lean
O'er wandering brooks and springs unseen,
Or columbines, in purple dressed,
Nod o'er the ground bird's hidden nest.

Thou waitest late, and com'st alone,
When woods are bare and birds are flown,
And frosts and shortening days portend
The aged year is near his end.

Then doth thy sweet and quiet eye
Look through its fringes to the sky,
Blue—blue—as if that sky let fall
A flower from its cerulean wall.

I would that thus, when I shall see
The hour of death draw near to me,
Hope, blossoming within my heart,
May look to heaven as I depart.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography,** see page 72.

Questions and Topics

1. To whom is the poem addressed? Read aloud the lines which tell you the time of year the fringed gentian blooms. What word does the poet use to describe the color of the gentian? When does it open?

2. What words does Bryant use to mean early morning? When do violets come, and in what kind of soil do they grow? What words in the poem tell you this?

3. Why does the poet repeat "blue" in the third line of stanza four? Of what is this color a symbol? To what that concerns him does Bryant compare the end of the year? In this comparison what does the little flower represent?

4. The fringed gentian is becoming rare in our country. "To the nature lover it is a real grief to see the masses of fringed blue gentians in the florist's window;

he knows how, gathered to the last cluster with no thought of provision for another year, this flower must soon join the procession of vanishing wild flowers. No longer will its

> 'sweet and quiet eye
> Look through its fringes to the sky.' "

How can you assist in protecting this "blossom, bright with autumn dew"?

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. It takes a brave man to live in the countryside that is accessible to the city. 2. He must be hopeful who plants flowers and shrubs to beautify the roadside. 3. Why I believe nature study should form a part of every school curriculum (see *Nature Magazine* for data). 4. "Spare the wild flowers for the sake of others who will enjoy them as you have done." Write to the Wild Flower Preservation Society, Washington, D. C., for interesting information about wild-flower protection.

Library Reading. "The Pressed Gentian," Whittier (in *Complete Poetical Works*, Cambridge Edition).

VIOLET! SWEET VIOLET!

James Russell Lowell

Violet! sweet violet!
Thine eyes are full of tears;
Are they wet
Even yet
With the thought of other years?
Or with gladness are they full,
For the night so beautiful,
And longing for those far-off spheres?

Loved-one of my youth thou wast,
Of my merry youth,
And I see,
Tearfully,
All the fair and sunny past,
All its openness and truth
Ever fresh and green in thee
As the moss is in the sea.

Thy little heart, that hath with love
Grown colored like the sky above,
On which thou lookest ever,
Can it know
All the woe
Of hope for what returneth never,
All the sorrow and the longing
To these hearts of ours belonging?

Out on it! no foolish pining
For the sky
Dims thine eye,
Or for the stars so calmly shining;
Like thee let this soul of mine
Take hue from that wherefor I long,
Self-stayed and high, serene and strong,
Not satisfied with hoping—but divine.
Violet! dear violet!
Thy blue eyes are only wet
With joy and love of Him who sent thee,
And for the fulfilling sense
Of that obedience
Which made thee all that nature meant thee!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

James Russell Lowell (1819-1891) came from one of the oldest and most influential Puritan families of New England. He was born in an atmosphere of learning, in the old family house at Cambridge, Massachusetts; and he spent most of his lifetime in his birthplace. Naturally the young Lowell entered Harvard and enjoyed every advantage for culture that inherited tastes, ample means, and convenient opportunity could offer him.

After leaving college, Lowell studied law and opened an office in Boston. The legal profession, however, had no charms for him, and it was soon given up for literature. When Lowell was twenty-one, he published his first volume of poetry.

A few years later, having become deeply interested in the political issues of the times, he wrote a series of brilliant and witty poems, *The Biglow Papers*, expressing his views. These made him well known and popular. At about the same time appeared his "Vision of Sir Launfal," founded upon the legend of the Holy Grail; it is one of the most spiritually beautiful poems in all literature.

When Lowell was thirty-six he succeeded the poet Longfellow as professor of modern languages at Harvard University, a position he held for over twenty years. This was a busy time for him. In addition to his teaching, he edited *The Atlantic Monthly* and wrote many essays and poems of a high order.

From 1877 to 1885 Lowell was abroad as foreign minister, first in Spain and then in England. While in England he continued his essay writing, and became distinguished as a speaker. When he died, in 1891, Americans and Europeans mourned a man who had attained prominence as poet, critic, essayist, public speaker, and diplomat. Lowell stands out today as one of America's greatest literary men.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Lowell suggests two reasons to account for the violet's eyes being "full of tears." What are they? What memories does the violet recall to the mind of the poet?

2. How does Lowell account for the color of the violet? What change in the poet's feelings do you find in the fourth stanza? Compare the feeling expressed in the last stanza with that in the third. How does Lowell finally answer the question as to why the violet's eyes are wet? Read the lines aloud.

Class Reading. Read aloud "The Dandelion," Lowell, in *Junior High School Literature, Book One;* which one of these two poems about wild flowers do you like the better?

Suggested Problem. The following is the slogan of the Wild Flower Preservation Society of America: "That the world may be more beautiful for all, I promise not to pluck flowers nor destroy plants in woods and fields where they are unprotected, except such as flourish abundantly or are in the nature of weeds. All my influence shall be used to protect wild flowers from destruction by others." Try to get a 100% pledge of the boys and girls in your grade for this slogan; and decide what flowers in your neighborhood need protecting. Then prepare a program, with pictures, posters, etc., for "National Garden Week," or for Arbor Day, and present a definite plan for preserving the wild flowers in your community. *The North American Almanac*, 1923, published by the North American Almanac Company, Chicago, Illinois, contains interesting material concerning the Wild Flower Preservation Society.

Library Reading. "On Arranging a Bowl of Violets," Conkling (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Violet and the Rose," Webster, "To a Wood-Violet," Tabb, "The Violet," Story, "To Violets," Herrick (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

TO A MOUNTAIN DAISY

ROBERT BURNS

Wee, modest, crimson-tippéd flow'r,
Thou's met me in an evil hour;
For I maun crush amang the stoure
Thy slender stem.
To spare thee now is past my pow'r,
Thou bonnie gem.

Alas! it's no thy neebor sweet,
The bonnie Lark, companion meet,
Bending thee 'mang the dewy weet,
Wi' speckled breast!
When upward-springing, blithe, to greet
The purpling east.

Cauld blew the bitter-biting north
Upon thy early, humble birth;
Yet cheerfully thou glinted forth

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3. **maun**, must. **stoure**, dust. 6. **bonnie**, pretty. 9. **'mang**, among. **weet**, wet. 13. **Cauld**, cold.

Amid the storm,
Scarce reared above the parent-earth
Thy tender form.

The flaunting flow'rs our gardens yield,
High shelt'ring woods and wa's maun shield,
But thou, beneath the random bield
O' clod or stane,
Adorns the histie stibble-field,
Unseen, alane.

There, in thy scanty mantle clad,
Thy snawie bosom sunward spread,
Thou lifts thy unassuming head
In humble guise;
But now the share uptears thy bed,
And low thou lies!

Such is the fate of simple Bard,
On life's rough ocean, luckless starred!
Unskillful he to note the card
Of prudent lore,
Till billows rage, and gales blow hard,
And whelm him o'er!

Such fate to suffering worth is giv'n,
Who long with wants and woes has striv'n,
By human pride or cunning driv'n
To mis'ry's brink,
Till wrench'd of ev'ry stay but Heav'n,
He, ruin'd, sink!

Ev'n thou who mourn'st the Daisy's fate,
That fate is thine—no distant date;
Stern Ruin's plowshare drives, elate,
Full on thy bloom,
Till crush'd beneath the furrow's weight
Shall be thy doom!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Robert Burns (1759-1796) was a Scottish poet, whose home was near Ayr in Scotland. He was the eldest of seven children; his father was a farmer, and a "very poor man." Burns went to school in his native village, where he received training in the elements of style in prose and verse.

The soul of the peasant class reveals itself in the simple music of Burns's songs, with the rich humor and the irresistible melody learned from the popular ballads of his native land. It has been said that "Poetry comes from the heart and goes to the heart"; this is true of Burns's poetry, which has that "heartfelt and broadly human quality which penetrates where more cultured verse sometimes fails."

Many of Burns's poems were composed on the spur of the moment in response to his feelings upon an unforeseen circumstance. "To a Mountain Daisy" represents such a circumstance.

Questions and Topics

1. How does the English daisy, which Burns describes in the first line of the poem, differ from the daisy that you know, the American daisy? Select and give the meaning of words that illustrate Burns's use of the Scotch dialect.

2. Tell in your own words the incident related in the first stanza. What characteristic of Burns do you learn from your reading of this poem? What do you know about the lark that helps you to understand why it is called the daisy's "companion" and "neebor"?

3. What comparison is made between the daisy and the garden flowers? What "share" is mentioned in the fifth stanza? What characteristics of the flower seem most attractive to the poet? Why is this poem a lyric?

Class Reading. Read "The Daisies," Carman, in *Junior High School Literature, Book One* and "To the Daisy," Wordsworth, in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson. Which of the three daisy poems do you like best, that by Burns, Wordsworth, or Carman? Which of these

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20. **wa's**, walls. 21. **bield**, shelter. 22. **stane**, stone. 23. **histie**, barren. **stibble**, stubble. 26. **snawie**, snowy. 29. **share**, plowshare. 33. **card**, compass-face.

Photograph by L. W. Brownell

BEAUTIFUL DAISY FIELD

poets was English? (See biographies.) What similarities do you find in the thought of the three poems? Select the lines you like best and memorize them.

Library Reading. "To Daisies, Not to Shut So Soon," Herrick, "To Daisies," Thompson, "A Field Flower," Montgomery (in *The Home Book of Verse,* Stevenson); "To a Daisy," Meynell (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume II, Markham); "Three Flowers," Watson (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Daisy," Hansen (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1924).

FLOWER IN THE CRANNIED WALL

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

Flower in the crannied wall,
I pluck you out of the crannies;
I hold you here, root and all, in my hand,
Little flower—but *if* I could understand
What you are, root and all, and all in all,
I should know what God and man is.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Alfred, Lord Tennyson (1809-1892), one of the greatest of British poets, was born at Somersby, England. He was the son of a clergyman, and the fourth in a family of twelve children. Almost from the time he could talk Alfred was composing verses, and at the age of twelve had written a poem of 6000 lines. When he was seventeen he and one of his brothers published a volume of verse. Two years later, after careful training under his father's direction, the youthful poet entered Cambridge University.

Before Tennyson was graduated from college his father died, and the young man took upon himself the management of the family affairs. All his spare time, however, he devoted to eager writing, and published enough to make him known to the general public.

Occasionally Tennyson liked to go to London, where he met other literary men of the day, one of whom described him as follows: "One of the finest looking men in the world! A great shock of rough, dusky hair; bright, laughing, hazel eyes; massive face, yet most delicate; of sallow brown complexion, almost Indian-looking; clothes loose, free and easy; voice musical. I do not meet often such company! We shall see what he will grow to."

Tennyson became famous at the age of thirty-three on the publication of *Poems by Alfred Tennyson.* Both England and America knew that a great writer had appeared. Eighteen hundred and fifty was known as the "golden year" of Tennyson's life: he published "In Memoriam," the beautiful poem on which he had been working for sixteen years, in memory of a college friend who had died suddenly; and he was made poet laureate of England.

For forty years more Tennyson continued to write, his fame constantly increasing. Whatever changes of taste or fashion in poetry may come we are justified in believing that Tennyson will continue to hold a high rank. His work is too true in thought, in feeling, and in rich musical charm to pass away. You will learn to know and love this great poet as a teller of tales in verse, these tales being modern ballads and romances about King Arthur and his knights; as a writer of many lovely song poems, or lyrics; and as a poet of religious faith.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. How does the poet tell you the flower was small and not firmly rooted? Why do you think the flower is made so insignificant to us? What do the words, "little flower," tell you of Tennyson's feeling for flowers?

2. What other poems have you read that show how birds and flowers speak to those who have learned to listen? If Tennyson had known all he wanted to know about that little flower, he would have known what no mortal knows of the great mysteries of life and death.

3. Compare with this poem by Tennyson these lines from one of Wordsworth's great poems:

> "To me the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

Library Reading. "Clover," Tabb (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "The Seeing Eye," Bangs (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke); "Greatness and Littleness," Johnson, "To One Who Spoke of Eternal Things," Powys, "Indirection," Realf (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham).

THE PURPLE GRASSES

HENRY D. THOREAU

By the twentieth of August, everywhere in woods and swamps we are reminded of the fall. The purple grass is now in the height of its beauty. I remember still when I first noticed this grass particularly. Standing on the hillside near our river, I saw, thirty or forty rods off, a stripe of purple half a dozen rods long, under the edge of a wood, where the ground sloped toward a meadow. It was as high-colored and interesting, though not quite so bright, as the patches of rhexia, being a darker purple, like a berry's stain laid on close and thick. On going to and examining it, I found it to be a kind of grass in bloom, hardly a foot high, with but a few green blades, and a fine spreading panicle of purple flowers, a shallow, purplish mist trembling around me. Close at hand it appeared but a dull purple, and made little impression on the eye; it was even difficult to detect; and if you plucked a single plant, you were surprised to find how thin it was, and how little color it had. But viewed at a distance in a favorable light, it was a fine lively purple, flower-like, enriching the earth. Such puny causes combine to produce these decided effects. I was the more surprised and charmed because grass is commonly of a sober and humble color.

With its beautiful purplish blush it reminds me, and supplies the place, of the rhexia, which is now leaving off, and is one of the most interesting phenomena of August. The finest patches of it grow on waste strips or selvages of land at the base of dry hills, just above the edge of the meadows, where the greedy mower does not deign to swing his scythe; for this is a thin and poor grass, beneath his notice. Or, it may be, because it is so beautiful and he does not know that it exists; for the same eye does not see this and timothy. He carefully gets the meadow hay and the more nutritious grasses which grow next to that, but he leaves the fine purple mist for the walker's harvest—fodder for his fancy's stock. Higher up the hill, perchance, grow also blackberries, John's-wort, and neglected and withered, the wiry June-grass. How fortunate that it grows in such places, and not in the midst of the rank grasses which are annually cut! Nature thus keeps use and beauty distinct. I know of many such localities, where it does not fail to present itself annually, and paint the earth with its blush. It grows on the gentle slopes, either in a continuous patch or in scattered and rounded tufts a foot in diameter, and it lasts until it is killed by the first smart frosts.

23. **rank**, coarse.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Henry David Thoreau (1817-1862) was born in Concord, Massachusetts, and educated at Harvard University. In his college days Thoreau began jotting down in a notebook interesting observations of the out-of-doors, a practice which he kept up all his lifetime. It is from such notes that twelve of his fourteen books were made.

On leaving college Thoreau had no very strong desire to enter upon a fixed profession, and would not work for money unless he needed it for immediate use. Because of this he became a doer of so many "odd jobs" that he said humorously of himself: "I don't know whether mine is a profession, or a trade, or what not. . . . I am a schoolmaster, a private tutor, a surveyor, a gardener, a farmer, a painter (I mean a house painter), a carpenter, a mason, a day-laborer, a pencil-maker, a glass-paper-maker, a writer, and sometimes a poetaster [an inferior poet]."

Between the periods of earning the money needed to live on Thoreau spent happy days studying the ways of plants and animals in the near-by woods and fields, and occasionally took long trips to the Maine woods or to Cape Cod. These were his periods of "plain living, high thinking, and copious note taking."

In 1845 Thoreau moved to Walden Pond, a short distance from Concord. There, for over two years, he lived alone in a cabin built by himself, studied nature, and secured the material for his most famous book, *Walden*. This book tells the story of Thoreau's life in the out-of-doors. In it are many comments on life, politics, and literature, but it is as a work about nature that *Walden* lives and continues to grow more popular each year. This volume alone would place Thoreau among the greatest of American writers.

If we should go to Walden Pond today, we would find, close to the spot where the little cabin stood, a large heap of stones that has gradually been raised to Thoreau's memory by the hundreds of pilgrims who yearly visit this literary shrine.

Questions and Topics

1. Describe the scene in which the purple grass was first noticed by Thoreau. To what does the author compare the color of the purple grass?

2. Explain in your own words the following statement: "Such puny causes combine to produce these decided effects." Give examples from your own experience to support this statement.

3. Of what flower is the poet reminded by the purple color of the grass? Where does the purple grass grow most abun-

dantly? Account for the fact that it is unmolested by the mower. Who gets the greatest benefit from it?

4. Explain Thoreau's meaning in the phrase, "fodder for his fancy's stock." How does nature keep use and beauty distinct? Read aloud the lines in the selection that you like best.

Library Reading. "In the Grass," Garland (in *Poems of Today*, Cooper); "What Is the Grass?" Whitman (in *This Singing World*, Untermeyer); "The Good Green Grass," Nesbit (in *The Paths of Long Ago*); "The Grass," Dickinson (in *One Thousand Poems for Children*, Ingpen); "A Song the Grass Sings," Blanden, "The Voice of the Grass," Boyle (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "To a Weed," Hall (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards).

THE PLUCKING OF WILD FLOWERS

P. L. Ricker

Few persons can resist the temptation to pluck a handful of Nature's jewels, no matter how rare they may be, and as quickly discard their wilted forms along the way. Many of the spring flowers, and especially those of the woodlands, are particularly susceptible to destruction from too much picking. Comparatively few of the spring wild flowers are so rare in most localities that they should not be picked at all in order to maintain their normal supply and provide for a moderate increase, but in this class should be included practically all of the orchids.

One may readily judge most other flowers by their abundance as to whether they may be picked very sparingly, in moderation, or freely. For the extremely rare kinds, certainly not more than one flower in ten should be picked and then rarely except for scientific purposes. Most of the middle group may have one in four or five picked, with little danger of extermination. The last group includes many extremely bad weeds, together with an abundance of attractive flowers, most of which it would be impossible to exterminate if one tried. The greater part of these belong in the family with the aster, daisy, and goldenrod.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

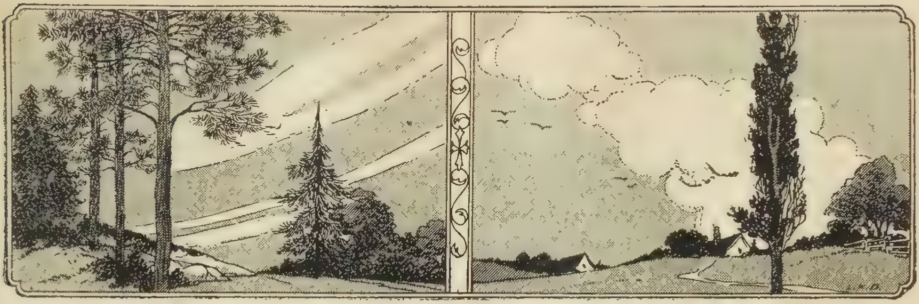
1. By what name does the author call flowers in the first sentence? Mr. Ricker is President of the National Wild Flower Preservation Society; what wild flower does he say is so rare that picking would mean extermination?

2. What general rule does the author give for picking wild flowers? What wild flowers are so abundant that there is no danger of extermination? For what purpose are you privileged to pick even *rare* flowers?

Suggested Problem. Make a booklet featuring the wild flowers of your community. Select, press, and mount a specimen of each kind of flower. Write a short descriptive article or find an appropriate flower poem to accompany each specimen. You will find *Flowers Worth Knowing*, Blanchan-Dickinson, in *Little Nature Library*, a helpful reference.

Library Reading. "The Massacre," de la Mare (in *Selected Poems*); "Afternoon on a Hill," Millay (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "Friends and Foes of Wild Flowers," Whitley (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1924). The following articles by Mr. Ricker are found in *Nature Magazine:* "Preserving Our Christmas Greens," November, 1926; "Give the Wild Flowers a Chance," May, 1927; "A Wild Flower Paradise," July, 1927; "Why the Wild Flowers Are Wild," April, 1928.

TREES



SALUTE TO THE TREES

Henry van Dyke

Many a tree is found in the wood,
And every tree for its use is good:
Some for the strength of the gnarléd root,
Some for the sweetness of flower or fruit;
Some for the shelter against the storm,
And some to keep the hearthstone warm;
Some for the roof, and some for the beam,
And some for a boat to breast the stream.
In the wealth of the wood since the world began
The trees have offered their gift to man.

But the glory of trees is more than their gifts:
'Tis a beautiful wonder of life that lifts,
From a wrinkled seed in an earth-bound clod,
A column, an arch in the temple of God,
A pillar of power, a dome of delight,
A shrine of song, and a joy of sight!
Their roots are the nurses of rivers in birth;
Their leaves are alive with the breath of the earth;
They shelter the dwelling of man, and they bend
O'er his grave with the look of a loving friend.

I have camped in the whispering forest of pines,
I have slept in the shadow of olives and vines;
In the knees of an oak, at the foot of a palm,
I have found good rest and slumber's balm.
And now, when the morning gilds the boughs
Of the vaulted elm at the door of my house,
I open my window and make salute:
"God bless thy branches and feed thy root!
Thou hast lived before, live after me,
Thou ancient, friendly, faithful tree."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Henry van Dyke (1852-) is one of the best loved and most useful of our contemporary writers. He was born in Germantown, Pennsylvania, but his family moved to Brooklyn, New York, when he was a very young child. Here most of his happy boyhood was spent. As comrades, van Dyke and his father would often "walk through the woods and watch the leaves turn red and gold and brown and drop to the ground, or skate in winter, or listen for the song of the first returning bluebird in spring." It was under his father's wise guidance that the boy's own natural love of nature grew and developed.

At the age of sixteen van Dyke entered Princeton College, from the Divinity School of which he was graduated. For twenty years he served as pastor of churches in various Eastern cities. In 1900 he became professor of literature at Princeton.

Whatever work van Dyke has been engaged in he has always found time to enjoy the out-of-doors. One of his daughters writes thus: "Our earliest recollections of our father are in connection with fishing and camping expeditions. When he was away, we always thought he had 'gone fishing,' and our most youthful ambition was to go with him."

Van Dyke found time also to put his best thoughts into writing. For over forty years, in both prose and poetry, he has been opening the eyes of his readers to the lovely things of nature, and by another kind of writing helping "to lift the world up and make it a better, happier one than he found it." Van Dyke is now retired from active life as teacher, but he is kept very busy filling lecture engagements all over the country.

Questions and Topics

1. What gifts do trees have to offer man? List other uses of trees that are not given in this poem. By what different names does van Dyke refer to the tree? Which name do you think most apt?

2. Van Dyke calls trees "an arch in the temple of God"; read Longfellow's "My Cathedral" (in the *Poetical Works of Longfellow*) and compare and contrast the thoughts of the two poets, stating in your own words the likenesses and differences you discover.

3. What use has the poet made of trees? Read aloud van Dyke's morning salute to the elm tree at the door of his house.

4. Of what use are the roots of trees? The leaves? Explain the poet's meaning when he calls the tree "a shrine of song"; "a dome of delight."

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) After thoughtful consideration be prepared to interpret the following quotations about trees:

(*a*) "Slim and black and wonderful with
all unrest gone by,
The stripped tree-boughs comfort
me, drawn clear against the sky."
(From "Winter Branches," Widdemer.)

(*b*) "When I see their [the elms'] magnificent domes, miles away in the horizon over intervening valleys and forests, they suggest a village, a community there . . . I find that into my idea of the village has entered more of the elm than of the human being. They are worth many a political borough. They constitute a borough. The poor human representative of his party sent out from beneath their shade will not suggest one tithe of the dignity, the true nobleness and comprehensiveness of view, the sturdiness and independence and the serene beneficence that they do." (From Thoreau in *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals*, Shepard.)

(*c*) "To heal mine aching moods,
Give me God's virgin woods,
His cloistered solitudes
Where none intrudes!"
(From "The Healing of the Wood,"
Scollard.)

Suggested Problem. Take a tree census of your town or neighborhood, allotting certain portions to each pupil, and report the results to the class. An excellent book to aid you in naming the trees is *The Forester's Manual*, or *Forest Trees of North America*, by Ernest Thompson Seton. After this report has been given, the class should decide upon ways of improving the tree situation in the neighborhood.

Library Reading. "Good Company," Baker (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King); "Trees," Kilmer, "Our Tree Friends," Beebe (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "Trees," Cole, "Under the Trees," Branch, "Trees," Carman (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "A Ballad of Trees and the Master," Lanier (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); *Trees Worth Knowing*, Rogers; "The Character of Trees," Hutchinson (in *Nature Magazine*, March, 1926); "The Sound of Trees," Frost (in *New Voices*, Wilkinson); *A Guide to Trees*, Lounsberry; *The Human Side of Trees*, Dixon; "A Little Tree," Mills (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); "Forest Hymn," Bryant (in *Bryant's Poetical Works*).

LEAVES

Beatrice Chase

When God the leaves of summer made
He left their surface dull
And non-reflecting that their shade
Our wearied eyes may lull.

The oak, the elm, the beech, the ash,
Have not a leaf that gleams;
They cannot catch and onward flash
The sun's most searching beams.

And as He shades us from the glare
He minds us, too, in cold;
And glazes winter leaves with care
To make them shine like gold.

The holly leaves, they all reflect
The light from bank and hedge;
And ivies that the walls protect
Make gold their very ledge.

But ivy does not lend her leaves
To wall and tor alone;
She rambles through the woods and weaves
Her wreaths on trunk and stone.

It thrills my heart that God should choose
To make the winter bright,
And fear lest we poor mortals lose
One single ray of light.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Beatrice Chase (Olive Katharine Parr) (1874-   ), an English poet and story writer, received her education at the Children's Convent, Cavendish Square, London. Much of her writing deals with nature and the scenes of rural England. She is very fond of the country district known as Dartmoor, and has used this setting for many of her excellent stories. She is a member of the Society of Authors in London. Her principal publications are *The Heart of the Moor, Through a Dartmoor Window, The Dartmoor Window Again.* The poem, "Leaves," is taken from *Gorse Blossoms from Dartmoor.*

Questions and Topics

1. Why did God make the surface of the leaves dull? What trees are mentioned in this poem? Which of them grow in the locality in which you live? Where are the others found?

2. How do the winter leaves differ from those of summer? Account for this difference. Where does ivy grow? Read "Shade," by Theodosia Garrison (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*). Which of these two poems do you like the better? Why? Name one fact about trees that you have learned from each of these poems.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. "If the nation saves the trees the trees will save the nation." 2. "When you help to preserve our forests or to plant new ones you are acting the part of good citizenship." 3. Some historic trees of America. 4. How trees could have helped to prevent the floods of the Mississippi River in 1927.

Suggested Problem. Make a collection of leaves from the trees and shrubbery in your neighborhood. Select only one specimen from each kind of tree for your study.

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10. **minds**, is thoughtful of. 18. **tor**, rock.

Press and mount the leaves in a notebook and have a class period in which members try to identify the different kinds of leaves. (See "The Leaf Puzzle" in *Nature Magazine*, August and September, 1925).

Library Reading. "Tree Leaves—Their History," Robinson (in *Nature Magazine*, June, 1926); "Of an Orchard," Tynan; *Leaf and Tendril*, Burroughs; "The Fall of the Leaves," van Dyke (in *The Builders and Other Poems*); "The Awakening," Morgan (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "The Heart of a Tree," Bunner (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); "Dead Leaves," Thoreau (in *The Heart of Thoreau's Journals*, Shepard, page 182); "The Singing Leaves," Lowell (in *Complete Poetical Works*).

POPLARS

EDWARD BLISS REED

The poplar is a lonely tree;
It has no branches spreading wide
Where birds may sing or squirrels hide.
It throws no shadow on the grass,
Tempting the wayfarers who pass
To stop and sit there quietly.

The poplar sees each neighbor tree
Loved by the birds. The oriole
Swings from the elm its home; the bole
Of the rough oak, above, around,
Hears the woodpecker's rapid sound
As one who works industriously.

The poplar is a slender tree;
It has no boughs where children try
To climb far off into the sky;
To hold a swing, it's far too weak;
Too small it is for hide-and-seek;
Friendless, forsaken it must be.

The poplar is a restless tree;
At every breeze its branches bend
And signal to the child, "Come, friend,"
Its leaves forever whispering
To thrush and robin, "Stay and sing."
They pass; it quivers plaintively.

Poplars are lonely. They must grow
Close to each other in a row.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Edward Bliss Reed (1872-) is a native of New York State. He was educated at Yale University, where he is a professor of English. Mr. Reed has been assistant editor of the *Yale Review* since 1911. He has written several books of poetry, among them being *Sea Moods and Others*, from which the poem, "Poplars," is taken.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. List the reasons given by the author for believing that the "poplar is a lonely tree." Do you think that birds do not love the poplar tree? Give examples to support your answer.

2. Why is the poplar not a favorite tree with children? What evidence does the poet give that "the poplar is a restless tree"? Do you agree with him? Give reasons for your answer.

3. The poet leads you to believe that trees can communicate with people and birds; do you believe they can? Give reasons for your answer. Read "The Lesson of a Tree" by Walt Whitman, for it will help you to answer the questions.

4. Why does the poet think poplars should "grow close to each other"?

5. You may wish to write to the American Nature Association, Washington, D.C., an organization designed to stimulate public interest in trees, plants, flowers, birds, animals, insects, fish, reptiles, and every phase of nature, and to furnish its members information and advice on these and related subjects.

6. Compare the thought of the author in the following paragraph with that in "Poplars," by Reed, and "Poplars," by Theodosia Garrison (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards). Which thought do you like best? Give reasons.

"The poplar is tall and gray, looking past one into dim spaces. Around him generations have lived and loved, have played and sung. Echoes of laughter linger in his ears as he compassionately looks down on his many small brothers. But his mind soars heavenward, and he feels that he can almost unlock the gates of Paradise, so lofty he is!"

Class Reading. Read "The Lesson of a Tree," Whitman (in *Poetry's Plea for Animals*, Clarke). To what does the poet compare the poplar in this poem?

Suggested Problem. Write an editorial of about two hundred fifty words for your school paper or the bulletin board on "Sign Boards or Scenic Beauty—Which?" Design and color posters, using this slogan in advertising a program on the protection of trees.

BEECH, PINE, AND SUNLIGHT

Amy Lowell

The sudden April heat
Stretches itself
Under the smooth, leafless branches
Of the beech-tree,
And lies lightly
Upon the great patches
Of purple and white crocus
With their panting, wide-open cups.

A clear wind
Slips through the naked beech boughs,
And their shadows scarcely stir.
But the pine-trees beyond sigh
When it passes over them
And presses back their needles,
And slides gently down their stems.

It is a languor of pale, south-starting sunlight
Come upon a morning unawaked,
And holding her drowsing.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Amy Lowell (1874-1925), an American poet, essayist, and critic, was a member of the famous Abbott Lowell family of New England. One of her brothers, A. L. Lowell, is president of Harvard University; another brother, Percival Lowell, was the noted astronomer. Miss Lowell was born in Brookline, Massachusetts, and being privately educated, she was privileged to devote much of her time to literary study. She made a distinctive contribution to that branch of the new school of free-verse, known as the school of imagists.

Miss Lowell wrote several volumes of verse, one of which, *What's O Clock?* gained for her the Pulitzer prize for the best book of poems published in 1925. The announcement of the award was made after her death. A biography of Keats, embodying Miss Lowell's views on the nature of poetry, was published shortly before her death. The poem given here, "Beech, Pine, and Sunlight," is taken from *Pictures of the Floating World.*

Questions and Topics

1. Have you ever seen a patch of "purple and white crocus"? Do you think the author's description of the crocus patches is a good one? What word does the poet use to describe the beech boughs? What personifications do you find in the first stanza?
2. Compare the effect of the wind upon the beech and upon the pine trees.
3. To what does the poet refer in the last line of the poem?
4. Make a study of the beech and pine trees in your available reference books. Compare and contrast these trees to bring out their likenesses and differences.

Library Reading. The following poems on trees by Amy Lowell: "Trees" and "The Camellia Tree of Matsue" (in *Pictures of the Floating World*), "The Tree of Scarlet Berries" (in *Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds*); "To a Pine Tree," James Russell Lowell (in *Poetical Works*); "The Beech Tree's Petition," Campbell (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

The "New" Poets

Some of the so-called "new" poets, of which Amy Lowell was a leader, have discarded the regular forms of rhythm and rime, and have adopted an irregular phrase and rhythm, by which they claim to gain more freedom in unifying the image and the privilege of using the exact word which will convey the poetic thought as the imagination has conceived it. The following principles, laid down by the imagist poets, were published in 1915. Many of our modern poets aim to follow these guiding principles:

1. To use the language of common speech, but to employ always the exact word, not nearly-exact, nor the merely decorative word.
2. To create new rhythms as the expression of new moods—and not to copy old rhythms, which merely echo old moods. In poetry a new cadence means a new idea.
3. To allow absolute freedom in the choice of subject.
4. To present an image (hence the name "imagist").
5. To produce poetry that is clear, never blurred nor indefinite.
6. Finally, most of us believe that concentration is of the essence of poetry.

PINE TREES AND THE SKY: EVENING

RUPERT BROOKE

I'd watched the sorrow of the evening sky,
And smelt the sea, and earth, and the warm clover,
And heard the waves, and the sea gull's mocking cry.

And in them all was only the old cry,
That song they always sing—"The best is over!
You may remember now, and think, and sigh!
O silly lover!"
And I was tired and sick that all was over,
And because I,
For all my thinking, never could recover
One moment of the good hours that were over.
And I was sorry and sick, and wished to die.

Then from the sad west turning wearily
I saw the pines against the white north sky,
Very beautiful, and still, and bending over
Their sharp black heads against a quiet sky.
And there was peace in them; and I
Was happy, and forgot to play the lover,
And laughed, and did no longer wish to die;
Being glad of you, O pine trees and the sky!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Rupert Brooke (1887-1915) was born at Rugby, England, where his father was assistant-master at the famous Rugby boarding-school for boys. As a youth he was intensely interested in all forms of athletics; he played football, cricket, and tennis, and swam as well as most professionals.

When the World War started, Brooke gave up his studies at Oxford University to become sub-lieutenant in the Royal Navy and accompanied the Antwerp Expeditionary Force to Belgium in 1914. The following year he sailed with the British forces to take part in the Dardanelles campaign. He never reached his destination. On April 23 he died from sunstroke and was buried on the Greek island of Skyros. His poems appear under the titles, *1914 and Other Poems* and *Collected Poems*.

Photograph by Carlos G. Bates. Courtesy U. S. Forest Service

REFORESTED LAND, PLANTED WITH PINE TREES

Questions and Topics

1. What cause did the poet think the evening sky would have for sorrowing? Why did the setting sun bring the thought that "the best is over"? How did the cry of the sea gull affect the poet?

2. The changing western sky made the poet think how life had changed for him; the fading color made him think of joys that were gone forever; what did he see when he turned to the north? Can you tell why he was comforted by the sight?

3. Can you tell why he felt brave and strong when he looked at the white sky and the quiet trees? Compare this poem with Bryant's "To a Waterfowl," page 72.

Suggested Problem. The pine tree is one of the most useful trees to man. Look up its story in *The Story of a Thousand Year Pine*, Enos Mills, and in your various source books, and make an interesting report to the class.

Library Reading. "A Tale from the Skidway," Hawkes (in *Trails to Woods and Waters*); "Family Trees," Mallock (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "The Pine," Webster, "Aspect of the Pines," Hayne (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

HERITAGE

Arthur Guiterman

This is the land that we love; here our fathers found refuge,
Here are the grooves of their plows and the mounds of their graves;
These are the hills that they knew and the forests and waters,
Glorious rivers and seas of rejuvenant waves.

Fruitful and broad are the billowing plains that they left us,
Mossy and cool are the trails that we tread as they trod,
Grand are the ranges and deep are the echoing cañons,
Holy and pure are the peaks as the altars of God.

This is our heritage, this that our fathers bequeathed us,
Ours in our time, but in trust for the ages to be;

Wasting or husbanding, building, destroying, or shielding,
Faithful or faithless—possessors and stewards are we.

What of our stewardship? What do we leave to our children?
Crystalline, health-giving fountains, or gutters of shame?
Fields that are fertile, or barrens exhausted of vigor?
Burgeoning woodlands, or solitudes blasted by flame?

Madly we squander the bounty and beauty around us,
Wrecking, not using, the treasure and splendor of earth;
Only is grief unavailing for glory departed—
Only in want do we count what the glory is worth.

Now let us heal and restore where we trample and plunder,
Cleansing and saving our shallowing rivers and rills,
Lending new life to the fields we have ravaged and beggared,
Calling new forests to gladden the desolate hills.

Then though we pass from the land that our fathers bequeathed us,
Mountain and river and wood shall our message renew—
"This is the land that we loved; oh, be faithful, our children!
Fair was it left to us; fairer we leave it to you!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Arthur Guiterman (1871-) was born in Vienna, Austria, of American parents, but came to America when he was a very young child. Guiterman has been called by Joyce Kilmer "the most American of poets." His verse in lighter vein, as well as his more serious writing, is distinctly American in theme, in spirit, and in style. We like to consider kindness, shrewdness, willingness to work, and common sense, combined with idealism, as typical American qualities. Arthur Guiterman possesses these qualities. He has ever been a friendly adviser to his younger fellow craftsmen, and a man who loves humanity despite its faults.

For a time Guiterman was an editorial writer for *The Literary Digest* and a lecturer on magazine and newspaper verse at the School of Journalism of New York University. Since then he has become known through the pages of *Life* for his "Rhymed Reviews," which he originated. As a master of light verse, he has both wit and humor, and exercises his talents over a wide field. He is the author of *The Laughing Muse; The Light Guitar; Ballads of Old New York; A Ballad-Maker's Pack;* and his last excellent volume, *I Sing the Pioneer*, from which "Heritage" is taken.

Questions and Topics

1. Describe in your own words the heritage "our fathers bequeathed us." Explain the significance of the lines:

> "Wasting or husbanding, building, destroying, or shielding,
> Faithful or faithless—possessors and stewards are we."

2. If we are good stewards, what shall we leave for the coming generations? How may we destroy our heritage for those who come after us?

3. What "bounty and beauty" does the poet refer to in stanza five? What does line 20 mean?

4. What suggestions has the poet to assist us in restoring the damage we have done? What message should the mountains and rivers and woods be able to carry on for us?

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16. **Burgeoning** (bŭr'jŭn-ĭng), budding. **solitudes blasted by flame**, forests destroyed by fire because of someone's carelessness.

5. Read "Pawning the Heirlooms," by Emerson Hough, in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight.* Compare this author's views on the preservation of our national heritage with Arthur Guiterman's. Which of the two selections did you enjoy the more? Why?

6. Give examples of the destruction referred to by the poet, that may be found in your own locality. How can you help to improve the appearance of your school yard? your home yard? your village or city? your state? your nation? What is the greatest value that comes from the preservation of natural beauty?

7. What is the meaning of the true "spirit of conservation"? (See "The Spirit of Conservation," Paine in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight.*) What are you as an individual doing to overcome the three great foes of conservation, "Greed, Waste, and Indifference"?

8. Give in your own words the significance of the following quotations:

(*a*) "A person who has not had an intimate, friendly acquaintance with some special tree has missed something in life."—*Anna Botsford Comstock.*

(*b*) "When boys and trees are good comrades, nothing is to be feared for either of them."—*Calvin Coolidge.*

(*c*) "The groves were God's first temples."—*Bryant.*

(*d*) "My life shall grow like trees both tall and fair, that rise and spread and bloom toward fuller fruit each year."—*George Eliot.*

Suggested Problem. Make a collection of nature cartoons from newspapers and magazines (see *Nature Magazine*). Have a nature illustration contest in your school to determine who can produce the best and most attractive display.

Library Reading. "What Riches Have You?" Santayana (in *Poems of Today,* Cooper); "America, the Beautiful," Bates, "America for Me," van Dyke (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "The Heritage of Noble Lives," Roosevelt (in *The Elson Readers, Book Eight*); "Where Conservation Begins," Burt (in *Outdoor America,* May, 1927).

WILD LIFE AND THE FOREST

William T. Cox

To most of us an animal is more interesting than a tree or a weed or a flower. This is true even though the animal may be of little use to us, and the plant essential to our well being. Foresters have an unusual opportunity to observe the relationship or balance that exists between the trees and the wild creatures of the forest. I have studied this relationship long and with much interest, and I have come to believe a number of things that may seem rather shocking.

A forest is not merely a collection of trees. A forest, to function properly and to persist, must be balanced. It must have trees of different kinds as well as bushes and herbs, mosses, and lichens, and fungi. It must have an insect population. It must have a bird population. It should have game birds and game animals. It is sure to have a rodent population—mice, squirrels, rabbits, woodchucks, porcupines, and such gnawing creatures. Then, last but not least, there will be, apparently there must be, the carnivorous animals, the killers, the flesh-eaters.

What a little thing at times can upset the balance of Nature! Set fire to the forest on a mountain range; burn over a marsh in the springtime when the wild fowl are nesting; blow out the rock ledge that for a thousand years has held back the waters of a splendid lake, and you have profoundly affected the wild life of a considerable district. These things most people would notice. Less conspicuous happenings are occurring all around us practically unnoticed, causing the most sweeping changes and readjustments among the wild creatures we profess to know.

Nature seems to control all species through the appetite of some living things. If one kind of tree becomes too prevalent in the forest as a result of unwise logging, the insect enemies (admirers) of that tree wax fat and flourish until they have reduced the species to something like its normal position in the forest. In the meantime enemies of these insects have increased abnormally because their supply of food for a time was so abundant. They now hold the other insects in check and thus prevent the complete wiping out of the species.

The same kind of thing occurs among animals. Mice became so abundant some years ago in the Red Lake country that they threatened to kill all vegetation over large areas. But foxes, weasels, and mink invaded the territory and in one year became so numerous that the mice were reduced to reasonable numbers. The foxes and weasels then had to feed on other creatures or migrate to find a better food supply.

Take out some of the insects that carry pollen from flower to flower, and some kinds of trees would no longer bear seed, and would thus disappear. Take out fly catchers and creepers among the birds, and in a few years moths or caterpillars would eat up the forest. Kill off the woodpeckers, and in a short time the bark beetles and boring beetles would girdle and destroy the trees.

If we trap and kill the skunks that feed on turtle eggs, the turtle, laying forty to a hundred eggs at a time, would soon thickly populate our inland waters and destroy fish life. But even the turtle in reasonable numbers probably serves a useful purpose in holding the so-called rough fish in check and preventing them from destroying our game fish.

We know that the heavy-seeded trees, like the oaks with their acorns and the nut-bearing trees, were distributed by having these heavy seeds carried across country, or from place to place, by wild pigeons, ducks, wild turkey, and other fowls, and then planted by squirrels. Have you never watched a squirrel planting acorns or hickory nuts? He digs the hole, jams in the nut or acorn, and then covers it with dirt to just the right depth.

Suppose we kill off the owls. Many people dislike owls because they are birds of prey and possibly because they look so wise and say so little. As soon as the owls were out of the way we would have a plague of mice. I prefer a reasonable number of owls.

I know a district where the marten used to be quite plentiful. This valuable fur bearer has been trapped out, and his natural food, the pine squirrel, has increased to a point where it now collects and stores practically all of the pine seed produced in that territory. See what the price of fur can do to a pine forest!

The fisher is a fine fur-bearing animal and not so very plentiful anywhere. It is the natural enemy of the porcupine and is the only animal that can kill and eat a porcupine without danger of serious injury or death from quills. With fisher skins bringing fifty to one hundred dollars in the market, would it be surprising if the porcupine should feel happy and look forward to the time when his ungainly progeny would strip the bark from every pine and run the price of lumber beyond the reach of the wealthiest contractor?

Even the carnivorous animal that pulls down the deer or moose away back in the wilderness may be a friend, though a terrible friend, of the big game. Look at what is now happening on the Kaibab Plateau, Arizona. There, a few years ago, mountain lions and wolves were hunted relentlessly by government hunters. Now the mule deer, increased to thirty or forty thousand, has eaten out the food supply and is threatened with starvation. These animals have become so numerous as to be a menace to their own existence. They long ago became damaging to the forest by destroying the little trees. It is a strange thought that a few wolves and mountain lions might have prevented much damage and headed off the threatened catastrophe among these deer by simply keeping the herd down to reasonable numbers.

I consider that in the Izaak Walton League we have an organization with somewhere near the right conception of conservation. Its members believe in conserving waters and woods and wild life all along the line. It is a job that cannot be done piecemeal.

Game protection and development is futile, without considering as fundamental the preservation of the forest and the proper management of other wild lands. Game and fur indeed are by-products of the wild lands, whether these lands bear trees, brush, or grassy cover.

As a consulting forester and engineer I like to tell the owners of timber lands that, to be safe and profitable, woodland property, like a diversified farm, must have some variety, and that a proper balance is required not only among the different classes of trees, but also between the tree growth and the animal life. Even in a small tract of woodland, the game and other wild things constitute one of the assets of the property. In a state or the nation the wild creatures of hillside and mountain and stream are not merely useful; they are a vital part of the forests in which they live, and in turn they depend upon the forest for their food, their shelter, and protection from their enemies.

We cannot have wild life without the forest. Nor can we raise timber crops successfully without the aid of the wild creatures who work close to Mother Nature and who seem able to pull our human projects within the circle of God's plan.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

William T. Cox, graduate of the School of Forestry, University of Minnesota, has had wide experience in state and national forest services. As Assistant U. S. Forester under Gifford Pinchot at Washington in 1908, Mr. Cox had charge of reforestation, timber sales, and forest management of National Forests. He was instrumental in organizing timber protective associations in New England, the Rocky Mountain states, and the West coast.

For years Mr. Cox was champion of "diversified forestry"—the idea of making full use of all resources of the forests including game, fur, and scenery. He recently undertook for the U. S. Biological Survey the task of buying up lands for the Upper Mississippi Wild Life Refuge and of organizing the protective and development work on this greatest of all wild life projects.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Which is more interesting to you, an animal, a tree, a weed, or a flower? If "a forest is not merely a collection of trees," what is it? Why is it necessary to have insects in a forest?

2. How may wild life be affected by a forest fire? Of what service are the woodpeckers? The skunks? The turtles? What share do the wild pigeons, ducks, wild turkey, and squirrel have in replanting our forests?

3. How does the wise-looking owl serve man? How may the demand for marten fur affect a pine forest? What animal may cause the price of lumber to advance?

4. What is the conception of conservation held by members of the Izaak Walton League? Explain in your own words why we cannot have wild life without the forest. How is the forest dependent upon wild life?

5. Summarize in one short paragraph the facts brought out in this selection.

Class Reading. Read aloud in class the following "Ten Commandments of the Trail," by Henry Wellington Wack.

First. Use the by-ways—not the highways.

Second. Don't go walking to beg a ride. The auto-riding hiker is a fraud.

Third. Everything belongs to somebody. Then respect all private and public property. Be not the author of its displacement, disfigurement, or disappearance.

Fourth. Keep off prohibited ground. Neither fish nor hunt on posted land. Trespassers create bad will toward all nature lovers, campers, and sportsmen.

Fifth. Leave gates, fences, signs, stakes, growing grain, and crops as you find them. Walk around, never across, all planted fields.

Sixth. Pluck no wild flowers — they belong to all. Leave them for all to enjoy. Pick no cultivated fruit. Resist the boyhood call of the melon patch!

Seventh. Clear away twigs, leaves, and pine needles down to moist earth, before laying a camp fire one foot square. Keep cook fires low, and less than one-fifth the size of the clearing. Large fires prevent cooking, but destroy forests. Only small fires are safe, quick, and comfortable to cook with. Put camp fires out with water, not with a kick. See that the peat or humus around the fire is not burning underground to destroy the woodland after you have left. A single spark may fly a hundred feet and burn a million trees. Arson is no greater crime than stupidity or neglect on the trail.

Eighth. Leave camp-sites clean; burn all garbage; replace cut firewood and supplies found in camps. You are the guest of an absent host—not the vandal of a present opportunity. Leave a note of thanks in a wilderness shelter you have used. Put it in order before you depart.

Ninth. Silence, or speech in whispers, is the sign of trail experience and good workmanship. Only fools and asses bray in a forest.

Tenth. When you leave a beautiful woodland or descend from a mountain, stop, turn around, and gaze reverently awhile. Then thank God for the boon our forests are to all mankind. Treat life's trail responsibly and keep it clean. To the seeing eye and the generous soul, nature's beauty—her mysteries and charm—forever call us to her trails!

Compare these commandments with the laws of the Boy Scout and Girl Scout organizations and with the six rules for the sportsman published by the United States Forest Service, found in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*, page 423. Which set of laws do you think would be most effective? What do you know about the tree-planting program of the Camp Fire Girls?

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. Our national parks. 2. Forest preserves. 3. Protecting our forests from fire. 4. "Be careful with your camp fire and matches. One tree will make a million matches; one match can burn a million trees." (In connection with topics 3 and 4, you will be interested in presenting Shirley

W. Allen's "The Forest Fire Helpers: A Masque," published by The American Forestry Association, Washington, D. C., price five cents.)

Suggested Problem. (Teamwork in Conservation.)

"I resolve to make the acquaintance of one tree this year. I will try to find out all about it, when it blossoms, what its seeds are like, what its value is, where it grows, how it is cared for, and what its principal enemies are.

"I resolve to learn the names of all the trees that grow near my home.

"I resolve to plant one tree where it will grow to be a useful and valuable addition to the community.

"I resolve not to injure any tree needlessly by breaking its branches or wounding the bark.

"I resolve that I will not carelessly start any fires that may spread to woodlands and injure any trees.

"I resolve not to disturb the nest of any bird, or kill any useful wild bird.

"I resolve to use my influence to induce others to care for trees and to discourage all useless injury to trees.

"I resolve to make the acquaintance of some animal, bird, or insect, that is a friend of the trees in its native place. I will try to learn how it lives and how it helps the trees.

"I resolve to make the acquaintance of some insect that is injurious to the trees. I will try to find out how it injures the trees and to learn the methods that may be used to prevent its injuries."—*H. W. Wack.*

Read aloud the resolutions above on the protecting of nature. You will find it interesting to divide the class into groups and have suggestions presented by the leader of each group as to the best method of handling these resolutions in your own school and community, in order that they may be made useful in the conservation movement and bring results for the birds, trees, animals, and flowers. You may show the members of your community that you are interested by selecting a committee from your room to coöperate with civic organizations, such as Commercial Clubs, Boy Scouts, Girl Scouts, Camp Fire Girls, and Women's Clubs, in the work of conservation. Make posters using some of these resolutions to arouse interest, and take an active part in the campaign. Few people would refuse to pledge their support to resolutions so worthy.

Library Reading. "And the Waters Prevailed" (Mississippi Flood Sweeps Wild Life Before It), Davis (in *Nature Magazine,* July, 1927); "Our National Wild Life Refuge," Cox (in *Outdoor America,* March, 1927).

SEASONS

THE COMING OF SPRING

HAMLIN GARLAND

SPRING WORK AND PLAY

Spring came to the settlers on Sun Prairie with a wonderful message, like a pardon to imprisoned people. For five months they had been shut closely within their cabins. Nothing could be sweeter than the joy they felt when the mild south wind began to blow, and the snow began to sink away, leaving warm, brown patches of earth in the snowy fields. It seemed that the sun god had not forsaken them, after all.

The first island to appear in the midst of the ocean of slush and mud around the Stewart house was the chip pile; and there the spring's work began. As soon as the slush began to gather, Jack, the hired man, was set to work each morning digging ditches and chopping canals in the ice so that the barn would not be inundated by the spring rains. During the middle of the day he busied himself at sawing and splitting the pile of logs which Mr. Stewart had been hauling during the open days of winter.

Jack came from far lands, and possessed, as Lincoln soon discovered, unusual powers of dancing and playing the fiddle. He brought, also, stirring stories of distant forests, strange people, and many battles; and Lincoln, who had an eye for character, set himself to work to distinguish between what the hired man knew, what he thought he knew, and what he merely lied about.

There was plenty of work for the boys. They had cows to milk and the drains to keep open. It was their business also to pile the wood behind the men as they sawed and split the large logs into short lengths. They used a crosscut saw, which made pleasant music in the still, warm air of springtime. Afterwards these pieces, split into small sticks ready for the stove, were thrown into a conical heap, which it was Lincoln's business to repile in shapely ricks.

Boys always insist upon having entertainment, even in their work, and Lincoln found amusement in planning a new ditch and in seeing it remove the puddle before the barn door. There was a certain pleasure also in piling wood neatly and rapidly, and in watching the deft and powerful swing of the shining axes, as they lifted and fell, and rose again in the hands of the strong men.

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49. ricks, heaps.

Then, too, the sap began to flow out of the maple logs, and Lincoln and Owen wore their tongues to the quick, licking the trickle from the rough wood. They also stripped out the inner bark of the elm logs and chewed it. It had a sweet, nut-like flavor, and was considered most excellent forage; moreover, the residue made a sticky pellet, which could be thrown across the room in school and slapped against some boy's ear, when the teacher was not looking.

It was back-breaking work, piling wood, and the boys could not have endured it had it not been for the companionship of the men and the hope they had of going skating at night.

Every hour of free time was improved by Lincoln and Rance and Milton, for they knew by experience how transitory the skating season was. Early in the crisp spring air, when the trees hung thick with frost, transforming the earth into fairyland, and the cloudless sky was blue as a plowshare, they clattered away over the frozen hubbles to the nearest pond, where the jay and the snowbird dashed amid the glorified willow trees, and the ice outspread like a burnished share. On such mornings the air was so crisp and still that it seemed the whole earth waited for the sun.

At night during the full moon nearly all the boys and girls of the neighborhood met, to rove up and down the long swales and to play "gool" or "pom, pom, pull away" upon the frozen ponds. These games could be played with skates quite as well as in any other way. There was a singular charm in these excursions across the plain at night, or winding up the swales filled with imprisoned and icebound water. Lincoln and Rance often skated off alone and in silence, far away from the others, and the majesty of the night fell upon them with a light which silenced and made them afraid.

THE WONDERS OF SPRING

There was a singular charm about this time of the year. Travel was quite impossible, for the frost had left the roads bottomless; and so upon the chip pile the boys sat to watch the snow disappear from the fields and draw sullenly away from the russet grass to take a final stand at the fence corners and in the hedges. They watched the ducks as they came straggling back in long flocks, alighting in the cornfields to find food. They came in enormous numbers, sometimes so great the sky seemed darkened with them, and when they alighted on the fields, they covered the ground like some strange down-dropping storm from the sky, and when alarmed they rose with a sound like the rumbling of thunder. At times the lines were so long that those in the front rank were lost in the northern sky, while those in the rear were dim clouds beneath the southern sun. Many brant and other geese also passed, and it was always a pleasure to Lincoln to see these noble birds pushing their way boldly into the north. He could imitate their cries, and often caused them to turn and waver in their flight, by uttering imitations of their resounding cries.

One day in late March at the close of a warm sunny day (just as the red disk of the sun was going down in a cloudless sky in the west), down from a low hilltop, and thrilling through

33. **share,** plowshare. 39. **swales,** valleys.

the misty, wavering atmosphere, came a singular, soft, joyous, "boom, boom, boom, cutta, cutta, war-whoop!"

"Hooray!" shouted Lincoln. "Spring is here."

"What was that?" asked the hired man.

"That? Why, that's the prairie chicken. It means it is spring!"

There is no sweeter sound in the ears of a prairie-born man than the splendid morning chorus of these noble birds, for it is an infallible sign that winter has broken at last. The drum of the prairie cock carries with it a thousand associations of warm sun and springing grass, which thrill the heart with massive joy of living. It is almost worth while to live through a long unbroken Western winter just for the exquisite delight which comes with the first exultant phrase of the vernal symphony.

Day by day this note is taken by others, until the whole horizon rings with the jocund call of hundreds of cocks and the whooping cries of thousands of hens, as they flock and dance about on the bare earth of the ridges. Here they battle for their mates, and strut about till the ground is beaten hard and smooth with their little feet.

About this time the banking was taken away from the house, and the windows, which had been sealed up for five months, were opened. It was a beautiful moment to Lincoln, when they sat at dinner in the kitchen, with the windows and doors wide open to the warm wind, and the sunshine floating in upon the floor. The hens, caw-cawing in a mounting ecstasy of greeting to the spring, voiced something he had never felt before.

As the woodpile took shape, Mr. Stewart called upon Lincoln and the hired man to help fan up the seed wheat. This the boys hated because it was a dusty and monotonous job. It was of no use to cry out; the work had to be done, and so, on a bright afternoon, while Jack turned the crank of the mill, Lincoln dipped wheat from the bin into the hopper or held the sacks for his father to fill. It seemed particularly hard to be confined there in the dust and noise, while out in the splendid sunlight the ducks were flying, the prairie chickens calling, and the ice was cracking and booming under the ring of the skaters' steel.

THE BATTLE OF THE FOWLS

It was about this time, also, that the boys became interested in the battles which broke out among the fowls. In those days the hens were not the big, clumsy Plymouth Rocks or Brahmas we have now. On the contrary, the roosters were resplendent creatures, lofty of step, imperious of voice, with plumage of green, orange, and purple, which shone in the sunlight like burnished metal. They had high, graceful tail feathers, and they carried their necks proudly. The pride of an Indian chief was in their step, and the splendor of the rainbow in their sword-like plumes.

It is difficult to tell why they fought so much more readily at this time of the year, but it seemed a part of the returning joy and vigor of the spring, and the boys were thoughtless enough to enjoy these encounters.

Once when a new rooster was turned into the barnyard, the Stewart boys watched him with something of the feeling with which faithful retainers of old watched their chieftains in the lists. At once, on being released, the stranger walked dazedly forth into the open, but soon recovered his courage, and, after a study of his surroundings, blew his horn in defiance of all comers. The boys understood this, and quivered with excitement when the chief of the flock took up the gage of battle. As the gladiators approached each other, Lincoln couldn't help a feeling of sympathy for the stranger, so confident and so determined was the action of the home bird. Both were magnificent warriors—shapely, sinewy, and plainly prepared for struggle, with no hesitation in their hearts. Slowly they approached, circling warily about and studying each other with cold, keen, analytical glances.

Suddenly their heads were lowered and out-thrust until they almost touched. The shining ruff about each neck bristled with anger and resolution. For a time, with eyes seemingly bound together by an invisible thread, they stood, moving their heads up and down so silently that one seemed to be nothing more than the shadow of the other. Then, with a rush, the stranger flung himself upon his opponent, striking at his heart with his keen, long spurs, rolling him in the dust like a knight who had been unhorsed. With instant readiness he arose, and they faced each other again, rushing together, twice, thrice, in a flutter of dust, flashing, whirling in a frenzy of anger. At times they seized each other with savage bills and wrestled like bulldogs, going down over and over again in an ignoble pile. Soon their beautiful plumage began to look draggled and torn, like the disarray into which a cavalier is thrown in battle, and Lincoln became alarmed over the fate of the newcomer, who felt himself, perhaps, an alien in an enemy's country, with no friend to cheer him on. He fought on desperately, however, until Mrs. Stewart came out to discover what the boys were watching so intently.

"Lincoln, go in there and stop that. I don't want to see any more of that. They'll kill each other."

At the same moment, as if inspired by her voice, the stranger bird flung himself for the last time against his confident adversary with such force that the other bird was vanquished. When he arose, it was as a defeated chieftain. Turning tail, he ran swiftly, dejectedly, under the barn.

Thereupon, the conqueror, in perfectly human exultation, struggled feebly to the top rail of the fence, and sent forth a hoarse defiance to all his enemies.

Another and less savage diversion of the boys at this season of the year was the hiding of Easter eggs. The hiding of eggs for Easter was a curious custom, quite common among the children of the settlers from New York and the Middle States. The avowed purpose was to lay up a supply of eggs for Easter Sunday. But as they were always extremely plentiful at this season of the year, and almost worthless, the motive must be sought deeper down. Perhaps it was a survival of some Old World superstitions. Anyhow, Lincoln and his brother Owen began to hide eggs in all sorts of out-of-the-way places for fully three weeks before Easter Sunday.

It was understood by Mr. Stewart

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1. **lists**, knightly contests. 9. **gage**, challenge. 10. **gladiators**, warriors.

that if he could discover their hiding places the eggs might be confiscated, and he made elaborate pretense of searching for them. One of the shrewd ways in which the boys made concealment was by lifting a flake of hay from the stack and making a hole beneath it. Upon letting the flake of weather-beaten thatch fall back into place, all signs of the nest disappeared. As the hens were laying a great many eggs each day, it was very difficult for Mrs. Stewart to tell how many the boys were hiding—she did not greatly care.

In his meetings with Milton and Rance, Lincoln compared notes, as to numbers, and together the four boys planned their Easter outing. Day after day Mr. Stewart, to the great dread of the boys, went poking about, close to the very spot where the eggs were hidden, and twice he found a small "nest." But this only added to the value of those remaining and stimulated the boys to yet other and more skillful devices in concealment.

They were able, in spite of his search, to save up several dozens of eggs, which they triumphantly brought to light on Easter morning, with gusty shouts of laughter over the pretended dismay of their parents.

With these eggs packed in a pail and with a few biscuits and some salt and pepper, Lincoln and Owen started out to meet their companions, Rance and Milton; together they all set forth toward the distant belt of forest in which Burr Oak Creek ran.

There, in the warm spring sun, on the grassy bank beside the stream they built their fire and cooked their eggs for their midday meal. Some they boiled, others they roasted in the ashes. Rance caught a chub or two from the brook, which added a wild savor to the meal, but eggs were considered a necessary order of the day; all else was by the way.

Something primeval and splendid clustered about this unusual camp fire. Around them were bare trees, with buds just beginning to swell. The grass was green only in the sunny nooks, but the sky was filled with soft white clouds. For guests they had the squirrels and the blue jays. It was a celebration of their escape from the bonds of winter and a greeting to spring. There was no conscious feeling in this feast, as far as the boys were concerned. But the deep down explanation was this: they had gone back to the worship of the Anglo-Saxon divinity of Spring; they had returned to the primitive, to the freedom of the savage, not knowing that the egg was the symbol of regenerate nature.

As a matter of fact, the flavor of these eggs was not good; the burned shell had a disagreeable odor, and the boys would have been very sorry if Mrs. Stewart had served up for them anything so disagreeable of flavor. But the curl of smoke from the grass with which they started the fire, the scream of the jay, the hawk sweeping by overhead, the touch of ashes on their tongues, the smell of the growing grass, and the sky above, made it all wonderful and wild and very sweet. When at night they returned, tired and sleepy, to the warmly-lighted kitchen, they considered the day well spent, uniting as it did the pleasures of both civilization and barbarism.

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66. **Anglo-Saxon**, early English. 70. **symbol of regenerate nature**, sign of new-born life.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Hamlin Garland (1860-) was born in Wisconsin, but before he was eleven he was moved westward in a covered wagon with his parents three different times. His father was a true pioneer, full of the eagerness and restlessness of his generation. Hamlin Garland graphically describes his father in the lines, "Hour after hour we pushed westward, the heads of our tired horses hanging ever lower; and on my mother's face the shadow deepened, but my father's voice calling to his team lost nothing of its edge. He was in his element. He loved this shelterless sweep of sod. This westward march delighted him. I think he would gladly have kept on until he reached the Rocky Mountains."

He had, however, stopped this time in Iowa. Hamlin Garland took his full share of the work. Speaking of himself he says, "In the autumn that followed my eleventh birthday, I plowed for seventy days, overturning nearly one hundred and fifty acres of stubble." At fifteen Garland was head farmer and took a man's place in all the work on the farm. His education was secondary and came only as he could get it by attending the winter session in the rural school. He read all the books he could get. Later, he took up education as preparation for his life work, and after teaching for a time in the Middle West he moved to Boston, where he became a diligent student and teacher.

When he was thirty years old he returned West on his vacation, a vacation which was to yield three books of short stories containing the most distinctive work of the author—*Main-Traveled Roads; Prairie Folks;* and *Other Main-Traveled Roads.* In these stories he recorded the pioneer's life as he saw it, "the grinding toil of it, the brutality and hopelessness and horror of it." He wrote with a full heart and he had the courage of his convictions. He is not a mere teller of tales, but a historian, a man with a message.

His later books, *A Son of the Middle Border*, which is autobiographical as well as historical, and *A Daughter of the Middle Border*, will be interesting to you. In the latter volume he tells how he purchased a home in Wisconsin for his mother, in order that, after the hardships of the western prairies, she might live the rest of her life in comfort.

Mr. Garland is now a lecturer, a teller of the pioneer stories he has written. His daughter accompanies him, reading, singing his songs, and demonstrating by appropriate costumes the pioneer life of the women of the great Middle Border region.

Questions and Topics

1. How did the settlers on Sun Prairie feel at the coming of spring? Why? What was the first outdoor work of spring? Give reasons why this would be the first work done.

2. Would you like to do the boys' part of this work? Why? What entertainment did the boys find even in their work? Read aloud lines which tell you that Lincoln was interested in nature.

3. What experiences did Lincoln have that you would enjoy? What qualities had Lincoln that made him a worthy home-member and a good American citizen?

4. What unpleasant tasks did Lincoln have to perform? Read the sentence which tells you why he did not complain. What do you think would be the result if all boys and girls would persevere in unpleasant duties as Lincoln did?

Class Reading. 1. Read aloud the lines on page 134 in which the author compares the boys' picnic to the ancient celebration of spring by primitive peoples.

2. Read aloud in class "The Call of Spring," Noyes (in *High Tide*, Richards).

Library Reading. "The Joy of the Springtime," Naidu (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards); "Spring," Untermeyer (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King); "Song," Burns, "To Spring," Blake (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "The Voice of Spring," Hemans, "Spring in Kentucky," Allen (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "April Music," Scollard (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "Carolina Spring Song," Allen (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham).

SPRING

HENRY TIMROD

Spring, with that nameless pathos in the air
Which dwells with all things fair—
Spring, with her golden suns and silver rain,
Is with us once again.

In the deep heart of every forest tree
The blood is all aglee,
And there's a look about the leafless bowers
As if they dreamed of flowers.

Yet still on every side we trace the hand
Of winter in the land,
Save where the maple reddens on the lawn,
Flushed by the season's dawn.

But many gleams and shadows needs must pass
Along the budding grass
And weeks go by before the enamored South
Shall kiss the rose's mouth.

Still there's a sense of blossoms yet unborn
In the sweet airs of morn;
One almost looks to see the very street
Grow purple at his feet.
At times a fragrant breeze comes floating by,
And brings, you know not why,
A feeling as when eager crowds await,
Before a palace gate,

Some wondrous pageant; and you scarce would start
If from some beech's heart
A blue-eyed dryad, stepping forth, should say,
"Behold me! I am May!"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Henry Timrod (1829-1867), one of the chief Southern poets, was born in Charleston, South Carolina, and educated at the University of Georgia. His father was the author of a volume of verse, and the son became a contributor of poems to *Russell's Magazine* and *The Southern Literary Messenger*. During the Civil War Timrod was war correspondent for a Charleston newspaper. In 1873 an edition of his poems appeared, edited by his friend and fellow poet, Paul Hamilton Hayne.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Of what month is the poet writing? Explain the meaning of the first two lines in the second stanza.
2. What hopeful signs does the poet see that lead him to believe spring is near? What signs of approaching spring have you noticed that are not mentioned by the poet?
3. Have you ever waited with "eager crowds" for some wondrous pageant? Tell the class about it.

Library Reading. "Spring Song," Carman (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham); "Spring, the Travelling Man," Letts (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King); "March," Smith (in *High Tide*, Richards); "Spring Prophecies," Hayne, and "March," Wordsworth (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "Song" from *Pippa Passes*, Browning, "New Life," Burr, "Over the Wintry Threshold," Carman, "The Waking Year," Dickinson, "Early Spring," Tennyson (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

HOME-THOUGHTS, FROM ABROAD

ROBERT BROWNING

Oh, to be in England,
Now that April's there!
And whoever wakes in England
Sees, some morning, unaware,
That the lowest boughs and the brushwood sheaf

SPRING IN THE WOODS

Round the elm-tree bole are in tiny leaf,
While the chaffinch sings on the orchard bough
In England—now!

And after April, when May follows,
And the whitethroat builds, and all the swallows!
Hark, where my blossomed pear tree in the hedge
Leans to the field and scatters on the clover
Blossoms and dewdrops—at the bent spray's edge—
That's the wise thrush; he sings each song twice over,
Lest you should think he never could recapture
The first fine, careless rapture!
And though the fields look rough with hoary dew,
All will be gay when noontide wakes anew
The buttercups, the little children's dower,
—Far brighter than this gaudy melon-flower!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Robert Browning (1812-1889) was born in a suburb of London. His four grandparents were respectively of English, German, Scotch, and Creole birth. His father was fond of writing verse, and his mother was very musical. Browning's education was gained from a private school in the neighborhood and from tutors at home. In 1846 he married the poet, Elizabeth Barrett, and they lived for years in the old palace, Casa Guidi, in Florence, Italy. After the death of his wife he returned to England, but spent most of his summers abroad. He died in Venice, but is buried in the Poets' Corner of Westminster Abbey, London.

Much of Browning's poetry is difficult reading. He condenses a great deal of thought into one phrase or word, and leaves much to the imagination of the reader. His short poems are comparatively simple and melodious.

Questions and Topics

1. Browning wrote this poem while in Italy; read the lines that show his longing for England. What signs of spring were recalled by the poet?

2. Tell why buttercups are the "little children's dower." To what flower in Italy is the buttercup compared? Describe in a brief talk what you love best in the springtime in your locality.

3. Notice the beautiful setting given to the thrush; which words add especially to the beauty of the picture? Memorize the lovely description of the thrush's song.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read: "Go Down to Kew in Lilac-time," Noyes, from "The Barrel-Organ" (in *Poems*); "En Napoli," Daly (in *High Tide*, Richards); "Apple Blossoms," Martin (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "Spring Song," Conway (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*). Compare these poems with "Home-Thoughts, from Abroad." Which one do you like best?

Library Reading. "Home-Thoughts, from the Sea," Browning (in *Selected Poems by Browning*, Burton); "When Spring Comes Back to England," Noyes (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "America for Me," van Dyke (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "Spring in England," Going, "Tewkesbury Road," Masefield, "An April Morning," Carman, "Springtime in Cookham Dean," Roberts (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King); "Home," Swift (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham).

MAY IS BUILDING HER HOUSE

Richard Le Gallienne

May is building her house. With apple blooms
She is roofing over the glimmering rooms;
Of the oak and the beech hath she builded its beams,
And, spinning all day at her secret looms,
With arras of leaves each wind-swayed wall
She pictureth over, and peopleth it all
With echoes and dreams,
And singing of streams.

May is building her house of petal and blade;
Of the roots of the oak is the flooring made,
With a carpet of mosses and lichen and clover,
Each small miracle over and over,
And tender, traveling green things strayed.

Her windows the morning and evening star,
And her rustling doorways, ever ajar
With the coming and going
Of fair things blowing,
The thresholds of the four winds are.

May is building her house. From the dust of things
She is making the songs and the flowers and the wings;
From October's tossed and trodden gold
She is making the young year out of the old;
Yea! out of winter's flying sleet
She is making all the summer sweet,
And the brown leaves spurned of November's feet
She is changing back again to spring's.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Richard Le Gallienne (1866-   ), author and journalist, is "English by birth and education, but American by long residence." He was born in Liverpool, England, and educated at Liverpool College. On leaving college, he entered business, which, however, he abandoned after seven years, for literature. He first visited the United States on a lecture tour in 1898. A few years later he returned to this country, where he has since lived, in or near New York City.

A person who looks so well the part of a poet, and bears at the same time so "liquid and exotic" a name as does Richard Le Gallienne, could scarcely be else than a poet. And the best of his writings, whether prose or poetry, reveals "an instinctive perception of the beautiful in life, nature, and art, and no common power of giving beautiful form to the thoughts and feelings engendered by this perception."

The Lonely Dancer, from which Le Gallienne's poems, "I Meant to Do My Work Today" (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*) and "May Is Building Her House," are taken, contains many other lovely nature lyrics.

Questions and Topics

1. How does the poet personify May?

2. If an artist were to make a sketch of May's house as described in the first two stanzas, what details should he put in? What details mentioned in the third stanza would be difficult to include in this sketch? How might they be indicated?

3. What three things form the main design of the carpet for May's house? If you have ever noticed the design of a handsome carpet, it will be easy to see how lines 12 and 13 furnish the smaller details of the carpet design. What might some of the small miracles and "tender, traveling green things" be?

4. Which line in the last stanza really expresses the main thought of the stanza? What does this line mean to you? In connection with this stanza, the following lines from Philip Freneau's "May to April" may be helpful and interesting:

"Without your showers, I breed no flowers;
Each field a barren waste appears.
If you don't weep, my flowers sleep,
They take such pleasure in your tears."

Class Reading. 1. Select and read aloud the lines that seem most musical to you. 2. Choose a classmate who can read the entire poem aloud to the class in such a way as to bring out its singing quality.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) When you were in the lower grades, you probably made May baskets and filled them with blossoms, to be distributed among teachers and friends on the first of May. Read Robert Herrick's poem, "Corinna's Going a-Maying" (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson) and consult *Compton's Pictured Encyclopedia*, Volume 5, or any other good source book, for suggestions as to old May-day customs and festivals. Organize your information into an interesting account of either "The Custom of May-day" or "The Meaning of the May," and obtain permission from your teacher to present it to one of the lower grades.

Suggested Problem. Perhaps you yourself would like to make a sketch of the scene described in the poem for this month's bulletin board. You might suggest that your class select a committee for this project.

Library Reading. "A Spring Lilt," "Song: On May Morning," Milton, "May," Hovell-Thurlow, "May," MacCarthy (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "May Magic," Scollard (in *Ballads, Patriotic and Romantic*); "A May Madrigal," Sherman (in *High Tide*, Richards).

A VAGABOND SONG

Bliss Carman

There is something in the Autumn that is native to my blood—
Touch of manner, hint of mood;
And my heart is like a rime,
With the yellow and the purple and the crimson keeping time.

The scarlet of the maples can shake me like a cry
Of bugles going by.
And my lonely spirit thrills
To see the frosty asters like smoke upon the hills.

There is something in October sets the gipsy blood astir;
We must rise and follow her,
When from every hill of flame
She calls and calls each vagabond by name.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography, see page 77.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. To what does the poet say his heart keeps time? Where does he see these colors? How does the color of the maples affect him? What connection do you see between scarlet and the sound of bugles?

2. To what does the poet compare the color of the asters? How does Carman make you feel the "flame" color of the hills?

3. Who calls the vagabond by name? Who is the vagabond? Compare your own feelings about autumn scenery with the emotions expressed by the poet.

Library Reading. "Cadences," Clover, "The Song My Paddle Sings," Johnson, "The Joy of the Hills," Markham, "The Remedy," Kemp, "Wander-thirst," Gould (in *Poems of Today*, Cooper); "Up a Hill and a Hill," Davis, "The Path That Leads to Nowhere," Robinson (in *The Melody of Earth*, Richards).

"FROST TONIGHT"

EDITH M. THOMAS

Apple-green west and an orange bar,
And the crystal eye of a lone, one star . . .
And, "Child, take the shears and cut what you will;
Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still."

Then I sally forth, half sad, half proud,
And I come to the velvet, imperial crowd,
The wine-red, the gold, the crimson, the pied,
The dahlias that reign by the garden-side.

The dahlias I might not touch till tonight!
A gleam of the shears in the fading light,
And I gathered them all—the splendid throng—
And in one great sheaf I bore them along.

In my garden of Life with its all-late flowers
I heed a Voice in the shrinking hours:
"Frost tonight—so clear and dead-still . . ."
Half sad, half proud, my arms I fill.

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7. **pied** (pīd), of various colors.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Edith Matilda Thomas (1854-1925) was born in Chatham, Ohio, and educated at the State Normal Institute. She was a contributor to local newspapers for some time before the publication of her first book, *A New Year's Masque*, which at once gained for her a place among America's poets. Other volumes of poems followed this. *The Inverted Torch*, *In Sunshine Land*, and *A Winter Swallow* are among her best-known volumes.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Who is speaking in the first stanza? How do you account for the fact that the dahlias had not been cut before? How did the child feel when told to cut the flowers? Why?

2. The poet compares life to a garden; what things in life may be called its flowers? What Voice speaks in the last stanza?

3. What does the poet mean when she refers to the frost that comes to the garden of Life?

Library Reading. "Frost," Thomas (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham); "First Frost," Curran (in *This Singing World*, Untermeyer); "The Frost," Gould (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "The Frost Spirit," Whittier (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "When the Frost Is on the Punkin," Riley (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King).

BLOW, BLOW, THOU WINTER WIND

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

Blow, blow, thou winter wind;
Thou art not so unkind
As man's ingratitude;
Thy tooth is not so keen
Because thou art not seen,
Although thy breath be rude.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

Freeze, freeze, thou bitter sky;
Thou dost not bite so nigh
As benefits forgot;
Though thou the waters warp,
Thy sting is not so sharp
As friend remembered not.
Heigh-ho! sing, heigh-ho! unto the green holly;
Most friendship is feigning, most loving mere folly.
Then heigh-ho! the holly!
This life is most jolly.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 70.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

Note. This song, "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," is from Shakespeare's comedy *As You Like It,* a story of the adventures of a group of courtiers and rustics in the forest of Arden. A charming element in Shakespeare's romantic comedies is the introduction of song-poems, or lyrics. All of the writers of those days, the days of Queen Elizabeth, wrote songs. England was a nest of "singing birds." They were real songs, too, filled with joy and musical language, and all of the people sang them to the accompaniment of the quaint musical instruments of the time. And all of the people took part in the games and pageants in "Merrie England," and listened to the strange tales of seafarers, and went to the playhouse to see Shakespeare's *As You Like It.*

1. To what tree does the poet sing in the winter time? Do you agree with the poet's statement in the eighth line? Give reasons for your answer. What does Shakespeare believe is "not so keen" as ingratitude?

2. What change of feeling do you notice after line 6? What do you think caused this change? Read aloud the lines that show that the poet did not really think that "life is most jolly."

3. Which word in the first stanza is explained by line 3 of the second stanza? Find a word in the first stanza that gives the same thought as the second line of the second stanza. Memorize one of the stanzas.

4. For music by Whiting for "Blow, Blow, Thou Winter Wind," see *Laurel Octavo.*

Suggested Problem. Arrange a nature program in your school, making use of the poems and prose selections you have read in this book. You may wish to have a bulletin board exhibit of pictures of animals, birds, trees, and flowers. Make appropriate posters and slogans for your advertising campaign to precede the program. Perhaps you may wish to have an outdoor spring pageant, the plan for which you would write in your classroom as a result of your recent study of the literature of nature. A fitting conclusion for your celebration may be the planting of a class tree on your school lawn or in some public park.

Library Reading. "The Wind," Lowell (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "The Great Blizzard," Garland, and "The Snow Storm," Emerson (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "The Winds," Cawein (in *Poems*); "The West Wind," Masefield (in *Salt Water Ballads*); "Ode to the Northeast Wind," Kingsley (in *Golden Numbers,* Wiggin and Smith); "Storm King," Taylor, and "Do You Fear the Wind?" Garland (in *The Home Book of Verse,* Stevenson).

THE WORLD OF NATURE

A Backward Look

Just as a merchant takes stock at stated times to see exactly what returns his business has brought him, so you, too, after studying the selections in Part I may pause to measure the definite gains your reading has brought to you.

In this age of many books, magazines, and newspapers, one needs to know what is worth spending time upon and what is to be skimmed over hastily. Your reading of "What Literature Is," pages 11 and 12, helped you, no doubt, gradually to be able to judge for yourself what has permanent and what has only fleeting value. With the Table of Contents, pages 5 and 6, before you, point out, in Part I, examples of literature that express (a) *facts* of life, (b) *interpretation* of life, (c) *beauty* of life. Which selections impressed you particularly by the beauty of their form and expression?

With the Contents before you tell what plan was followed in grouping the selections in Part I. Tell how each of the following helps you to appreciate the general subject of Part I: the quotation, page 15; the picture, page 16; A Forward Look, page 17; "The Camper's Creed," page 18.

You read in A Forward Look, page 17, "the deeds that the forces of nature perform at man's bidding are astounding"; mention some of the wonderful uses that man has made of Nature's forces. Among the authors in Part I you find both poets and naturalists; with the Contents before you name ten well-known poets and five well-known naturalists. What difference do you notice between the poet's treatment of a bird subject and that of a naturalist such as Audubon?

Ernest Thompson Seton and Enos A. Mills have not only told interesting stories, but they have shown you qualities in Coaly-Bay and Black Diamond that will make other animals more interesting and your treatment of them more sympathetic. Which story in this animal group did you find the most exciting? Which one gave you the most interesting information?

A poet sees and feels; and with magic words he makes us see and feel what he has experienced. A poet interprets; he gives new meaning to common experiences and expresses this meaning in language of "enduring charm"; in which poems do the authors interpret bird and flower in terms of some great truth? In which poems do the authors give us merely a happy, whimsical fancy?

Compare "Pine Trees and the Sky: Evening" with "To a Waterfowl"; what points of resemblance do you find? Show that Rupert Brooke followed the plan used by Bryant, that is, a fact in the poet's life, the interpretation of it, and the poet's sure instinct for beauty of expression.

What did you learn about the distinguishing characteristics of the lyric? Have you learned at least one lyric by heart as part of your literary equipment so that hereafter whenever you hear or see the word lyric you will always recall the words of your favorite one?

You will find it interesting to test your memory on the biographies of the authors studied in Part I. With the list of authors in the Contents before you, see how many facts you can recall with each name as you go down the list.

Which Problems suggested in Part I did your class work out? What is your class doing to help conserve wild flowers, trees, birds, and other animal life? Which bulletin board exhibit proved to be the most interesting? Discuss the pictures in Part I; what do they add to your understanding and enjoyment of the selections? Locate in "The Camper's Creed" the quotation under the picture on page 16.

What progress have you made in becoming acquainted with your library—the arrangement of the books, the card catalogue, and *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature?* Are you keeping a record of your library reading as suggested on page 27? What acquaintance with contemporary writers have you made through your library reading? What progress has your class made with its scrapbook for newspaper clippings, pictures, and cartoons? What interesting facts have you learned about your local newspaper?

PART II

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

Some bold adventurers disdain
The limits of their little reign,
And unknown regions dare descry.
—Thomas Gray.

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SIR GALAHAD

THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

A Forward Look

Adventure is an experience out of the ordinary. It need not be thrilling in the sense that an escape from a wild beast or from a fire is thrilling. When Rupert Brooke became aware of the beauty of the pine trees, and of the effect of this vision upon his sadness, that was an adventure. When Wordsworth heard the lark far above him and fell to wondering about the singer and found in it a symbol of life, that, too, was an adventure.

The records of these adventures give us literature. The necessary element is imagination. If the poet's imagination had been asleep, he never would have given us that poem about the pine trees and the sky. Our daily life is full of adventure if the imagination is active. People who are intensely interested in every form of life have no lack of adventure. For them life is not dull and prosy; it is filled with the spice of imagination.

In this section of your book you will find stories and poems that deal mainly with adventure in the usual sense of the word—a thrilling or exciting experience. Some of them, such as the "Incident of the French Camp," are based on real happenings. The poet did not himself pass through the adventures; yet through his imagination, he was able to picture the scenes so vividly that he seemed to have been present. Through his power of expression he has been able to picture them so clearly that as we read we, too, experience the adventure. Other stories of adventure, such as "The Highwayman," are based upon old legends dealing with events that have only a partial foundation of fact. A third type of story of adventure is purely imaginary; the events which it narrates never actually took place. The writer sees these imaginary events so vividly, however, that they seem as real as if they were matters of historical fact. An example is Poe's "The Masque of the Red Death," which you will read in this section of your book.

In all of these stories of adventure the element of imagination enters. Whether the author deals with an actual event, or an old legend, or a purely imaginary plot, he sees his story in action, just as if he were at the theater looking upon a story told through action. And he tells it to you in such a way that you, too, see it in action, as though you were at the theater by the author's side.

Shakespeare makes one of his characters say to the audience:

> Think, when we talk of horses, that
> you see them
> Printing their proud hoofs in the
> receiving earth.

The same advice holds true in reading. If you wish to get the greatest amount of pleasure from reading the selections that follow, you must learn to *see* these stories, to visualize them as though they were plays acted upon a stage. Many people do not do this; they may *know* the events of the story, the setting in which it took place and the names of the characters, but they miss the pleasure of seeing the people in action as if they were characters in a play.

You can train your mind to do this thing and make your reading creative. As you read the stories and poems of this group try to cultivate this power by asking yourself at each point, how the persons of the story look, and what the scene is. Try to think how you would paint them if you were an artist, or to visualize what the pictures would look like if they were made for a moving picture show.

For your reading of stories of adventure is your own private moving picture show, if you wish to have it that way. Such reading is a never-ending source of delight.

THE SEA GYPSY

RICHARD HOVEY

I am fevered with the sunset,
  I am fretful with the bay,
For the wander-thirst is on me
  And my soul is in Cathay.

There's a schooner in the offing,
  With her topsails shot with fire,
And my heart has gone aboard her
  For the Islands of Desire.

I must forth again tomorrow!
  With the sunset I must be,
Hull down on the trail of rapture
  In the wonder of the Sea.

ROMANCE IN PROSE AND VERSE

THE SIRE DE MALETROIT'S DOOR

Robert Louis Stevenson

Denis de Beaulieu was not yet two-and-twenty, but he counted himself a grown man, and a very accomplished cavalier into the bargain. Lads were early formed in that rough, warfaring epoch; and when one has been in a pitched battle and a dozen raids, has killed one's man in an honorable fashion, and knows a thing or two of strategy and mankind, a certain swagger in the gait is surely to be pardoned. He had put up his horse with due care, and supped with due deliberation; and then, in a very agreeable frame of mind, went out to pay a visit in the gray of the evening. It was not a very wise proceeding on the young man's part. He would have done better to remain beside the fire or go decently to bed. For the town was full of troops of Burgundy and England under a mixed command; and though Denis was there on safe-conduct, his safe-conduct was like to serve him little on a chance encounter.

It was September, 1429; the weather had fallen sharp; a flighty, piping wind, laden with showers, beat about the township; and the dead leaves ran riot along the streets. Here and there a window was already lighted up; and the noise of men-at-arms making merry over supper within came forth in fits and was swallowed up and carried away by the wind. The night fell swiftly; the flag of England, fluttering on the spire top, grew ever fainter and fainter against the flying clouds—a black speck like a swallow in the tumultuous, leaden chaos of the sky. As the night fell, the wind rose and began to hoot under archways and roar amid the tree-tops in the valley below the town.

Denis de Beaulieu walked fast and was soon knocking at his friend's door; but though he promised himself to stay only a little while and make an early return, his welcome was so pleasant, and he found so much to delay him, that it was already long past midnight before he said good-by upon the threshold. The wind had fallen again in the meanwhile; the night was

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21. **Burgundy**, a former independent province, now a part of France. 23. **safe-conduct**, a writing from one in authority to guarantee safety in traveling.

as black as the grave; not a star, nor a glimmer of moonshine, slipped through the canopy of cloud. Denis was ill-acquainted with the intricate lanes of Chateau Landon; even by daylight he had found some trouble in picking his way; and in this absolute darkness he soon lost it altogether. He was certain of one thing only—to keep mounting the hill; for his friend's house lay at the lower end, or tail, of Chateau Landon, while the inn was up at the head, under the great church spire. With this clew to go upon he stumbled and groped forward, now breathing more freely in the open places where there was a good slice of sky overhead, now feeling along the wall in stifling closes. It is an eerie and mysterious position to be thus submerged in opaque blackness in an almost unknown town. The silence is terrifying in its possibilities. The touch of cold window bars to the exploring hand startles a man like the touch of a toad; the inequalities of the pavement shake his heart into his mouth; a piece of denser darkness threatens an ambuscade or a chasm in the pathway; and where the air is brighter, the houses put on strange and bewildering appearances, as if to lead him farther from his way. For Denis, who had to regain his inn without attracting notice, there was real danger as well as mere discomfort in the walk; and he went warily and boldly at once, and at every corner paused to make an observation.

He had been for some time threading a lane so narrow that he could touch a wall with either hand, when it began to open out and go sharply downward. Plainly this lay no longer in the direction of his inn; but the hope of a little more light tempted him forward to reconnoiter. The lane ended in a terrace with a bartizan wall, which gave an outlook between high houses, as out of an embrasure, into the valley lying dark and formless several hundred feet below. Denis looked down, and could discern a few tree-tops waving and a single speck of brightness where the river ran across a weir. The weather was clearing up, and the sky had lightened, so as to show the outline of the heavier clouds and the dark margin of the hills. By the uncertain glimmer the house on his left hand should be a place of some pretensions; it was surmounted by several pinnacles and turret-tops; the round stern of a chapel, with a fringe of flying buttresses, projected boldly from the main block; and the door was sheltered under a deep porch carved with figures and overhung by two long gargoyles. The windows of the chapel gleamed through their intricate tracery with a light as of many tapers, and threw out the buttresses and the peaked roof in a more intense blackness against the sky. It was plainly the hotel of some great family of the neighborhood; and, as it reminded Denis of a town house of his own at Bourges, he stood for some time gazing up at it and mentally gauging the skill of the architects and the consideration of the two families.

There seemed to be no issue to the terrace but the lane by which he had reached it; he could only retrace his steps, but he had gained some notion of his whereabouts, and hoped by this means to hit the main thoroughfare

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5. **Chateau Landon** (shȧ'tō̃'), a section of the city.

47. **bartizan** (bär'tĭ-zăn), an overhanging structure for lookout or defense near the gateway. 49. **embrasure,** opening. 68. **gargoyle,** a water-spout in the form of a grotesque animal. 74. **hotel,** mansion. 77. **Bourges** (bo͞orzh), a city of central France.

and speedily regain the inn. He was reckoning without that chapter of accidents which was to make this night memorable above all others in his career; for he had not gone above a hundred yards before he saw a light coming to meet him, and heard loud voices speaking together in the echoing narrows of the lane. It was a party of men-at-arms going the night round with torches. Denis assured himself that they had all been making free with the wine-bowl, and were in no mood to be particular about safe-conducts or the niceties of chivalrous war. It was as like as not that they would kill him like a dog and leave him where he fell. The situation was inspiriting but nervous. Their own torches would conceal him from sight, he reflected; and he hoped that they would drown the noise of his footsteps with their own empty voices. If he were but fleet and silent, he might evade their notice altogether.

Unfortunately, as he turned to beat a retreat, his foot rolled upon a pebble; he fell against the wall with an ejaculation, and his sword rang loudly on the stones. Two or three voices demanded who went there—some in French, some in English; but Denis made no reply, and ran the faster down the lane. Once upon the terrace, he paused to look back. They still kept calling after him, and just then began to double the pace in pursuit, with a considerable clank of armor and great tossing of the torchlight to and fro in the narrow jaws of the passage.

Denis cast a look around and darted into the porch. There he might escape observation, or—if that were too much to expect—was in a capital posture whether for parley or defense. So thinking, he drew his sword and tried to set his back against the door. To his surprise it yielded to his weight; and though he turned in a moment, it continued to swing back on oiled and noiseless hinges until it stood wide open on a black interior. When things fall out opportunely for the person concerned, he is not apt to be critical about the how or why, his own immediate personal convenience seeming a sufficient reason for the strangest oddities and revolutions in our sublunary things; and so Denis, without a moment's hesitation, stepped within, and partly closed the door behind him to conceal his place of refuge. Nothing was further from his thoughts than to close it altogether; but for some inexplicable reason—perhaps by a spring or a weight—the ponderous mass of oak whipped itself out of his fingers and clanked to, with a formidable rumble and a noise like the falling of an automatic bar.

The round, at that very moment, debouched upon the terrace and proceeded to summon him with shouts and curses. He heard them ferreting in the dark corners; the stock of a lance even rattled along the outer surface of the door behind which he stood; but these gentlemen were in too high a humor to be long delayed, and soon made off down a corkscrew pathway which had escaped Denis's observation, and passed out of sight and hearing along the battlements of the town.

Denis breathed again. He gave them a few minutes' grace for fear of accidents, and then groped about for some means of opening the door and

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19. **inspiriting**, encouraging.

58. **sublunary things**, earthly affairs. 71. **round**, watchmen. 72. **debouched** (dē-bo͞osht′), came out.

slipping forth again. The inner surface was quite smooth; not a handle, not a molding, not a projection of any sort. He got his finger nails round the edges and pulled, but the mass was immovable. He shook it; it was as firm as a rock. Denis de Beaulieu frowned and gave vent to a little noiseless whistle. What ailed the door, he wondered. Why was it open? How came it to shut so easily and so effectually after him? There was something obscure and underhand about all this, that was little to the young man's fancy.

It looked like a snare, and yet who could suppose a snare in such a quiet by-street and in a house of so prosperous and even noble an exterior? And yet—snare or no snare, intentionally or unintentionally—here he was, prettily trapped; and for the life of him he could see no way out of it again. The darkness began to weigh upon him. He gave ear; all was silent without, but within and close by he seemed to catch a faint sighing, a faint sobbing rustle, a little stealthy creak—as though many persons were at his side, holding themselves quite still, and governing even their respiration with the extreme of slyness. The idea went to his vitals with a shock, and he faced about suddenly as if to defend his life. Then, for the first time, he became aware of a light about the level of his eyes and at some distance in the interior of the house—a vertical thread of light, widening toward the bottom, such as might escape between two wings of arras over a doorway.

To see anything was a relief to Denis; it was like a piece of solid ground to a man laboring in a morass; his mind seized upon it with avidity; and he stood staring at it and trying to piece together some logical conception of his surroundings. Plainly there was a flight of steps ascending from his own level to that of this illuminated doorway, and indeed he thought he could make out another thread of light, as fine as a needle and as faint as phosphorescence, which might very well be reflected along the polished wood of a handrail. Since he had begun to suspect that he was not alone, his heart had continued to beat with smothering violence, and an intolerable desire for action of any sort had possessed itself of his spirit. He was in deadly peril, he believed. What could be more natural than to mount the staircase, lift the curtain, and confront his difficulty at once? At least he would be dealing with something tangible; at least he would be no longer in the dark. He stepped slowly forward with outstretched hands, until his foot struck the bottom step; then he rapidly scaled the stairs, stood for a moment to compose his expression, lifted the arras, and went in.

He found himself in a large apartment of polished stone. There were three doors, one on each of three sides; all were similarly curtained with tapestry. The fourth side was occupied by two large windows and a great stone chimney-piece, carved with the arms of the Maletroits. Denis recognized the bearings, and was gratified to find himself in such good hands. The room was strongly illuminated; but it contained little furniture except a heavy table and a chair or two; the hearth was innocent of fire; and the pavement was but sparsely

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40. **arras** (ăr′ăs), hanging of tapestry.

87. **innocent of fire**, without fire.

strewn with rushes clearly many days old.

On a high chair beside the chimney, and directly facing Denis as he entered, sat a little old gentleman in a fur tippet. He sat with his legs crossed and his hands folded, and a cup of spiced wine stood by his elbow on a bracket on the wall. His countenance had a strong masculine cast; not properly human, but such as we see in the bull, the goat, or the domestic boar; something equivocal and wheedling, something greedy, brutal, and dangerous. The upper lip was inordinately full, as though swollen by a blow or a toothache; and the smile, the peaked eyebrows, and the small, strong eyes were quaintly and almost comically evil in expression. Beautiful white hair hung straight all round his head, like a saint's, and fell in a single curl upon the tippet. His beard and mustache were the pink of venerable sweetness. Age, probably in consequence of inordinate precautions, had left no mark upon his hands; and the Maletroit hand was famous. It would be difficult to imagine anything at once so fleshly and so delicate in design; the taper, sensual fingers were like those of one of Leonardo's women; the fork of the thumb made a dimpled protuberance when closed; the nails were perfectly shaped, and of a dead, surprising whiteness. It rendered his aspect tenfold more redoubtable, that a man with hands like these should keep them devoutly folded like a virgin martyr—that a man with so intent and startling an expression of face should sit patiently on his seat and contemplate people with an unwinking stare, like a god, or a god's statue. His quiescence seemed ironical and treacherous, it fitted so poorly with his looks.

Such was Alain, Sire de Maletroit.

Denis and he looked silently at each other for a second or two.

"Pray step in," said the Sire de Maletroit. "I have been expecting you all the evening."

He had not risen, but he accompanied his words with a smile and a slight but courteous inclination of the head. Partly from the smile, partly from the strange musical murmur with which the Sire prefaced his observation, Denis felt a strong shudder of disgust go through his marrow. And what with disgust and honest confusion of mind, he could scarcely get words together in reply.

"I fear," he said, "that this is a double accident. I am not the person you suppose me. It seems you were looking for a visit; but for my part, nothing was further from my thoughts—nothing could be more contrary to my wishes—than this intrusion."

"Well, well," replied the old gentleman indulgently, "here you are, which is the main point. Seat yourself, my friend, and put yourself entirely at your ease. We shall arrange our little affairs presently."

Denis perceived that the matter was still complicated with some misconception, and he hastened to continue his explanations.

"Your door—" he began.

"About my door?" asked the other, raising his peaked eyebrows. "A little piece of ingenuity." And he shrugged his shoulders. "A hospitable fancy! By your own account, you were not

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1. **rushes**, coarse dry grass spread over the floor in place of rugs. 13. **equivocal** (ē-kwĭv′ō-kăl), indefinite. 32. **Leonardo's women** (lā-ō-när′dō), the women painted by Leonardo da Vinci, a famous Italian painter (1452-1519).

desirous of making my acquaintance. We old people look for such reluctance now and then; when it touches our honor, we cast about until we find some way of overcoming it. You arrive uninvited, but believe me, very welcome."

"You persist in error, sir," said Denis. "There can be no questions between you and me. I am a stranger in this countryside. My name is Denis, damoiseau de Beaulieu. If you see me in your house, it is only——"

"My young friend," interrupted the other, "you will permit me to have my own ideas on that subject. They probably differ from yours at the present moment," he added with a leer, "but time will show which of us is in the right."

Denis was convinced he had to do with a lunatic. He seated himself with a shrug, content to wait the upshot; and a pause ensued, during which he thought he could distinguish a hurried gabbling as of a prayer from behind the arras immediately opposite him. Sometimes there seemed to be but one person engaged, sometimes two; and the vehemence of the voice, low as it was, seemed to indicate either great haste or an agony of spirit. It occurred to him that this piece of tapestry covered the entrance to the chapel he had noticed from without.

The old gentleman meanwhile surveyed Denis from head to foot with a smile, and from time to time emitted little noises like a bird or a mouse, which seemed to indicate a high degree of satisfaction. This state of matters became rapidly insupportable; and Denis, to put an end to it, remarked politely that the wind had gone down.

The old gentleman fell into a fit of silent laughter, so prolonged and violent that he became quite red in the face. Denis got upon his feet at once and put on his hat with a flourish.

"Sir," he said, "if you are in your wits, you have affronted me grossly. If you are out of them, I flatter myself I can find better employment for my brains than to talk with lunatics. My conscience is clear; you have made a fool of me from the first moment; you have refused to hear my explanations; and now there is no power under God will make me stay here any longer; and if I cannot make my way out in a more decent fashion, I will hack your door in pieces with my sword."

The Sire de Maletroit raised his right hand and wagged it at Denis with the fore and little fingers extended.

"My dear nephew," he said, "sit down."

"Nephew!" retorted Denis, "you lie in your throat"; and he snapped his fingers in his face.

"Sit down, you rogue!" cried the old gentleman, in a sudden, harsh voice, like the barking of a dog. "Do you fancy," he went on, "that when I had made my little contrivance for the door I had stopped short with that? If you prefer to be bound hand and foot till your bones ache, rise and try to go away. If you choose to remain a free young buck, agreeably conversing with an old gentleman—why, sit where you are in peace, and God be with you."

"Do you mean I am a prisoner?" demanded Denis.

"I state the facts," replied the other. "I would rather leave the conclusion to yourself."

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12. **damoiseau** (dăm'ĭ-zō), a young noble not yet made a knight.

Denis sat down again. Externally he managed to keep pretty calm, but within, he was now boiling with anger, now chilled with apprehension. He no longer felt convinced that he was dealing with a madman. And if the old gentleman was sane, what, in God's name, had he to look for? What absurd or tragical adventure had befallen him? What countenance was he to assume?

While he was thus unpleasantly reflecting, the arras that overhung the chapel door was raised, and a tall priest in his robes came forth, and, giving a long, keen stare at Denis, said something in an undertone to Sire de Maletroit.

"She is in a better frame of spirit?" asked the latter.

"She is more resigned, messire," replied the priest.

"Now, the Lord help her, she is hard to please!" sneered the old gentleman. "A likely stripling—not ill-born—and of her own choosing, too! Why, what more would the jade have?"

"The situation is not usual for a young damsel," said the other, "and somewhat trying to her blushes."

"She should have thought of that before she began the dance! It was none of my choosing, God knows that; but since she is in it, by our Lady, she shall carry it to the end." And then addressing Denis, "Monsieur de Beaulieu," he asked, "may I present you to my niece? She has been waiting your arrival, I may say, with greater impatience than myself."

Denis had resigned himself with a good grace—all he desired was to know the worst of it as speedily as possible; so he arose at once, and bowed in acquiescence. The Sire de Maletroit followed his example and limped toward the chapel door, and entered. The building had considerable architectural pretensions. A light groining sprang from six stout columns, and hung down in two rich pendants from the center of the vault. The place terminated behind the altar in a round end, embossed and honeycombed with a superfluity of ornament in relief, and pierced by many little windows shaped like stars, trefoils, or wheels. These windows were imperfectly glazed, so that the night air circulated freely in the chapel. The tapers, of which there must have been half a hundred burning on the altar, were unmercifully blown about; and the light went through many different phases of brilliancy and semi-eclipse. On the steps in front of the altar knelt a young girl richly attired as a bride. A chill settled over Denis as he observed her costume; he fought with desperate energy against the conclusion that was being thrust upon his mind; it could not—it should not—be as he feared.

"Blanche," said the Sire, in his most flute-like tones, "I have brought a friend to see you, my little girl; turn round and give him your pretty hand. It is good to be devout; but it is necessary to be polite, my niece."

The girl rose to her feet and turned toward the newcomers. She moved all of a piece; and shame and exhaustion were expressed in every line of her fresh young body; and she held her head down and kept her eyes upon the pavement, as she came slowly forward. In the course of her advance her eyes fell upon Denis de Beaulieu's feet—feet of which he was justly vain, be it

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21. **messire** (mĕ'sēr'), sir.

49. **groining**, the intersection of arched structures.

remarked, and wore in the most elegant accouterment even while traveling. She paused—started, as if his yellow boots had conveyed some shocking meaning—and glanced suddenly up into the wearer's countenance. Their eyes met; shame gave place to horror and terror in her looks; the blood left her lips; with a piercing scream she covered her face with her hands and sank upon the chapel floor.

"That is not the man!" she cried. "My uncle, that is not the man!"

The Sire de Maletroit chirped agreeably. "Of course not," he said; "I expected as much. It was so unfortunate you could not remember his name."

"Indeed," she cried, "indeed, I have never seen this person till this moment —I have never so much as set eyes upon him—I never wish to see him again. Sir," she said, turning to Denis, "if you are a gentleman, you will bear me out. Have I ever seen you—have you ever seen me—before this accursed hour?"

"To speak for myself, I have never had that pleasure," answered the young man. "This is the first time, messire, that I have met with your engaging niece."

The old gentleman shrugged his shoulders.

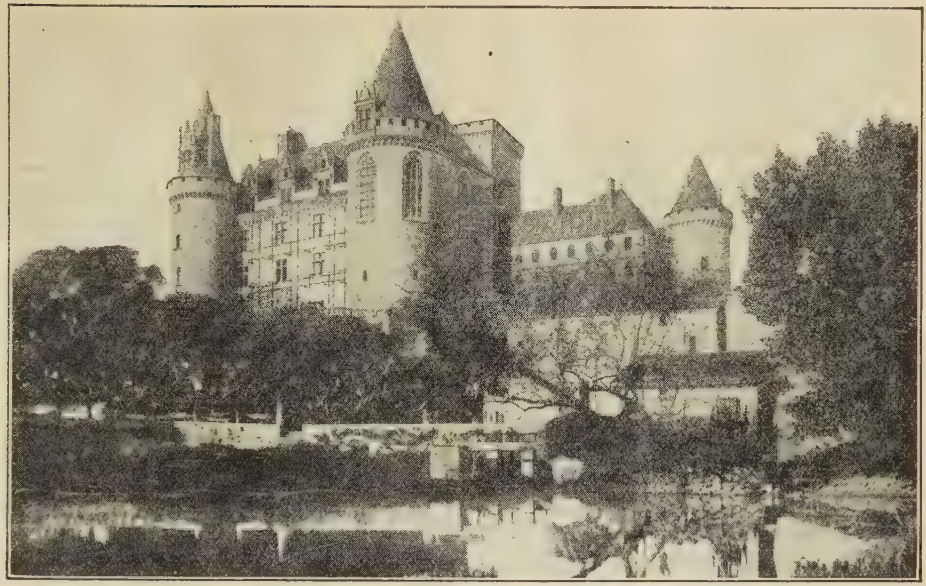
"I am distressed to hear it," he said. "But it is never too late to begin. I had little more acquaintance with my own late lady ere I married her; which proves," he added, with a grimace, "that these impromptu marriages may often produce an excellent understanding in the long run. As the bridegroom is to have a voice in the matter, I will give him two hours to make up for lost time before we proceed with the ceremony." And he turned toward the door.

The girl was on her feet in a moment. "My uncle, you cannot be in earnest," she said. "I declare before God I will stab myself rather than be forced on that young man. The heart rises at it; God forbids such marriages; you dishonor your white hair. Oh, my uncle, pity me! There is not a woman in all the world but would prefer death to such a nuptial. Is it possible," she added, faltering—"is it possible that you do not believe me—that you still think this"—and she pointed at Denis with a tremor of anger and contempt —"that you still think *this* to be the man?"

"Frankly," said the old gentleman, pausing on the threshold, "I do. But let me explain to you once for all, Blanche de Maletroit, my way of thinking about this affair. When you took it into your head to dishonor my family and the name that I have borne, in peace and war, for more than threescore years, you forfeited, not only the right to question my designs, but that of looking me in the face. If your father had been alive, he would have spat on you and turned you out of doors. His was the hand of iron. You may bless your God you have only to deal with the hand of velvet, mademoiselle. It was my duty to get you married without delay. Out of pure good-will I have tried to find your own gallant for you. And I believe I have succeeded. But before God and all the holy angels, Blanche de Maletroit, if I have not, I care not one jackstraw. So let me recommend you to be polite to our young friend; for, upon my word, your next groom may be less appetizing."

And with that he went out.

87. groom, bridegroom.



A MEDIEVAL FRENCH CASTLE

The girl turned upon Denis with flashing eyes.

"And what, sir," she demanded, "may be the meaning of all this?"

"God knows," returned Denis, gloomily. "I am a prisoner in this house, which seems full of mad people. More I know not; and nothing do I understand."

"And pray, how came you here?" she asked.

He told her as briefly as he could. "For the rest," he added, "perhaps you will follow my example, and tell me the answer to all these riddles, and what, in God's name, is like to be the end of it."

She stood silent for a little, and he could see her lips tremble and her tearless eyes burn with a feverish luster. Then she pressed her forehead in both hands.

"Alas, how my head aches!" she said, wearily—"to say nothing of my poor heart! But it is due to you to know my story, unmaidenly as it must seem. I am called Blanche de Maletroit; I have been without father or mother for—oh! for as long as I can recollect, and indeed I have been most unhappy all my life. Three months ago a young captain began to stand near me every day in church. I could see that I pleased him; I am much to blame, but I was so glad that anyone should love me; and when he passed me a letter, I took it home with me and read it with great pleasure. Since that time he has written many. He was so anxious to speak with me, poor fellow! and kept asking me to leave the door open some evening that we might have two words upon the stair. For he knew how much my uncle trusted me." She gave something like a sob at that, and it was a moment before she could go on. "My uncle is a hard man, but he is very shrewd," she said at last. "He has performed many feats in war, and was a great person at court, and much trusted by Queen Isabeau in old days. How he came to suspect me I cannot tell; but it is hard to keep anything from his knowledge; and this morning, as we came from mass, he took my hand in his, forced it open, and read my little billet, walking by my side all the while.

"When he finished, he gave it back to me with great politeness. It contained another request to have the door left open; and this has been the ruin of us all. My uncle kept me strictly in my room until evening, and then ordered me to dress myself as you see me—a hard mockery for a young girl, do you not think so? I suppose, when he could not prevail with me to tell him the young captain's name, he must have laid a trap for him; into which, alas! you have fallen in the anger of God. I looked for much confusion; for how could I tell whether he was willing to take me for his wife on these sharp terms? He might have been trifling with me from the first; or I might have made myself too cheap in his eyes. But truly I had not looked for such a shameful punishment as this! I could not think that God would let a girl be so disgraced before a young man. And now I tell you all; and I can scarcely hope that you will not despise me."

Denis made her a respectful inclination. "Madam," he said, "you have honored me by your confidence. It remains for me to prove that I am not unworthy of the honor. Is Messire de Maletroit at hand?"

"I believe he is writing in the salle without," she answered.

"May I lead you thither, madam?" asked Denis, offering his hand with his most courtly bearing.

She accepted it; and the pair passed out of the chapel, Blanche in a very drooping and shamefast condition, but Denis strutting and ruffling in the consciousness of a mission, and the boyish certainty of accomplishing it with honor.

The Sire de Maletroit rose to meet them with an ironical obeisance.

"Sir," said Denis, with the grandest possible air, "I believe I am to have some say in the matter of this marriage; and let me tell you at once, I will be no party to forcing the inclination of this young lady. Had it been freely offered me, I should have been proud to accept her hand, for I perceive she is as good as she is beautiful; but as things are, I have now the honor, messire, of refusing."

Blanche looked at him with gratitude in her eyes; but the old gentleman only smiled and smiled, until his smile grew positively sickening to Denis.

"I am afraid," he said, "Monsieur de Beaulieu, that you do not perfectly understand the choice I have offered you. Follow me, I beseech you, to this window." And he led the way to one of the large windows which stood open on the night. "You observe," he went on, "there is an iron ring in the upper masonry, and reeved through that, a very efficacious rope. Now, mark my words: if you should find your disinclination to my niece's person insurmountable, I shall have you hanged out of this window before sunrise. I shall only proceed to such an extremity with the greatest regret, you may believe me. For it is not at

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2. **Isabeau** (ĭz'ȧ-bō), a queen of France. 8. **billet**, short letter. 42. **salle** (sȧl), room.

79. **reeved**, fastened.

all your death that I desire, but my niece's establishment in life. At the same time, it must come to that if you prove obstinate. Your family, Monsieur de Beaulieu, is very well in its way, but if you sprang from Charlemagne, you should not refuse the hand of a Maletroit with impunity—not if she had been as common as the Paris road—not if she was as hideous as the gargoyle over my door. Neither my niece nor you, nor my own private feelings, move me at all in this matter. The honor of my house has been compromised; I believe you to be the guilty person—at least you are now in the secret; and you can hardly wonder if I request you to wipe out the stain. If you will not, your blood be on your own head! It will be no great satisfaction to me to have your interesting relics kicking their heels in the breeze below my windows, but half a loaf is better than no bread, and if I cannot cure the dishonor, I shall at least stop the scandal."

There was a pause.

"I believe there are other ways of settling such imbroglios among gentlemen," said Denis. "You wear a sword, and I hear you have used it with distinction."

The Sire de Maletroit raised the arras over the third of the three doors. It was only a moment before he let it fall again; but Denis had time to see a dusky passage full of armed men.

"When I was a little younger, I should have been delighted to honor you, Monsieur de Beaulieu," said Sire Alain; "but I am now too old. Faithful retainers are the sinews of age, and I must employ the strength I have. This is one of the hardest things to swallow as a man grows up in years; but with a little patience even this becomes habitual. You and the lady seem to prefer the salle for what remains of your two hours; and as I have no desire to cross your preference, I shall resign it to your use with all the pleasure in the world. No haste!" he added, holding up his hand, as he saw a dangerous look come into Denis de Beaulieu's face. "If your mind revolt against hanging, it will be time enough two hours hence to throw yourself out of the window or upon the pikes of my retainers. Two hours of life are always two hours. A great many things may turn up in even as little a while as that. And, besides, if I understand her appearance, my niece has something to say to you. You will not disfigure your last hours by a want of politeness to a lady?"

Denis looked at Blanche, and she made him an imploring gesture.

It is likely that the old gentleman was hugely pleased at this symptom of an understanding; for he smiled on both, and added sweetly: "If you will give me your word of honor, Monsieur de Beaulieu, to await my return at the end of the two hours before attempting anything desperate, I shall withdraw my retainers, and let you speak in greater privacy with mademoiselle."

Denis again glanced at the girl, who seemed to beseech him to agree.

"I give you my word of honor," he said. Messire de Maletroit bowed, and proceeded to limp about the apartment, clearing his throat the while with that odd musical chirp which

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9. **gargoyle.** See note on line 68, page 148. 29. **imbroglios** (ĭm-brōl'yōz), embarrassing situations.

59. **pike,** weapon with a steel point.

had already grown so irritating in the ears of Denis de Beaulieu. He first possessed himself of some papers which lay upon the table; then he went to the mouth of the passage and appeared to give an order to the men behind the arras; and lastly he hobbled out through the door by which Denis had come in, turning upon the threshold to address a last smiling bow to the young couple.

No sooner were they alone than Blanche advanced toward Denis with her hands extended. Her face was flushed and excited, and her eyes shone with tears. "You shall not die!" she cried; "you shall marry me after all."

"You seem to think, madam," replied Denis, "that I stand much in fear of death."

"Oh, no, no," she said; "I see you are no poltroon. It is for my own sake—I could not bear to have you slain for such a scruple."

"I am afraid," returned Denis, "that you underrate the difficulty, madam. What you may be too generous to refuse, I may be too proud to accept. In a moment of noble feeling toward me, you forget what you perhaps owe to others."

He had the decency to keep his eyes on the floor as he said this, and after he had finished, so as not to spy upon her confusion. She stood silent for a moment, then walked suddenly away, and falling on her uncle's chair, fairly burst out sobbing. Denis was in the acme of embarrassment. He looked round, as if to seek for inspiration, and, seeing a stool, plumped down upon it for something to do. There he sat, playing with the guard of his rapier, and wishing himself dead a thousand times over and buried in the nastiest kitchen-heap in France. His eyes wandered round the apartment but found nothing to arrest them. There were such wide spaces between the furniture, the light fell so badly and cheerlessly over all, the dark outside air looked in so coldly through the windows, that he thought he had never seen a church so vast, nor a tomb so melancholy. The regular sobs of Blanche de Maletroit measured out the time like the ticking of a clock. He read the device upon the shield over and over again, until his eyes became obscured; he stared into shadowy corners until he imagined they were swarming with horrible animals; and every now and again he awoke with a start, to remember that his last two hours were running, and death was on the march.

Oftener and oftener, as the time went on, did his glance settle on the girl herself. Her face was bowed forward and covered with her hands, and she was shaken at intervals by the convulsive hiccough of grief. Even thus she was not an unpleasant object to dwell upon, so plump and yet so fine, with a warm brown skin, and the most beautiful hair, Denis thought, in the whole world of womankind. Her hands were like her uncle's; but they were more in place at the end of her young arms, and looked infinitely soft and caressing. He remembered how her blue eyes had shone upon him, full of anger, pity, and innocence. And the more he dwelt on her perfections, the uglier death looked, and the more deeply was he smitten with penitence at her continued tears. Now he felt

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23. **poltroon** (pŏl-trōōn′), coward. 44. **guard**, the horizontal piece between the handle and the blade.

44. **rapier** (rā′pĭ-ẽr), sword.

that no man could have the courage to leave a world which contained so beautiful a creature; and now he would have given forty minutes of his last hour to have unsaid his cruel speech.

Suddenly a hoarse and ragged peal of cockcrow rose to their ears from the dark valley below the windows. And this shattered noise in the silence of all around was like a light in a dark place, and shook them both out of their reflections.

"Alas, can I do nothing to help you?" she said, looking up.

"Madam," replied Denis, with a fine irrelevancy, "if I have said anything to wound you, believe me, it was for your own sake and not for mine." She thanked him with a tearful look.

"I feel your position cruelly," he went on. "The world has been bitter hard on you. Your uncle is a disgrace to mankind. Believe me, madam, there is no young gentleman in all France but would be glad of my opportunity, to die in doing you a momentary service."

"I know already that you can be very brave and generous," she answered. "What I *want* to know is whether I can serve you—now or afterwards," she added, with a quaver.

"Most certainly," he answered, with a smile. "Let me sit beside you as if I were a friend, instead of a foolish intruder; try to forget how awkwardly we are placed to one another; make my last moments go pleasantly; and you will do me the chief service possible."

"You are very gallant," she added, with a yet deeper sadness—"very gallant—and it somehow pains me. But draw nearer, if you please; and if you find anything to say to me, you will at least make certain of a very friendly listener. Ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu," she broke forth—"ah! Monsieur de Beaulieu, how can I look you in the face?" And she fell to weeping again with a renewed effusion.

"Madam," said Denis, taking her hand in both of his, "reflect on the little time I have before me, and the great bitterness into which I am cast by the sight of your distress. Spare me, in my last moments, the spectacle of what I cannot cure even with the sacrifice of my life."

"I am very selfish," answered Blanche. "I will be braver, Monsieur de Beaulieu, for your sake. But think if I can do you no kindness in the future—if you have no friends to whom I could carry your adieus. Charge me as heavily as you can; every burden will lighten, by so little, the invaluable gratitude I owe you. Put it in my power to do something more for you than weep."

"My mother is married again, and has a young family to care for. My brother Guichard will inherit my fiefs; and if I am not in error, that will content him amply for my death. Life is a little vapor that passeth away, as we are told by those in holy orders. When a man is in a fair way and sees all life open in front of him, he seems to himself to make a very important figure in the world. His horse whinnies to him; the trumpets blow and the girls look out of windows as he rides into town before his company; he receives many assurances of trust and regard—sometimes by express in a letter— sometimes face to face, with

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75. **fiefs** (fēfs), estates. 88. **express**, messenger.

persons of great consequence falling on his neck. It is not wonderful if his head is turned for a time. But once he is dead, were he as brave as Hercules or as wise as Solomon, he is soon forgotten. It is not ten years since my father fell, with many other knights around him, in a very fierce encounter, and I do not think that any one of them, nor as much as the name of the fight, is now remembered. No, no, madam, the nearer you come to it, you see that death is a dark and dusty corner, where a man gets into his tomb and has the door shut after him till the judgment day. I have few friends just now, and once I am dead I shall have none."

"Ah, Monsieur de Beaulieu!" she exclaimed, "you forget Blanche de Maletroit."

"You have a sweet nature, madam, and you are pleased to estimate a little service far beyond its worth."

"It is not that," she answered. "You mistake me if you think I am easily touched by my own concerns. I say so because you are the noblest man I have ever met; because I recognize in you a spirit that would have made even a common person famous in the land."

"And yet here I die in a mousetrap—with no more noise about it than my own squeaking," answered he.

A look of pain crossed her face, and she was silent for a little while. Then a light came into her eyes, and with a smile she spoke again.

"I cannot have my champion think meanly of himself. Anyone who gives his life for another will be met in paradise by all the heralds and angels of the Lord God. And you have no such cause to hang your head. For—Pray, do you think me beautiful?" she asked, with a deep flush.

"Indeed, madam, I do," he said.

"I am glad of that," she answered heartily. "Do you think there are many men in France who have been asked in marriage by a beautiful maiden—with her own lips—and who have refused her to her face? I know you men would half despise such a triumph; but believe me, we women know more of what is precious in love. There is nothing that should set a person higher in his own esteem; and we women would prize nothing more dearly."

"You are very good," he said, "but you cannot make me forget that I was asked in pity and not for love."

"I am not so sure of that," she replied, holding down her head. "Hear me to an end, Monsieur de Beaulieu. I know how you must despise me; I feel you are right to do so; I am too poor a creature to occupy one thought of your mind, although, alas! you must die for me this morning. But when I asked you to marry me, indeed, and indeed, it was because I respected and admired you, and loved you with my whole soul, from the very moment that you took my part against my uncle. If you had seen yourself, and how noble you looked, you would pity rather than despise me. And now," she went on, hurriedly checking him with her hand, "although I have laid aside all reserve and told you so much, remember that I know your sentiments toward me already. I would not, believe me, being nobly

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5. **Hercules** (hûr′kû-lēz), a Greek mythological hero noted for his strength and bravery. **Solomon**, a king of Israel noted for his wisdom.

born, weary you with importunities into consent. I too have a pride of my own; and I declare before the holy mother of God, if you should now go back from your word already given, I would no more marry you than I would marry my uncle's groom."

Denis smiled a little bitterly.

"It is a small love," he said, "that shies at a little pride."

She made no answer, although she probably had her own thoughts.

"Come hither to the window," he said with a sigh. "Here is the dawn."

And indeed the dawn was already beginning. The hollow of the sky was full of essential daylight, colorless and clean; and the valley underneath was flooded with a gray reflection. A few thin vapors clung in the coves of the forest or lay along the winding course of the river. The scene disengaged a surprising effect of stillness, which was hardly interrupted when the cocks began once more to crow among the steadings. Perhaps the same fellow who had made so horrid a clangor in the darkness, not half an hour before, now sent up the merriest cheer to greet the coming day. A little wind went bustling and eddying among the treetops underneath the windows. And still the daylight kept flooding insensibly out of the east, which was soon to grow incandescent and cast up that red-hot cannon-ball, the rising sun.

Denis looked out over all this with a bit of a shiver. He had taken her hand, and retained it in his almost unconsciously.

"Has the day begun already?" she said; and then illogically enough: "the night has been so long! Alas! what shall we say to my uncle when he returns?"

"What you will," said Denis; and he pressed her fingers in his.

She was silent.

"Blanche," he said, with a swift, uncertain, passionate utterance, "you have seen whether I fear death. You must know well enough that I would as gladly leap out of that window into the empty air as to lay a finger on you without your free and full consent. But if you care for me at all, do not let me lose my life in a misapprehension, for I love you better than the whole world; and though I will die for you blithely, it would be like all the joys of paradise to live on and spend my life in your service."

As he stopped speaking, a bell began to ring loudly in the interior of the house; and a clatter of armor in the corridor showed that the retainers were returning to their post, and the two hours were at an end.

"After all that you have heard?" she whispered, leaning toward him with her lips and eyes.

"I have heard nothing," he replied.

"The captain's name was Florimond de Champdivers," she said in his ear.

"I did not hear it," he answered, taking her supple body in his arms, and covering her wet face with kisses.

A melodious chirping was audible behind, followed by a beautiful chuckle, and the voice of Messire de Maletroit wished his new nephew a good-morning.

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7. groom, servant.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

STEVENSON'S HOME IN SAMOA

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Robert Louis Stevenson (1850-1894) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. *The Arabian Nights* was the first book to stir his imagination as a child, and from then on he lived in a world of adventure of his own making. What a great reader he was, and how he tried to write in his early years, are shown by his own words written about his boyhood: "I kept always two books in my pocket, one to read, one to write in." Stevenson prepared for the law, but after a brief practice gave it up for literary work, and won fame as poet, novelist, essayist, and short-story writer. As a poet he is familiar to boys and girls through his *A Child's Garden of Verses.* His *Treasure Island* is read by young and old as the best of all pirate stories—the greatest work of his story-telling art. Stevenson's health was always delicate, and he died in Samoa, one of the South Sea islands, at the early age of forty-four. "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" is taken from *New Arabian Nights.*

A Short Story

This story has no unnecessary characters, incidents, or details. Everything aids in a swift movement toward the point of highest interest. Such a story, which may be read at one sitting, is called a *short story.* In general a short story has an introduction, a main incident, a point of highest interest—the climax—toward which the rest of the story tends, and a conclusion.

In "The Sire de Maletroit's Door" the introduction gives the setting, the time, introduces the hero, and makes plain the situation at the opening of the story. Then follows in rapid succession one incident after another—the pursuit of the men-at-arms, the escape through the door, the meeting with the Sire de Maletroit—all leading up to the main incident, the meeting with Blanche in the chapel. The climax of the story is reached when the Sire de Maletroit offers Denis a cruel choice. In the conclusion, Denis and Blanche, overcoming their pride, discover their love one for the other.

Questions and Topics

1. What do you think of the opening sentences of this story? Do they make a good beginning, that is, do they arrest attention and arouse curiosity? Notice, too, that in the second paragraph the author gives the time and the setting; can you tell

why he did not give these first? Stevenson placed his story in France, as is evident from the proper names he uses.

2. How does the description of the night prepare the reader for mystery and adventure? Is the description of the hero's wanderings through the dark, narrow streets necessary to the story?

3. In the third paragraph the author takes up the story and carries it forward until the hero is lost in the strange city. Then come in rapid succession the incidents that make up the development of the plot. Can you tell why your interest continued to the end of the story?

4. Show that each succeeding incident is more exciting than the one preceding it. Tell briefly the main incident. At what point in the story were you most surprised at the turn of events? Why? When do you think the hero received the greatest surprise? What surprise did the sight of the "yellow boots" give to Blanche?

5. Were you more interested in the characters or in the plot-action—"what was going to happen next and how it would end"? Try to condense the plot of the story into three sentences.

6. What are we told about the hero's training and experience? What do you learn of his character from the first part of the story? What do you learn of his character from his behavior when a prisoner?

Class Reading. 1. The description of the Sire de Maletroit. 2. Two pupils may read the dialogue between Denis and the Sire de Maletroit, omitting all except the conversation. 3. Blanche de Maletroit's story. 4. The Sire de Maletroit's choice to Denis. 5. Denis's story. 6. A group of volunteers may enjoy renewing their acquaintance with Robert Louis Stevenson as a poet by reading their old-time favorites from *A Child's Garden of Verses.*

Suggested Problem. It will be interesting to make a survey of the class to see how many short stories by well-known short-story writers the class members have read since entering junior high school. The list will doubtless include stories by Washington Irving, Nathaniel Hawthorne, Edgar Allan Poe, O. Henry, Robert Louis Stevenson, and Rudyard Kipling. The composite list may be posted upon the bulletin board, after the spelling of titles and authors' names has been verified.

THE HIGHWAYMAN

ALFRED NOYES

PART ONE

The wind was a torrent of darkness among the gusty trees;
The moon was a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas;
The road was a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor;
And the highwayman came riding—
Riding—riding—
The highwayman came riding, up to the old inn door.

He'd a French cocked hat on his forehead, a bunch of lace at his chin,
A coat of the claret velvet, and breeches of brown doeskin;
They fitted with never a wrinkle; his boots were up to the thigh!
And he rode with a jeweled twinkle,
His pistol butts a-twinkle,
His rapier hilt a-twinkle, under the jeweled sky.

Over the cobbles he clattered and clashed in the dark inn yard;
And he tapped with his whip on the shutters, but all was locked and barred;
He whistled a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,

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2. **galleon** (găl'ē-ŭn), a sailing vessel of the fifteenth and later centuries.

Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

And dark in the dark old inn yard a stable-wicket creaked
Where Tim the ostler listened; his face was white and peaked;
His eyes were hollows of madness, his hair like moldy hay,
But he loved the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's red-lipped daughter;
Dumb as a dog he listened, and he heard the robber say—

"One kiss, my bonny sweetheart; I'm after a prize tonight;
But I shall be back with the yellow gold before the morning light;
Yet, if they press me sharply, and harry me through the day,
Then look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way."

He rose upright in the stirrups; he scarce could reach her hand,
But she loosened her hair i' the casement! His face burned like a brand
As the black cascade of perfume came tumbling over his breast;
And he kissed its waves in the moonlight
(Oh, sweet black waves in the moonlight!);
Then he tugged at his rein in the moonlight, and galloped away to the West.

PART TWO

He did not come in the dawning; he did not come at noon;
And out o' the tawny sunset, before the rise o' the moon,
When the road was a gypsy's ribbon, looping the purple moor,
A redcoat troop came marching—
Marching—marching—
King George's men came marching, up to the old inn door.

They said no word to the landlord; they drank his ale instead;
But they gagged his daughter and bound her to the foot of her narrow bed;
Two of them knelt at her casement, with muskets at their side!
There was death at every window,
And hell at one dark window,
For Bess could see, through her casement, the road that *he* would ride.

They had tied her up to attention, with many a sniggering jest;
They had bound a musket beside her, with the barrel beneath her breast!
"Now keep good watch!" and they kissed her.
She heard the dead man say:
Look for me by moonlight,
Watch for me by moonlight,
I'll come to thee by moonlight, though hell should bar the way!

She twisted her hands behind her; but all the knots held good!
She writhed her hands till her fingers were wet with sweat or blood!
They stretched and strained in the darkness, and the hours crawled by like years,
Till, now, on the stroke of midnight,
Cold on the stroke of midnight,
The tip of one finger touched it! The trigger at least was hers!

49. **to attention**, ready for action.

The tip of one finger touched it; she strove no more for the rest!
Up she stood, to attention, with the barrel beneath her breast.
She would not risk their hearing; she would not strive again;
For the road lay bare in the moonlight,
Blank and bare in the moonlight,
And the blood of her veins in the moonlight throbbed to her love's refrain.

Tlot-tlot; tlot-tlot! Had they heard it? The horsehoofs ringing clear;
Tlot-tlot, tlot-tlot, in the distance! Were they deaf that they did not hear?
Down the ribbon of moonlight, over the brow of the hill,
The highwayman came riding,
Riding—riding—
The redcoats looked to their priming! She stood up, straight and still!

Tlot-tlot, in the frosty silence! *Tlot-tlot,* in the echoing night!
Nearer he came and nearer! Her face was like a light!
Her eyes grew wide for a moment; she drew one last deep breath;
Then her finger moved in the moonlight,
Her musket shattered the moonlight,
Shattered her breast in the moonlight and warned him—with her death.

He turned; he spurred to the westward; he did not know who stood
Bowed, with her head o'er the musket, drenched with her own red blood! 81
Not till the dawn he heard it, and slowly blanched to hear
How Bess, the landlord's daughter,
The landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Had watched for her love in the moonlight, and died in the darkness there.

Back he spurred like a madman, shrieking a curse to the sky,
With the white road smoking behind him, and his rapier brandished high!
Blood-red were his spurs i' the golden noon; wine-red was his velvet coat,
When they shot him down on the highway,
Down like a dog on the highway,
And he lay in his blood on the highway, with the bunch of lace at his throat.

And still of a winter's night, they say, when the wind is in the trees,
When the moon is a ghostly galleon tossed upon cloudy seas,
When the road is a ribbon of moonlight over the purple moor,
A highwayman comes riding—
Riding—riding—
A highwayman comes riding, up to the old inn door.

Over the cobbles he clatters and clangs in the dark inn yard;
And he taps with his whip on the shutters, but all is locked and barred;
He whistles a tune to the window, and who should be waiting there
But the landlord's black-eyed daughter,
Bess, the landlord's daughter,
Plaiting a dark red love knot into her long black hair.

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87. **rapier** (rā′pĭ-ẽr; for meter two syllables), sword.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Alfred Noyes (1880-) is an English poet whose home is in London. He was educated at Oxford, where for three years he rowed on the college crew. While still a student he wrote poetry, his first volume being published when he was twenty-two. Since the end of his college days Noyes has devoted himself to literature, contributing to many English magazines. He has spent considerable time in America, teaching English literature at Princeton University, and lecturing and reading his poems in the larger cities of our country.

Questions and Topics

1. Where is the scene of this story laid? Is the time represented in the present or the past? How can you tell? How did people travel in those days? How do you think the highwayman expected to get his "prize"? Whom does he mean when he says, "if they press me sharply"?

2. What are we to imagine that Tim, the ostler, did? How does the poet's description of the ostler affect you? How do you think the poet wants you to feel toward Tim?

3. What did the troopers expect the highwayman to do? How was he warned? Why did he not remain in hiding after his escape?

4. Which is more terrible, the death of the girl or the death of the highwayman? Why? Does it seem fitting that the highwayman should meet a violent death? Why?

5. Alfred Noyes made a very conscious effort for musical effect in this poem; notice how he employs rhythm, rime, repetition, alliteration (repetition of the same letter or sound in two or more words close together), and choice words to produce the musical effect. Point out striking examples. How does the poet suggest the movement of the horse in the third stanza? The movement of the troopers in the first stanza of Part Two?

6. The poem is full of pictures; which ones do you see most clearly? Select words that make the pictures vivid. Which comparisons seem to you most apt?

7. Which do you think contributes most to the beauty of the poem—the story, the music, or the imagery? What is added to the story by the last two stanzas?

8. For a discussion of the ballad see page 181. How many characteristics of the ballad do you find in this present-day ballad? In what respects does it differ from the old folk ballad?

Class Reading. Alfred Noyes has said about his own poems that they should be read to emphasize the music; he tells us that sometimes he has worked nearly two weeks upon the meter of a single line. One who reads this poem should have a beautiful speaking voice and a fine appreciation of the imagery and the musical quality of the lines. The class members may select readers who can give the stanzas worthy interpretation. Volunteers may bring to class and read "Kilmeny," "Search-Lights," and other narrative poems by Alfred Noyes.

LOCHINVAR*

Sir Walter Scott

Oh, young Lochinvar is come out of the west;
Through all the wide Border his steed was the best;
And save his good broadsword he weapons had none;
He rode all unarmed, and he rode all alone.
So faithful in love, and so dauntless in war,
There never was knight like the young Lochinvar.

He stayed not for brake, and he stopped not for stone;
He swam the Esk river where ford there was none;

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*Lochinvar (lŏk'ĭn-vär').

2. **Border**, the land lying on either side of the boundary between England and Scotland. 7. **stayed**, stopped. **brake**, thicket. 8. **Esk**, in southeastern Scotland.

But ere he alighted at Netherby gate,
The bride had consented; the gallant came late;
For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar.

So boldly he entered the Netherby hall,
'Mong bridesmen and kinsmen and brothers and all;
Then spoke the bride's father, his hand on his sword
(For the poor craven bridegroom said never a word),
"Oh, come ye in peace here, or come ye in war,
Or to dance at our bridal, young Lord Lochinvar?"

"I long wooed your daughter; my suit you denied—
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come, with this lost love of mine
To lead but one measure, drink one cup of wine.
There are maidens in Scotland more lovely by far
That would gladly be bride to the young Lochinvar."

The bride kissed the goblet; the knight took it up:
He quaffed off the wine, and he threw down the cup.
She looked down to blush, and she looked up to sigh,
With a smile on her lips and a tear in her eye.
He took her soft hand ere her mother could bar—
"Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

So stately his form, and so lovely her face,
That never a hall such a galliard did grace;
While her mother did fret, and her father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whispered, " 'Twere better by far
To have matched our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

One touch to her hand, and one word in her ear,
When they reached the hall door and the charger stood near;
So light to the croup the fair lady he swung,
So light to the saddle before her he sprung!
"She is won! we are gone, over bank, bush, and scaur!
They'll have fleet steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mong Graemes of the Netherby clan;
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran;
There was racing and chasing on Cannobie Lee;
But the lost bride of Netherby ne'er did they see.
So daring in love, and so dauntless in war,
Have ye e'er heard of gallant like young Lochinvar?

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20. **Solway**, an arm of the sea between England and Scotland, on the west coast, noted for its swift tides. 22. **measure**, dance.

32. **galliard** (găl'yȧrd), dance. 39. **croup**, the back of the horse. 41. **scaur** (skär), cliff. 43. **Graemes** (grāmz).

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Sir Walter Scott (1771-1832) was born in Edinburgh, Scotland. He took a genuine pride in the fact that he came of "gentle folk," and referred often to his ancestors in his writings.

Scott seems to have been a great favorite with his elders, who were ready to tell him the stories and legends of his native country. He, in this way, came to know the past history of Scotland through tradition and not through books. Much of his childhood was spent in the country with the country people. He sat at their firesides listening to "scraps of old ballads and quaint songs, stories of border feuds and Scotch superstitions. He thus laid deep in his wonderful memory the foundations of that knowledge which he was later to put into its best setting."

For a time Scott tried to follow in his father's profession of law, but his ambition was to write, and he was very happy when he became financially able to make of literature "a staff and not a crutch," as he was fond of saying.

As a writer of Scottish legends and ballads, Scott has never been surpassed in popularity. He worked constantly and rapidly, and each new book was hailed by his enormous reading public with delight and increasing demands for more.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What geographical reference tells you where the scene of this story is laid? What names do you recognize as Scotch?

2. Find a line in the first stanza which sums up the character of Lochinvar. Find a line in the second stanza which gives the character of the bridegroom. Find a line in the third stanza which adds to the picture of the bridegroom given in the second stanza. How is the reader affected by the contrast between the two men?

3. Read the question asked by the bride's father. Why was his hand on his sword as he asked it? What impression did Lochinvar give the bride's father by his answer? Do you think Lochinvar was sincere in his reply?

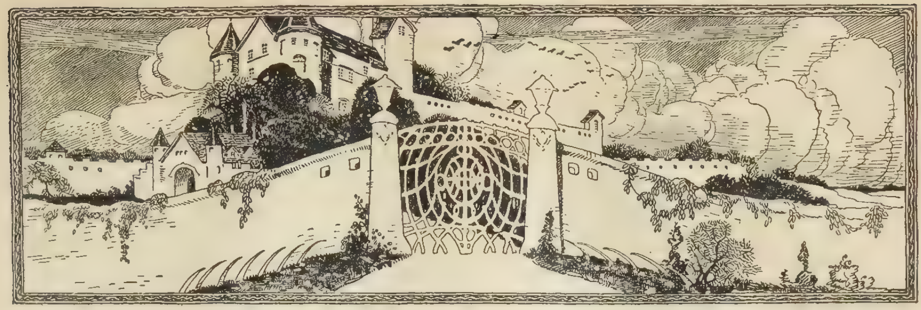
4. Describe the picture the sixth stanza makes you see. What did Lochinvar accomplish by means of the dance? What were we told in the first stanza that explains Lochinvar's escape? Who are mentioned as the pursuers? What line describes the geography of the region? Was such territory of advantage or disadvantage to Lochinvar? Why?

5. What characteristics of the folk ballad do you find in "Lochinvar"? Can you imagine the singer of this ballad striking a chord or a run upon the harp for the accompaniment of the "Oh" at the beginning of the song?

Class Reading. A volunteer may bring to class and read the old folk ballad "Katharine Janfarie," found in any collection of folk ballads in the library, to see whether or not the class members think Scott improved upon the original. Another volunteer may read Longfellow's ballad "The Skeleton in Armor" (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*), noting the similarity in theme.

"ABBOTSFORD," THE HOME OF SIR WALTER SCOTT

STORIES OF THE SUPERNATURAL



THE MASQUE OF THE RED DEATH

Edgar Allan Poe

The "Red Death" had long devastated the country. No pestilence had ever been so fatal or so hideous. Blood was its avatar and its seal—the redness and the horror of blood. There were sharp pains and sudden dizziness, and then profuse bleeding at the pores, with dissolution. The scarlet stains upon the body, and especially upon the face, of the victim were the pest ban which shut him out from the aid and from the sympathy of his fellow men. And the whole seizure, progress, and termination of the disease were the incidents of half an hour.

But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious. When his dominions were half depopulated, he summoned to his presence a thousand hale and light-hearted friends from among the knights and dames of his court, and with these retired to the deep seclusion of one of his castellated abbeys. This was an extensive and magnificent structure, the creation of the Prince's own eccentric yet august taste. A strong and lofty wall girdled it in. This wall had gates of iron. The courtiers, having entered, brought furnaces and massy hammers, and welded the bolts. They resolved to leave means of neither ingress nor egress to the sudden impulses of despair or of frenzy from within. The abbey was amply provisioned. With such precautions the courtiers might bid defiance to contagion. The external world could take care of itself. In the meantime it was folly to grieve, or to think. The Prince had provided all the appliances of pleasure. There were buffoons, there were improvisatori, there were ballet-dancers, there were musicians, there was beauty, there was wine. All these and security were within. Without was the "Red Death."

It was toward the close of the fifth or sixth month of his seclusion, and while the pestilence raged most furiously abroad, that the Prince Prospero entertained his thousand friends at a masked ball of the most unusual magnificence.

It was a voluptuous scene, that masquerade. But first let me tell of the rooms in which it was held. There were seven — an imperial suite. In many

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4. **avatar** (ăv′à-tär′), distinguishing mark.

42. **improvisatori** (ė̆m′prō-vē′zä-tō′rē), composers and reciters or singers of short poems.

palaces, however, such suites form a long and straight vista, while the folding-doors slide back nearly to the walls on either hand, so that the view of the whole extent is scarcely impeded. Here the case was very different, as might have been expected from the prince's love of the bizarre. The apartments were so irregularly disposed that the vision embraced but little more than one at a time. There was a sharp turn at every twenty or thirty yards, and at each turn a novel effect. To the right and left, in the middle of each wall, a tall and narrow Gothic window looked out upon a closed corridor which pursued the windings of the suite. These windows were of stained glass, whose color varied in accordance with the prevailing hue of the decorations of the chamber into which it opened. That at the eastern extremity was hung, for example, in blue—and vividly blue were its windows. The second chamber was purple in its ornaments and tapestries, and here the panes were purple. The third was green throughout, and so were the casements. The fourth was furnished and lighted with orange, the fifth with white, the sixth with violet. The seventh apartment was closely shrouded in black velvet tapestries that hung all over the ceiling and down the walls, falling in heavy folds upon a carpet of the same material and hue. But, in this chamber only, the color of the windows failed to correspond with the decorations. The panes here were scarlet—a deep blood-color. Now in no one of the seven apartments was there any lamp or candelabrum, amid the profusion of golden ornaments that lay scattered to and fro or depended from the roof. There was no light of any kind emanating from lamp or candle within the suite of chambers. But in the corridors that followed the suite there stood, opposite to each window, a heavy tripod, bearing a brazier of fire that projected its rays through the tinted glass and so glaringly illumined the room. And thus were produced a multitude of gaudy and fantastic appearances. But in the western or black chamber the effect of the firelight that streamed upon the dark hangings through the blood-tinted panes was ghastly in the extreme, and produced so wild a look upon the countenances of those who entered that there were few of the company bold enough to set foot within its precincts at all.

It was in this apartment, also, that there stood against the western wall a gigantic clock of ebony. Its pendulum swung to and fro with a dull, heavy, monotonous clang; and when the minute hand made the circuit of the face, and the hour was to be stricken, there came from the brazen lungs of the clock a sound which was clear and loud and deep and exceedingly musical, but of so peculiar a note and emphasis that, at each lapse of an hour, the musicians of the orchestra were constrained to pause, momentarily, in their performance, to hearken to the sound; and thus the waltzers perforce ceased their evolutions; and there was a brief disconcert of the whole gay company; and, while the

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16. **Gothic** (gŏth'ĭk), a beautiful style of architecture noted especially for its pointed arches.

43. **candelabrum** (kăn'dē-lā'brŭm), a large ornamental candlestick. 45. **depended**, hung. 52. **brazier** (brā'zhĕr), pan for burning coals. 83. **disconcert** (dĭs-kŏn'sûrt), confusion.

chimes of the clock yet rang, it was observed that the giddiest grew pale, and the more aged and sedate passed their hands over their brows as if in confused reverie or meditation. But when the echoes had fully ceased, a light laughter at once pervaded the assembly; the musicians looked at each other and smiled as if at their own nervousness and folly, and made whispering vows, each to the other, that the next chiming of the clock should produce in them no similar emotion; and then, after the lapse of sixty minutes (which embrace three thousand and six hundred seconds of the Time that flies), there came yet another chiming of the clock, and then were the same disconcert and tremulousness and meditation as before.

But, in spite of these things, it was a gay and magnificent revel. The tastes of the prince were peculiar. He had a fine eye for colors and effects. He disregarded the *decora* of mere fashion. His plans were bold and fiery, and his conceptions glowed with barbaric luster. There were some who would have thought him mad. His followers felt that he was not. It was necessary to hear and see and touch him to be *sure* that he was not.

He had directed, in great part, the movable embellishments of the seven chambers, upon occasion of this great *fête;* and it was his own guiding taste which had given character to the masqueraders. Be sure they were grotesque. There were much glare and glitter and piquancy and phantasm—much of what has been since seen in *Hernani.* There were arabesque figures with unsuited limbs and appointments. There were delirious fancies such as the madman fashions. There was much of the beautiful, much of the wanton, much of the bizarre, something of the terrible, and not a little of that which might have excited disgust. To and fro in the seven chambers there stalked, in fact, a multitude of dreams. And these—the dreams—writhed in and about, taking hue from the rooms, and causing the wild music of the orchestra to seem as the echo of their steps. And, anon, there strikes the ebony clock which stands in the hall of the velvet. And then, for a moment, all is still, and all is silent save the voice of the clock. The dreams are stiff-frozen as they stand. But the echoes of the chime die away—they have endured but an instant—and a light, half-subdued laughter floats after them as they depart. And now again the music swells, and the dreams live, and writhe to and fro more merrily than ever, taking hue from the many tinted windows through which stream the rays from the tripods. But to the chamber which lies most westwardly of the seven there are now none of the maskers who venture; for the night is waning away, and there flows a ruddier light through the blood-colored panes; and the blackness of the sable drapery appalls; and to him whose foot falls upon the sable carpet, there comes from the near clock of ebony a muffled peal more solemnly emphatic than any which reaches *their* ears who indulge in the more remote gayeties of the other apartments.

But these other apartments were densely crowded, and in them beat feverishly the heart of life. And the

25. **decora** (dḗ-kō'rȧ), fitness. 42. **Hernani** (ĕr-nä'nḗ) an opera by Verdi, the Italian composer (1813-1901). **arabesque** (ăr'ȧ-bĕsk'), of intricate design.

revel went whirlingly on, until at length there commenced the sounding of midnight upon the clock. And then the music ceased, as I have told; and the evolutions of the waltzers were quieted; and there was an uneasy cessation of all things as before. But now there were twelve strokes to be sounded by the bell of the clock; and thus it happened, perhaps, that more of thought crept, with more of time, into the meditations of the thoughtful among those who reveled. And thus, too, it happened, perhaps, that before the last echoes of the last chime had utterly sunk into silence, there were many individuals in the crowd who had found leisure to become aware of the presence of a masked figure which had arrested the attention of no single individual before. And the rumor of this new presence having spread itself whisperingly around, there arose at length from the whole company a buzz, or murmur, expressive of disapprobation and surprise—then, finally, of terror, of horror, and of disgust.

In an assembly of phantasms such as I have painted, it may well be supposed that no ordinary appearance could have excited such sensation. In truth the masquerade license of the night was nearly unlimited; but the figure in question had out-Heroded Herod, and gone beyond the bounds of even the prince's indefinite decorum. There are chords in the hearts of the most reckless which cannot be touched without emotion. Even with the utterly lost, to whom life and death are equally jests, there are matters of which no jest can be made. The whole company, indeed, seemed now deeply to feel that in the costume and bearing of the stranger neither wit nor propriety existed.

The figure was tall and gaunt, and shrouded from head to foot in the habiliments of the grave. The mask which concealed the visage was made so nearly to resemble the countenance of a stiffened corpse that the closest scrutiny must have had difficulty in detecting the cheat. And yet all this might have been endured, if not approved, by the mad revelers around. But the mummer had gone so far as to assume the type of the Red Death. His vesture was dabbled in *blood*—and his broad brow, with all the features of the face, was besprinkled with the scarlet horror.

When the eyes of Prince Prospero fell upon this spectral image (which with a slow and solemn movement, as if more fully to sustain its rôle, stalked to and fro among the waltzers), he was seen to be convulsed, in the first moment, with a strong shudder either of terror or of distaste; but, in the next, his brow reddened with rage.

"Who dares?" he demanded hoarsely of the courtiers who stood near him—"who dares insult us with this blasphemous mockery? Seize him and unmask him—that we may know whom we have to hang at sunrise, from the battlements!"

It was in the eastern or blue chamber in which stood the Prince Prospero as he uttered these words. They rang throughout the seven rooms loudly and clearly—for the prince was a bold and robust man, and the music had become hushed at the waving of his hand.

It was in the blue room where stood the prince, with a group of pale

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34. **out-Heroded Herod**, was worse than anyone could have imagined. Herod was a despotic king of ancient Judea.

48. **habiliments** (hȧ-bĭl'ĭ-mĕnts), clothing. 56. **mummer** (mŭm'ẽr), masker.

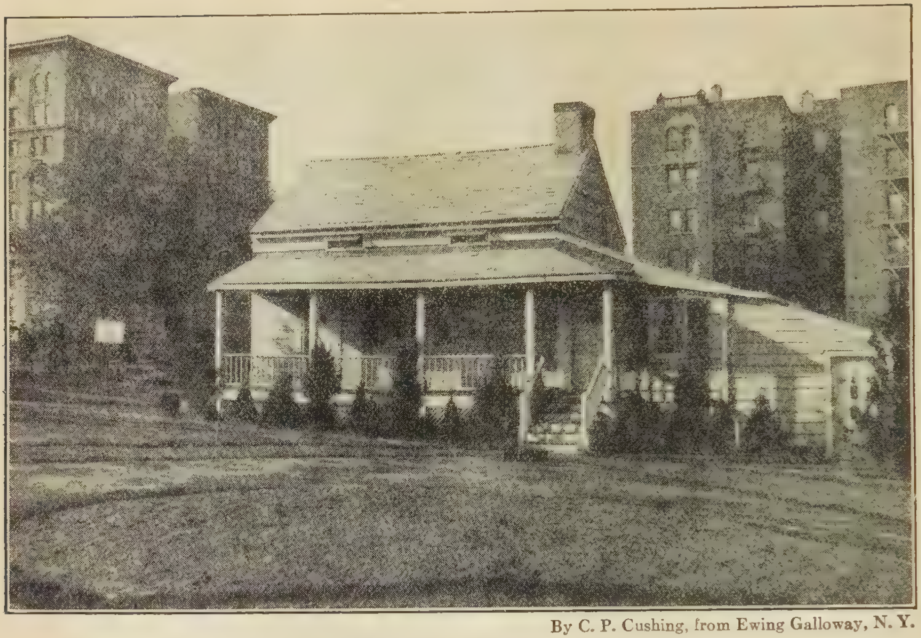
courtiers by his side. At first, as he spoke, there was a slight, rushing movement of this group in the direction of the intruder, who at the moment was also near at hand, and now, with deliberate and stately step, made closer approach to the speaker. But from a certain nameless awe with which the mad assumptions of the mummer had inspired the whole party, there was found none who put forth hand to seize him; so that, unimpeded, he passed within a yard of the prince's person; and while the vast assembly, as if with one impulse, shrank from the centers of the rooms to the walls, he made his way uninterruptedly, but with the same solemn and measured step which had distinguished him from the first, through the blue chamber to the purple— through the purple to the green—through the green to the orange—through this again to the white —and even thence to the violet, ere a decided movement had been made to arrest him. It was then, however, that the Prince Prospero, maddening with rage and the shame of his own momentary cowardice, rushed hurriedly through the six chambers, while none followed him on account of a deadly terror that had seized upon all. He bore aloft a drawn dagger, and had approached, in rapid impetuosity, to within three or four feet of the retreating figure, when the latter, having attained the extremity of the velvet apartment, turned suddenly and confronted his pursuer. There was a sharp cry—and the dagger dropped gleaming upon the sable carpet, upon which, instantly afterwards, fell prostrate in death the Prince Prospero. Then, summoning the wild courage of despair, a throng of the revelers at once threw themselves into the black apartment, and, seizing the mummer, whose tall figure stood erect and motionless within the shadow of the ebony clock, gasped in unutterable horror at finding the grave cerements and corpse-like mask, which they handled with so violent a rudeness, untenanted by any tangible form.

And now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. He had come like a thief in the night. And one by one dropped the revelers in the blood-bedewed halls of their revel, and died each in the despairing posture of his fall. And the life of the ebony clock went out with that of the last of the gay. And the flames of the tripods expired. And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Edgar Allan Poe (1809-1849) was one of the great American poets and short-story writers. Born in Boston, he was left an orphan at an early age, and was adopted by a wealthy citizen of Richmond. Poe went to school in London, attended the University of Virginia, and the military academy at West Point, but he could not settle down to a normal, orderly life. Later he began to publish poems and tales, contribute to newspapers and magazines, and do editorial work. He was too erratic in his habits to retain long either positions or friends. His writings are weird and mysterious; his poetry is perhaps the most purely musical of any in our language. His prose tales of mystery and adventure have served as models for many well-known writers. Poe was the originator of the modern short story.



By C. P. Cushing, from Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

POE'S COTTAGE AT FORDHAM, N. Y.

Poe's troubled life ended at Baltimore, Maryland, in the fortieth year of his age. The pathos of it is well summed up in the inscription on a memorial tablet erected to him in the New York Museum of Art: "He was great in his genius, unhappy in his life, wretched in his death, but in his fame, immortal."

Questions and Topics

Note. In "The Masque of the Red Death," a typical short story, Poe aimed to make a single, vivid effect. To get this he planned a story in four parts: *An introduction* (paragraphs 1 and 2) that suggests the effect he wished to produce; *A main incident* (paragraphs 3-13) that develops the suggested effect; *A powerful climax* (paragraph 14) that indelibly impresses this effect on the reader; *A conclusion* (paragraph 15)—all these to include no unnecessary character, incident, or detail. Poe aimed to suggest from the beginning a *fear* that should increase until it ended in a climax of awful terror.

1. Poe chose, as the cause of the terror the fear of death by a plague; can you tell why the fear of the plague was so great? Poe desired to describe a more terrible plague than any of which he had ever known—it should be a *red* death; to whom would the thought of this death, which no one could prevent, be most terrible? Explain why he chose a prince for the principal character. A masque is a revel in which all wear masks; whose revel did this prove to be? Is this what the title suggests?

2. *The introduction* gives the situation at the beginning of the main incident and introduces all the characters but one; tell in a few words what this situation is. How many characters are mentioned by name? How many are described? How do the thousand friends that are only figures add to the effect of terror? Coming directly after the description of the awful plague, what effect upon you has the statement, "But the Prince Prospero was happy and dauntless and sagacious"? What is really suggested by the fact that they welded the gate? By the determination to let the "external world take care of itself"? By the thought that it was "folly to grieve, or to think"? What was the prince's real object in providing "all the appliances of pleasure"? Does the introduction leave

you confident that "security was within"? From this beginning would you expect the ending to be happy or tragic?

3. Notice how Poe develops *the main incident:* Prince Prospero entertains his friends at a masked ball, to which comes an intruder masked as a victim of the Red Death. Prospero, enraged, commands that the intruder be unmasked. At what stage in the progress of the pestilence was this ball given? Do you think such a revelry at such a time showed a "happy and dauntless and sagacious" mind? Try to make a mental picture of the scene Poe has so wonderfully described. Make a list of the adjectives Poe uses to aid him in picturing it, such as "novel," "gaudy," etc. As you read this description of the rooms, the color, and the fantastic moving figures, do you feel it to be a joyful scene? Poe uses this description of the ball to aid him in making the reader feel this terror; note that he uses three means to produce this effect.

4. Show that Poe has prepared in the introduction for the use of color as one of these means. With what color was their fear associated? How was this color used in the seventh room, and what effect did it have upon the dancers?

5. Poe wished to suggest still more subtly the fear of the Red Death that filled every heart; could he have chosen anything more suited to this purpose than the "clock of ebony," with its stroke "of so peculiar a note" that the whole gay company had to stop to hear the striking of each hour? What was the reason that this particular sound so disconcerted the dancers? What made the thought of passing time so terrible to them?

6. Where is the first hint given of the approach of the masked figure that is so terrible? At what hour did the "new presence" come? With what does superstition associate this hour? How does Poe show us the falseness of Prospero's claim to be considered "happy and dauntless and sagacious"? In what way did Prospero betray the fear he really felt? What was the one thing about this figure that could not be endured?

7. Poe, in approaching *the climax*, creates suspense by describing the masked figure's slow progress through each room. Notice how well the slow movement of the narrative here imitates this "solemn and measured step"; what causes this "nameless awe"? Note the final rush toward the climax—the prince's rage, his pursuit, and threatening dagger, the stranger's sudden stand, Prospero's death, and (full climax) the seizure of the terrible figure and the "unutterable horror."

8. Poe's swift *conclusion* of the story shows his wonderful art. After the climax, the full effect of horror, a few sentences give the result: "Now was acknowledged the presence of the Red Death. . . . And Darkness and Decay and the Red Death held illimitable dominion over all." Point out ways by which Poe makes this conclusion more terrible, such for example as "the deaths, one by one." Has Poe secured the effect at which he aimed? Has he pictured Prospero's character in such a way as to make you feel this terrible ending certain to come, and not unjust? Fear of so terrible a plague is natural; what was there in Prospero's fear that takes away our sympathy?

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks). 1. A great plague of which I know or once read. 2. The Black Death in the fourteenth century. (Use encyclopedias or other library sources.) 3. How Poe created a plague more horrible than any of which he or anyone else had ever known—a *Red* Death. 4. Contrast the behavior of Prospero with that of Surgeon-General William C. Gorgas, who fought yellow fever in Panama and who rescued Cuba from disease. (Use *The Readers' Guide* to find material). 5. Father Damien and his work among the lepers on the Pacific island of Molokai. (Use encyclopedias or other library sources.) 6. Experiences of Dr. Wilfred T. Grenfell as a medical missionary, from his autobiography, *A Labrador Doctor*. (*Who's Who* will tell you simple facts of the author's life.)

Suggested Problems. 1. A volunteer, or two, may make a sketch upon the blackboard of the seven apartments, from east to west, following closely Poe's description, and indicating the colors, the corridors, the tripods, the clock. 2. One of the by-products of reading Poe is an enlarged vocabulary. You may not care to break the spell of your first reading of this story by looking up in the glossary the meaning of new words, but your second reading will be more enlightened if you do look up the unfamiliar words. You will find it interesting and instructive to make a glossary of your own just for this story. Make a list of twenty-five or thirty words in it which are unfamiliar to you. Consult the glossary or a dictionary for the pronunciation and meaning. Copy the list in a column, in alphabetical order, in your notebook, indicating the pronunciation and supplying the definition that fits the particular use in this story. Check the words that you think may be worth your while to learn so that they may become a part of your speaking vocabulary.

Class Reading. Read aloud the paragraphs of the introduction, trying to suggest by your reading Poe's purpose in writing them; the paragraphs that contain the development of the main incident, trying to interpret what Poe has so powerfully suggested in his story—the terrible fear under all the seeming gayety, and its final outburst; the paragraph that gives the climax, striving to suggest by your reading the increasing fear and final horror; selected sentences that exemplify Poe's imaginative and poetic style, such as in the descriptions of the clock and of the dancers, and in the last paragraph, particularly the last sentence; selected descriptions that give you the most vivid pictures, noting especially the sentence in each that is most poetically expressed; examples showing the careful selection of words especially fitted to express the thought.

Library Reading. *Fortune's Fool*, Sabatini, which deals with the Black Death in London; "The Labrador Doctor," Gray (in *The American Magazine*, April, 1928).

THE RAVEN

Edgar Allan Poe

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of someone gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door.
" 'Tis some visitor," I muttered, "tapping at my chamber door—
Only this and nothing more."

Ah, distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore,
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore;
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
" 'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door,
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber door—
This it is and nothing more."

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8. **wrought its ghost**, cast its shadow.

10. **surcease** (sŭr-sēs′), forgetfulness.

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
“Sir,’’ said I, “or Madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you”—here I opened wide the door—
Darkness there and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness, peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortal ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, “Lenore?”
This I whispered; and an echo murmured back the word, “Lenore”—
Merely this and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping somewhat louder than before.
“Surely,” said I, “surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore;
Let my heart be still a moment and this mystery explore—
’Tis the wind and nothing more.”

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber door,
Perched upon a bust of Pallas just above my chamber door—
Perched, and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore—
“Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,” I said, “art sure no craven,
Ghastly grim and ancient Raven wandering from the Nightly shore;
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the Night’s Plutonian shore!”
Quoth the Raven, “Nevermore.”

Much I marveled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber door,
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber door,
With such name as “Nevermore.”

But the Raven, sitting lonely on the placid bust, spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour;
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered,
Till I scarcely more than muttered, “Other friends have flown before;

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41. **Pallas** (păl′ȧs), Athena, goddess of wisdom. 45. **crest**, top of the head. 47. **Night’s Plutonian shore**, the borderland of Hades, the abode of the dead ruled over by Pluto.

On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my Hopes have flown before."
Then the bird said, "Nevermore."

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
"Doubtless," said I, "what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master whom unmerciful Disaster
Followed fast and followed faster till his songs one burden bore;
Till the dirges of his Hope that melancholy burden bore
Of 'Never—nevermore.' "

But the Raven still beguiling all my fancy into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then, upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore,
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking "Nevermore."

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamplight gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining with the lamplight gloating o'er
She shall press, ah, nevermore!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
"Wretch," I cried, "thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from the memories of Lenore!
Quaff, oh, quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil! prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether Tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by Horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore:
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Prophet!" said I, "thing of evil—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us, by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul with sorrow laden if, within the distant Aidenn,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

"Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!" I shrieked, upstarting;
"Get thee back into the tempest and the Night's Plutonian shore!

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64. **burden**, refrain. 75. **divining**, guessing. 79. **censer**, a vessel for perfumes, or to burn incense in.

82. **nepenthe** (nḗ-pĕn'thḗ), a drink producing forgetfulness of pain. 89. **Gilead** (gĭl'ḗ-ăd), here, heaven. 93. **Aidenn** (ā'dĕn), paradise.

Leave no black plume as a token of
that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken! quit
the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and
take thy form from off my door!"
Quoth the Raven, "Nevermore."

And the Raven, never flitting, still is
sitting, still is sitting
On the pallid bust of Pallas just above
my chamber door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a
demon's that is dreaming;
And the lamplight o'er him streaming
throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow
that lies floating on the floor
Shall be lifted—nevermore!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 173.

Questions and Topics

1. In "The Raven" Poe aimed to write a poem of just the right length to produce a single effect. He wished to have the poem express beauty, and beauty, he thought, in its highest form always has in it an element of sadness. The story of the poem, told in the first person in order to help make the effect real, is the story of a man, a student, who, mourning for his dead love and trying to find relief from his sorrow in his books, is surprised at midnight by a visit from a raven. Summoning his courage, lest the answer be negative, he asks the raven three questions that are uppermost in his mind: Will he ever be able to forget Lenore? Will he ever again be comforted? Will he ever meet Lenore again? Find the stanzas in which these questions are asked and note the poetic effect of such words and phrases as, "nepenthe," "balm in Gilead" (*Jeremiah* 8:22 and 46:11), "Aidenn." What is the setting for the visit?

2. The refrain, "Nothing more," "For evermore," "Nevermore," is most significant; notice its importance in the various stanzas and also how it determines the rime of the second, fourth, and fifth lines of every stanza throughout the entire poem.

3. Poe, perhaps more than most poets, made use of melody in his verse. This poem illustrates admirably his feeling for the music of certain sounds and combinations of sounds. Find examples of alliteration, that is, the repetition of the same sound at the beginning of two or more words in close succession, as "nodded, nearly napping." Find lines in which Poe produces a musical effect by the repetition of words or phrases. Notice, also, the effect of the double rimes, like "dreary, weary," in the first and the third lines of every stanza. In the fourth line of every stanza, what word rimes with two words in another line? There are rimes, too, in unexpected places; can you find examples? Find words that give or suggest the sound described. Which line would you select as the most musical of all?

4. Poe's young wife, to whom he was affectionately devoted, was desperately ill, and Poe may have uttered his own forebodings in "The Raven." The small house at Fordham, near New York (see picture page 174), in which she died was a sharp contrast to the luxuriously furnished room described in the poem. Find lines that describe the room.

Class Reading. Volunteers may bring to class and read "To One in Paradise," "Annabel Lee," and "The Bells," all by Edgar Allan Poe.

Suggested Problems. 1. A notebook record may be kept which may include a list of riming words of two syllables, alliterative phrases, words of unusual interest, and lines that are especially musical. 2. A member of the class who is a ready reader may volunteer to make a report to the class on "The Philosophy of Composition," an essay in which Poe tells, step by step, just how he wrote "The Raven." After the report the members may discuss whether they think it possible that Poe wrote the poem in the manner he describes or whether he was merely writing an interesting essay.

ROBIN HOOD'S DEATH

When Robin Hood and Little John,
Down a down, a down, a down,
Went o'er yon bank of broom,
Said Robin Hood bold to Little John,
"We have shot for many a pound,
Hey, down, a down, a down.

"But I am not able to shoot one shot more;
My broad arrows will not flee;
But I have a cousin lives down below;
Please God, she will bleed me."

Now Robin he is to fair Kirkley gone,
As fast as he can win;
But before he came there, as we do hear,
He was taken very ill.

And when that he came to fair Kirkley-hall,
He knocked all at the ring,
But none was so ready as his cousin herself
For to let bold Robin in.

"Will you please to sit down, cousin Robin," she said,
"And drink some beer with me?"
"No, I will neither eat nor drink,
Till I am blooded by thee."

"Well, I have a room, cousin Robin," she said,
"Which you did never see,
And if you please to walk therein,
You blooded by me shall be."

She took him by the lily-white hand,
And led him to a private room;
And there she blooded bold Robin Hood,
While one drop of blood would run down.

She blooded him in a vein of the arm,
And locked him up in the room;
Then did he bleed all the livelong day.
Until the next day at noon.

He then bethought him of a casement there,
Thinking for to get down;
He was so weak he could not leap,
He could not get him down.

He then bethought him of his bugle-horn,
Which hung low down to his knee;
He sat his horn unto his mouth,
And blew out weak blasts three.

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2. **Down a down**, a common refrain in old ballads. 3. **broom**, a European shrub. 12. **win**, go. 16. **ring**, door-knocker.

Then Little John, when hearing him,
As he sat under a tree,
"I fear my master is now near dead,
He blows so wearily."

Then Little John to fair Kirkley is gone
As fast as he can dree;
But when he came to Kirkley-hall,
He broke locks two or three,

Until he came bold Robin to see;
Then he fell on his knee;
"A boon, a boon," cries Little John,
"Master, I beg of thee."

"What is that boon," said Robin Hood,
"Little John thou begs of me?"
"It is to burn fair Kirkley-hall,
And all their nunnery."

"Now nay, now nay," quoth Robin Hood;
"That boon I'll not grant thee;
I never hurt woman in all my life,
Nor men in woman's company.

"I never hurt fair maid in all my time;
Nor at mine end shall it be;
But give me my bent bow in my hand,
And a broad arrow I'll let flee;

"And where this arrow is taken up,
There shall my grave digged be.
Lay me a green sod under my head,
And another at my feet;

"And lay my bent bow by my side,
Which was my music sweet;
And make my grave of gravel and green,
Which is most right and meet.

"Let me have length and breadth enough,
With a green sod under my head;
That they may say, when I am dead,
Here lies bold Robin Hood."

These words they readily granted him,
Which did bold Robin please;
And there they buried bold Robin Hood,
Within the fair Kirkleys.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

The Ballad

The old folk ballads, of which "Robin Hood's Death" is an excellent example, have all come down to us from the far-off past. Such ballads are not the work of any one author, but, like the stories of King Arthur, were preserved mainly in the memories of men. Some of them were sung or recited to the music of the harp or lute by minstrels who wandered from village to village, and from castle to castle, entertaining their hearers in return for food and lodging; or by the bards and minstrels who were maintained by kings and nobles to entertain them and to celebrate their deeds and honors.

Often these ballads were made by the people themselves, not by professional singers, and were expressions of their love of adventure. Indeed, the best definition of a popular, or folk, ballad is "a tale telling itself in song." This means that it always tells a story; that it has no known author, being composed by several people or by a community and then handed down orally from generation to generation without ever being put in writing; and finally, that it is sung, not recited. In this way such folk ballads as "Robin Hood's Death," were handed down in different versions, before they were written down and became a part of what we call *literature*.

When the invention of the printing press made it possible to put these old ballads into permanent form, they were collected from the recitations of old men and women, and printed. Thus they have become a

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48. **can dree**, is able. 74. **meet**, fitting.

precious literary possession, telling us something of the life, the history, the superstitions, and the beliefs of distant times, besides thrilling us with their stirring stories. The beauty of these old ballads lies in the stories they tell, in their directness and simplicity, in their marked rhythm and rime, and in their use of quaint words and repetitions. The typical ballad-form is the four-line stanza, the first and the third lines having four accented syllables, and the second and the fourth having three; the alternating lines, usually the second and the fourth, carry the rime.

Many modern poets have written stories in verse which are also called ballads. Some of these imitate the old ballads, not only in form and simple language, but also in the use of quaint words and expressions, and of refrains and repetitions. Other modern ballads are simple narratives in verse—short stories dealing with stirring subjects. But while the true old ballad directs the attention to the story only, the modern ballad often introduces descriptions of the characters.

At the time Britain was conquered and overrun by the Normans, the English archers excelled those of all other nations in the use of the long bow. Very severe forest laws were introduced by the Normans, and soon many brave archers were obliged to flee to the woods to save themselves from the terrible punishments which were inflicted on all who broke these laws. Knowing the forests well, they were able to find many safe hiding places. Among all these archers, none was more famous than Robin Hood, who lived in Sherwood Forest, in Nottingham. Robin Hood's courage, his skill in archery, his kindness, and his charity have made him the hero of many songs and stories. Many of the Robin Hood ballads are very old, and the authors are not known.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. This poem tells a story; what other characteristics of the ballad has it? How may your reading help to make the rhythm flow along more smoothly? What have you to say for the rime? Do you imagine that the refrain in the first stanza indicates a run the ballad-singer may have played upon his harp? Do you think he repeated this refrain in other stanzas? What words and phrases would you select as typical of the folk ballad?

2. In what words did Robin Hood explain to Little John that he was ill? In Robin Hood's time bleeding was tried as a remedy for many forms of illness. What very good reason did Robin Hood have for going to his cousin instead of to a stranger?

3. How was he received by the cousin? What shows that Robin Hood trusted his cousin even after she had left him alone to die? How did he call Little John? What did the sound of the horn tell Little John? How did Little John show his love for Robin Hood? Contrast Little John's attitude toward the cousin with Robin Hood's attitude. How did Robin Hood choose the spot for his grave? Does the grave described seem a fitting one for Robin Hood?

4. Ballads, such as this, were sung when people rested after toil or battle. What purpose do you think they served in those far-off days? What have we in our present-day life that serves the same purpose?

Class Reading. From the various ballad collections in the library select some of the favorite ballads and read them to the class. The selection will no doubt include: "Sir Patrick Spens" (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*) "Young Waters," "Lord Ronald," "The Douglas Tragedy." Perhaps there is in your community an older Scotch person who will accept your invitation to recite or sing some of the old ballads to your class.

Library Reading. *The Ballad Book*, Allingham; *Ballad Book*, Bates; *A Book of Ballads*, Stemple; *Children's Tales from Scottish Ballads*, Grierson; *Old Ballads in Prose*, Tappan; *Cowboy Songs and Other Frontier Ballads*, Lomax; *On the Trail of Negro Folk-Songs*, Scarborough and Gulledge; *The Song-Bag*, Sandburg; *The Merry Adventures of Robin Hood*, Pyle; *Robin Hood: His Book*, Tappan.

JOHN GILPIN

WILLIAM COWPER

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown;
A trainband captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
"Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

"Tomorrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton,
All in a chaise and pair.

"My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself, and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we."

He soon replied—"I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

"I am a linendraper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go."

Quoth Mistress Gilpin, "That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear."

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, round went the wheels;
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane;
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddletree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came downstairs,
"The wine is left behind!"

"Good lack!" quoth he, "yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise."

Now Mistress Gilpin (careful soul!)
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

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3. **trainband captain**, captain of a company of trained citizen soldiers. **eke** (ēk), also. 11. **Bell**, the Bell Inn, a hotel. 12. **chaise** (shāz), a light carriage. 23. **calender**, one who presses cloth between rollers to glaze it.

44. **Cheapside**, a street in London.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
  Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
  To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
  Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
  He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
  Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones,
  With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
  Beneath his well-shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
  Which galled him in his seat.

So "Fair and softly," John he cried;
  But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a gallop soon,
  In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
  Who cannot sit upright,
He grasped the mane with both his hands,
  And eke with all his might.

His horse, who never in that sort
  Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
  Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
  Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
  Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
  Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
  At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
  The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
  As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed;
  Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out, "Well done!"
  As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
  His fame soon spread around;
"He carries weight!" "He rides a race!"
  " 'Tis for a thousand pound!"

And still as fast as he drew near,
  'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike men
  Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down,
  His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
  Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
  Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke
  As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
  With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle-necks
  Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
  These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the Wash
  Of Edmonton so gay;

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93. **sort**, way. 100. **running such a rig**, engaging in such a frolic.

115. **carries weight**, is weighted down heavily as a handicap, as race horses sometimes are. 122. **reeking**, perspiring. 133. **Islington** (ĭz′lĭng-tŭn), section of London. 135. **Wash**, a shallow inlet.

And there he threw the Wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

"Stop, stop, John Gilpin!—Here's the house!"
They all at once did cry;
"The dinner waits, and we are tired."
Said Gilpin—"So am I!"

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why? His owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin, out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till, at his friend the calender's,
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

"What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?"

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender,
In merry guise, he spoke:

"I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forbode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road."

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

When straight he came, with hat and wig—
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind

He held them up and, in his turn,
Thus showed his ready wit:
"My head is twice as big as yours—
They therefore needs must fit.

"But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case."

Said John—"It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton
And I should dine at Ware."

So turning to his horse, he said,
"I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here—
You shall go back for mine."

Ah! luckless speech and bootless boast,
For which he paid full dear;
For while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,

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142. **balcony**, accented on second syllable for meter.

178. **pin**, mood. 192. **case**, condition.

And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig;
He lost them sooner than at first,
For why? They were too big.

Now Mistress Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell,
"This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well."

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain;
Whom in a trice he tried to stop
By catching at his rein;

But not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went postboy at his heels;
The postboy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road,
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With postboy scampering in the rear,
They raised a hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief!—a highwayman!"
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike-gates again
Flew open in short space,
The toll-men thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town,
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, "Long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he";
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

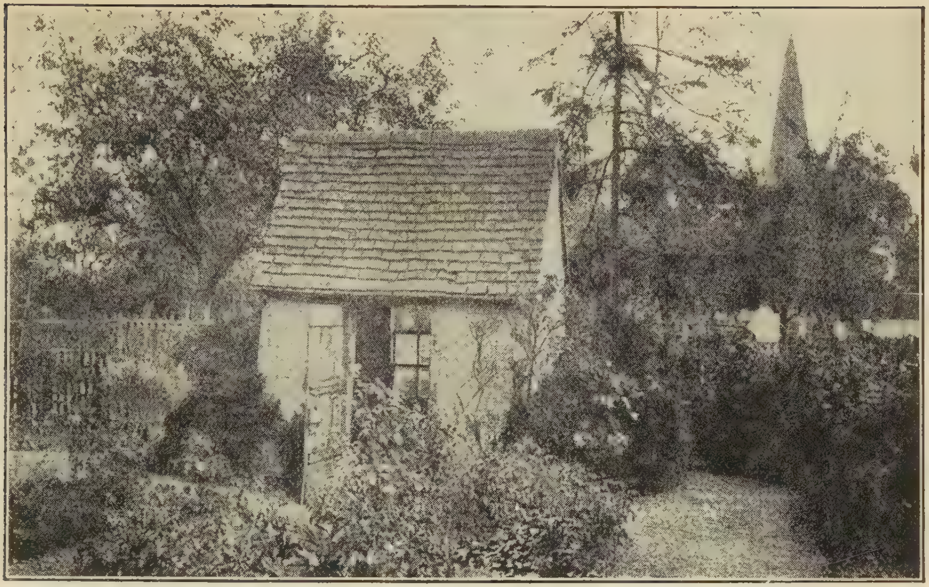
William Cowper (1731-1800) was an English poet who studied law but devoted himself to literature. With Cowper came a new sympathy for nature and a love of animal life which we find still further developed in the poetry of Burns and of Wordsworth. Besides being known as a poet and a translator of Homer, Cowper ranks high as a delightful letter writer.

Cowper suffered greatly all his life from melancholy; one day when he was feeling depressed, a friend told him the story of John Gilpin which she had heard in her childhood. He was so much amused that he determined to share his enjoyment with others, and the next day he wrote the stanzas. Later, when the merry ballad had attained fame, Cowper wrote to a cousin, "I made him [John Gilpin] on purpose to laugh at, and he served his purpose well." But not alone in Cowper's day did he serve his purpose; each succeeding generation has enjoyed John Gilpin's ride as much as did the generation in which it was written.

Questions and Topics

1. You may tell the narrative briefly, using as a guide the complete title of the poem, "The Diverting History of John Gilpin, showing how he went further than he intended and came safe home again."

214. **posting down**, riding at full speed. 216. **half-a-crown**, about sixty cents. 222. **amain** (ȧ-mān'), at full speed. 223. **trice** (trīs), instant. 230. **postboy**, messenger boy.



Courtesy Rischgitz Galleries, London

WHERE "JOHN GILPIN" WAS WRITTEN
(The little summer-house, in the garden of Cowper's home at Olney, England)

2. Notice that Cowper has used the typical ballad form of meter and rime; what other characteristics of the ballad do you find? The old folk ballads were not, as a rule, humorous, but in this modern ballad both the story and the language are humorous; select passages that you think especially funny.

3. In true ballad style John Gilpin's spouse is not described by adjectives but we come to know her rather through a series of incidents. Find incidents showing that she managed affairs, that she was frugal, that she cared about her neighbors' opinion. How many incidents can you find that tell us John Gilpin, too, was frugal?

Suggested Problems. 1. A volunteer may make a blackboard list of American humorous writers about whom you have studied, with titles of their stories or poems. Part IV of this book and of *Junior High School Literature, Book One* will be found helpful. 2. A volunteer or two with some ability to draw may make a blackboard sketch of the route of the ride, locating, from the information in the ballad, Islington, Edmonton, Ware, and, if possible, John Gilpin somewhere along the route.

THE LEAP OF ROUSHAN BEG*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

Mounted on Kyrat strong and fleet,
His chestnut steed with four white feet,
Roushan Beg, called Kurroglou,
Son of the road and bandit chief,
Seeking refuge and relief
Up the mountain pathway flew.

Such was the Kyrat's wondrous speed,
Never yet could any steed
Reach the dust-cloud in his course.
More than maiden, more than wife,
More than gold, and next to life
Roushan the Robber loved his horse.

In the land that lies beyond
Erzeroum and Trebizond,
Garden-girt, his fortress stood;
Plundered khan, or caravan
Journeying north from Koordistan,
Gave him wealth and wine and food.

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*By permission of Houghton Mifflin Company, authorized publishers of Longfellow's works.

14. **Erzeroum** (ĕr'zē rōōm), a division of Turkey. **Trebizond** (trĕb'ĭ-zŏnd'), a former division of Turkey. 15. **girt**, surrounded. 16. **khan** (kän), resting-place for caravans.

Seven hundred and fourscore
Men at arms his livery wore;
  Did his bidding night and day.
Now, through regions all unknown,
He was wandering, lost, alone,
  Seeking, without guide, his way.

Suddenly the pathway ends;
Sheer the precipice descends;
  Loud the torrent roars unseen;
Thirty feet from side to side
Yawns the chasm; on air must ride
  He who crosses this ravine.

Following close in his pursuit,
At the precipice's foot
  Reyhan the Arab of Orfah
Halted with his hundred men,
Shouting upward from the glen,
  "La Illáh illa Alláh!"

Gently Roushan Beg caressed
Kyrat's forehead, neck, and breast;
  Kissed him upon both his eyes;
Sang to him in his wild way,
As upon the topmost spray
  Sings a bird before it flies:

"O my Kyrat, O my steed,
Round and slender as a reed,
  Carry me this peril through!
Satin housings shall be thine,
Shoes of gold, O Kyrat mine,
  O thou soul of Kurroglou!

"Soft thy skin as silken skein;
Soft as woman's hair thy mane;
  Tender are thine eyes and true;
All thy hoofs like ivory shine,
Polished bright; O life of mine,
  Leap, and rescue Kurroglou!"

Kyrat, then, the strong and fleet,
Drew together his four white feet,
  Paused a moment on the verge,
Measured with his eye the space,
And into the air's embrace
  Leaped as leaps the ocean surge.

As the ocean surge o'er sand
Bears a swimmer safe to land,
  Kyrat safe his rider bore;
Rattling down the deep abyss
Fragments of the precipice
  Rolled like pebbles on a shore.

Roushan's tasseled cap of red
Trembled not upon his head;
  Careless sat he and upright;
Neither hand nor bridle shook;
Nor his head he turned to look,
  As he galloped out of sight.

Flash of harness in the air,
Seen a moment, like the glare
  Of a sword drawn from its sheath;
Thus the phantom horseman passed,
And the shadow that he cast
  Leaped the cataract underneath.

Reyhan the Arab held his breath
While this vision of life and death
  Passed above him. "Allahu!"
Cried he. "In all Koordistan
Lives there not so brave a man
  As this robber, Kurroglou!"

---

26. **sheer**, straight down. 36. **La Illáh**, etc., there is no God except Allah. 46. **housings**, saddle cover and trimmings.

81. **Allahu** (ăl'ȧ-hōō), Allah.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow (1807-1882) was born in Portland, Maine and spent a happy childhood and youth in this delightful old seaport town. His father, a lawyer and man of affairs, provided for his son a home of culture and refinement in which a college education was encouraged. Books appealed to the youth and at Bowdoin College, Maine, he made a record in both languages and literature.

After graduation Longfellow settled down to study in his father's law-office with great misgivings, for already he had begun to dream of a literary career. His practical father discouraged such dreams, since the country was "neither rich nor cultured enough to allow a man to depend upon literature as a profession."

What seemed to him a miracle came after one year of drudgery at law. His Alma Mater had founded a chair of modern languages, and Longfellow was chosen as the candidate to fill it. With this great honor to the boy of twenty came a provision for preliminary study in Europe for which he was to receive the sum of $600.00 yearly in advance. In 1826 Longfellow sailed for what was to him a wonderland—"Europe, the house of romance, literature, and poetry." He was gone three happy years visiting and studying in France, Spain, Italy, and Germany. Returning in 1829, he for six years held the position at Bowdoin College for which he had prepared, at the same time writing his own textbooks and glowing descriptions of his travels for the leading magazines of the time. He became generally known as a most brilliant scholar, and in 1835 he was offered the chair of modern languages at Harvard, "as the one best fitted in America for the position." Again he went abroad, this time to study in England and Sweden, and later in Holland, where a great tragedy came to him. His young wife died suddenly and he was forced to bury her in a land of strangers. Bereft, alone, and haunted by memories he moved on to Germany where he began a profound study of German literature.

On his return to Harvard in 1839, Longfellow began to publish his volumes of poems. His success was almost instantaneous. He became the best loved poet of the American people. In 1854 he resigned his professorship in order to have more time for writing, and one year later his famous poem *Hiawatha* was published.

Longfellow's great gift of story telling has made him "the children's poet." On his seventy-second birthday, an armchair made from the wood of the "spreading chestnut tree" mentioned in "The Village Blacksmith" was presented to the poet by the children of Cambridge as an expression of their love and appreciation.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Describe in your own words Roushan Beg's perilous position before the leap. What do you think had brought him to this peril? Find lines that tell how he gained his wealth.

2. Find lines that show Roushan Beg's love for Kyrat; that describe Kyrat's leap; that show the robber's confidence in his horse.

3. To which one, the horse or the rider, does the greater part of the credit belong? Why? To whom did the watching Arab give the credit? Compare Kyrat with Coaly-Bay; what likenesses do you find?

4. Why would you call this poem a ballad? What other ballads by Longfellow have you read? What does the indention of lines three and six in each stanza show about the rime?

Class Reading. An excellent reader in the class will give the members enjoyment by reading Browning's poem "Muleykeh," the story of another splendid Arab steed whose owner gave proof of love for him even greater than Roushan Beg's for Kyrat.

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX

ROBERT BROWNING

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gatebolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern; the lights sank to rest;
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace

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5. **postern** (pōs'tẽrn), gate.

Neck by neck, stride by stride; never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom a great yellow star came out to see;
At Düffeld 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half-chime—
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

At Aershot up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare through the mist at us galloping past;
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray;

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris, "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely—the fault's not in her;
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I;
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh;
'Neath our feet broke the brittle bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!"

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

Then I cast loose my buff coat, each holster let fall,

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10. **pique** (pēk), spur.

29. **spume-flakes**, froth. 44. **croup**, back. 49. **holster** (hōl'stẽr), pistol case.

Shook off both my jack-boots, let go
belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted
his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my
horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed, and sang
any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped
and stood.

And all I remember is—friends flocking round
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees
on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this
Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last
measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought
good news from Ghent.

59. **burgesses** (bûr'jĕs-ĕz), citizens.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 137.

Questions and Topics

1. This poem, while without historical basis, nevertheless seems very real; what does this fact tell you of Browning's power of imagination? Does he tell what he imagined the good news was? Why do you think three riders started to carry this news? By locating Ghent and Aix on a map you can tell something of the distance covered by the riders. In which direction did they ride?

2. Would the news which you imagine the messengers were carrying require such haste as is described in the poem? How does the beginning of the poem give you the impression of haste? What is the effect of the repetition of the word "gallop"? Is it used throughout the poem? Which stanza gives the most vivid impression of haste? Does the meter, two unaccented syllables and an accented one, suggest to you the idea of rapid hoof-beats? Do you think the rime scheme also helps to produce the effect of speed?

3. At what time did the messengers start? How is the passing of time noted by the riders? When did the rider of Roland see his horse for the first time during the ride? Find the stanza that tells the fate of Dirck's horse. Where on the way did Joris lose his horse? Find the lines. To whom does Roland's rider give the credit for carrying the message? To whom would you give it? Why?

4. Compare the two horses, Roland and Kyrat (in "The Leap of Roushan Beg"), as to their appearance, speed, performance, rider's treatment and affection, and the awarding of credit as expressed in the last stanza of each poem.

INCIDENT OF THE FRENCH CAMP

Robert Browning

You know, we French stormed Ratisbon;
A mile or so away,
On a little mound, Napoleon
Stood on our storming-day;
With neck out-thrust, you fancy how,
Legs wide, arms locked behind,
As if to balance the prone brow
Oppressive with its mind.

Just as perhaps he mused, "My plans
That soar, to earth may fall,
Let once my army-leader Lannes
Waver at yonder wall"—
Out 'twixt the battery-smokes there
flew
A rider, bound on bound
Full-galloping; nor bridle drew
Until he reached the mound.

7. **prone**, full. 11. **Lannes** (lȧnz).

Then off there flung in smiling joy,
  And held himself erect
By just his horse's mane, a boy;
  You hardly could suspect
(So tight he kept his lips compressed,
  Scarce any blood came through)—
You looked twice e'er you saw his breast
  Was all but shot in two.

"Well," cried he, "Emperor, by God's grace
  We've got you Ratisbon!
The Marshal's in the market-place,
  And you'll be there anon
To see your flag-bird flap his vans
  Where I, to heart's desire,
Perched him!" The chief's eyes flashed; his plans
  Soared up again like fire.

The chief's eye flashed; but presently
  Softened itself, as sheathes
A film the mother-eagle's eye
  When her bruised eaglet breathes;
"You're wounded!" "Nay," his soldier's pride
  Touched to the quick, he said:
"I'm killed, Sire!" And his chief beside,
  Smiling the boy fell dead.

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28. anon, soon. **29. flag-bird**, banner. **vans**, wings

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 137.

Explanatory Note

Ratisbon, a walled city of Bavaria, was besieged in 1809 by Napoleon. The Bavarians made such a vigorous defense for five days that Napoleon's victory was no small achievement. The poem, based on this incident, shows the beauty of a devotion to duty that entirely forgets self.

Questions and Topics

1. As you read the first line try to express the pride of the soldier relating this incident. Notice how much Browning crowds into a few words; try to have your reading expand the words and bring out their full significance. How does this word-picture of Napoleon compare with your mental picture of him?

2. From the musings of Napoleon we realize how critical the situation was; how was he interrupted? Why are you surprised that the rider was a boy? Which lines tell how weak he was? How brave?

3. Name all his causes for smiling. How did he regard death compared to these?

4. Where does the poet make use of repetition to intensify the effect of the message upon Napoleon? Select words and phrases that give the impression of speed in the second stanza.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. A true war incident from an American camp. 2. A story illustrating devotion to a leader or a cause.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

WHERE BROWNING DIED, IN VENICE

A BALLAD OF JOHN SILVER

John Masefield

We were schooner-rigged and rakish,
with a long and lissome hull,
And we flew the pretty colors of the
crossbones and the skull;
We'd a big black Jolly Roger flapping
grimly at the fore,
And we sailed the Spanish Waters in
the happy days of yore.

We'd a long brass gun amidship, like a
well-conducted ship;
We had each a brace of pistols and a
cutlass at the hip;
It's a point which tells against us, and
a fact to be deplored,
But we chased the goodly merchantmen
and laid their ships aboard.

Then the dead men fouled the scuppers,
and the wounded filled the
chains,
And the paintwork all was spatter-dashed
with other people's
brains;
She was boarded, she was looted, she
was scuttled till she sank,
And the pale survivors left us by the
medium of the plank.

Oh! then it was (while standing by the
taffrail on the poop)
We could hear the drowning folk lament
the absent chicken-coop;
Then, having washed the blood away,
we'd little else to do
Than to dance a quiet hornpipe as the
old salts taught us to.

Oh! the fiddle on the fo'c's'le, and the
slapping naked soles,
And the genial "Down the middle,
Jake, and curtsey when she
rolls!"
With the silver seas around us and the
pale moon overhead,
And the look-out not a-looking and his
pipe-bowl glowing red.

Ah! the pig-tailed, quidding pirates and
the pretty pranks we played
All have since been put a stop to by
the naughty Board of Trade;
The schooners and the merry crews are
laid away to rest,
A little south the sunset in the Islands
of the Blest.

1. **rakish** (rāk′ĭsh), dashing. **lissome** (lĭs′ŭm), graceful. 3. **Jolly Roger**, the black flag of the pirates. 4. **Spanish Waters**, Caribbean Sea. 6. **brace**, pair. 8. **laid their ships aboard**, lay alongside their ships. 11. **scuttled**, filled with holes. 12. **medium of the plank**. They were compelled to walk off a plank into the sea. 13. **taffrail**, rail around a ship's stern, or poop. 16. **hornpipe**, a lively dance by one person, accompanied by hornpipe playing. **salts**, sailors.

17. **fo'c's'le** (fōk′s'l), forecastle, fore part of upper deck. 21. **quidding**, tobacco-chewing. 24. **Islands of the Blest**, imaginary islands in the Atlantic, where the favorites of the gods went after death.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

John Masefield (1875-) is an English poet and story writer. As a boy he loved the sea, and to satisfy this longing his father sent him to sea when he was fourteen years old, in charge of the captain of a sailing vessel. During his travels he had many adventures, and these experiences he afterwards made use of in his poems. At one time he landed in New York City, where he gained considerable knowledge of American customs. When he abandoned the sea he established himself near London and devoted himself to writing both prose and poetry. "A Ballad of John Silver" is taken from *Salt-Water Poems and Ballads*, one of his most widely-known volumes.

Much interest in Masefield and his writings was aroused in Americans on the occasion of his visit to the United States in 1916 on a lecture tour.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. John Silver is the chief pirate in the greatest of pirate stories, *Treasure Island*, by Robert Louis Stevenson; can you see Masefield, who spent years of his life at sea, having a jolly good time writing a ballad such as he imagines John Silver might have sung?

2. What were the colors—the flag—of the pirates? Do you agree with John Silver in calling them "pretty"? What is the Jolly Roger? Where is the Spanish Water, or, as it is generally known, the Spanish Main? What, in his opinion, is a well-conducted ship?

3. Are the pictures vivid? Are they pleasant? Point out some of the humorous phrases. Notice the sharp contrast between the work and the play of the pirates; do they seem to accept both in the same spirit?

4. What does a pirate mean when he talks about making some one "walk the plank"? Do we agree with him in calling the Board of Trade "naughty"?

5. The music of the poem is very marked; is the rollicking movement in keeping with the subject of the ballad? Point out striking examples of alliteration. Do you like the fancy expressed in the last two lines of the poem?

Class Reading. The class may enjoy hearing other poems by Masefield, especially, "The Tarry Buccaneer," "Cargoes," "Sea Fever," "The West Wind."

Theme Topic. (Two-minute talk.) How the American Navy put an end to the Tripolitan piracy.

Reading Aloud

A poetry-recitation contest is held annually at Oxford, England, sponsored by John Masefield and others. These contests are for the purpose of encouraging oral reading and also for training the human voice in the reading of poetry.

Many of us think of poetry as it appears in lines and stanzas upon the printed page; but these contests aim to restore poetry to the human voice, that is, to have poetry make its appeal not to the eye but to the ear. "Poetry should be heard and not seen."

At a recent Oxford contest there were three hundred contestants, and the poems read by them were by Wordsworth, Shelley, Milton, and others. Many of the contestants surprised both judges and audiences by the fine quality of voice, the observance of rhythm, and the depth of understanding. Their triumph—the delight of their audiences—convinced everybody of the loss which we moderns are suffering in the neglect of poetic recitation.

We in America do not pay as much attention to the training of a beautiful speaking voice as do the people of many European countries. And it is to be regretted that this is so when one thinks of the pleasure to be derived from a pleasant speaking voice. Those who heard Masefield read his poems when he was in America will never forget his deep, rich tones.

Your class may wish to inaugurate such a poetry-recitation contest to see whether the voice quality and the reading are not thereby improved. To such groups Mr. Masefield's notes to the Oxford judges and contestants may be helpful:

"The speech desired by the judges is speech so beautiful in sound, so exquisite in perception of the poet's meaning, that the illumination of the poet may kindle the hearers.

"The first requisite is that the speaker should sink himself or herself in the poem, not remain outside it. Then it is essential to give full value to the music of the poem simply as sound. If the speaker gives the rhythmical movement with a feeling for its beauty, full meaning will usually follow.

"The commonest faults are: 1. A kind of meagerness of voice, rhythm, emotion. 2. Literalness, draining the words of life and color. 3. Attempting to be dramatic where there is no drama."

Friday

A STORY OF CHRISTMAS

A CHRISTMAS CAROL

Charles Dickens

STAVE ONE

MARLEY'S GHOST

Marley was dead, to begin with. There is no doubt whatever about that. The register of his burial was signed by the clergyman, the clerk, the undertaker, and the chief mourner. Scrooge signed it; and Scrooge's name was good upon 'Change, for anything he chose to put his hand to. Old Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Mind! I don't mean to say that I know, of my own knowledge, what there is particularly dead about a doornail. I might have been inclined, myself, to regard a coffin-nail as the deadest piece of ironmongery in the trade. But the wisdom of our ancestors is in the simile; and my unhallowed hands shall not disurb it, or the Country's done for. You will therefore permit me to repeat, emphatically, that Marley was as dead as a doornail.

Scrooge knew he was dead? Of course he did. How could it be otherwise? Scrooge and he were partners for I don't know how many years. Scrooge was his sole executor, his sole administrator, his sole assign, his sole residuary legatee, his sole friend, and sole mourner. And even Scrooge was not so dreadfully cut up by the sad event but that he was an excellent man of business on the very day of the funeral, and solemnized it with an undoubted bargain.

The mention of Marley's funeral brings me back to the point I started from. There is no doubt that Marley was dead. This must be distinctly understood or nothing wonderful can come of the story I am going to relate. If we were not perfectly convinced that Hamlet's father died before the play began, there would be nothing more remarkable in his taking a stroll at night in an easterly wind upon his own ramparts than there would be in any other middle-aged gentleman

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7. **upon 'Change,** in the Royal Exchange, the center of London commerce.

27. **assign,** representative. 42. **Hamlet,** a character in Shakespeare's *Hamlet,* whose father's ghost appeared to him.

rashly turning out after dark in a breezy spot—say Saint Paul's Churchyard for instance—literally to astonish his son's weak mind.

Scrooge never painted out old Marley's name. There it stood, years afterwards, above the warehouse door: Scrooge and Marley. The firm was known as Scrooge and Marley. Sometimes people new to the business called Scrooge Scrooge, and sometimes Marley, but he answered to both names; it was all the same to him.

Oh! But he was a tight-fisted hand at the grindstone, Scrooge! a squeezing, wrenching, grasping, scraping, clutching, covetous, old sinner! Hard and sharp as flint, from which no steel had ever struck out generous fire; secret, and self-contained, and solitary as an oyster. The cold within him froze his old features, nipped his pointed nose, shriveled his cheek; stiffened his gait; made his eyes red, his thin lips blue; and spoke out shrewdly in his grating voice. A frosty rime was on his head, and on his eyebrows, and his wiry chin. He carried his own low temperature always about with him; he iced his office in the dog days; and didn't thaw it one degree at Christmas.

External heat and cold had little influence on Scrooge. No warmth could warm, nor wintry weather chill him. No wind that blew was bitterer than he; no falling snow was more intent upon its purpose; no pelting rain less open to entreaty. Foul weather didn't know where to have him. The heaviest rain, and snow, and hail, and sleet could boast of the advantage over him in only one respect. They often "came down" handsomely, and Scrooge never did.

Nobody ever stopped him in the street to say, with gladsome looks, "My dear Scrooge, how are you? When will you come to see me?" No beggars implored him to bestow a trifle; no children asked him what it was o'clock; no man or woman ever once in all his life inquired the way to such and such a place, of Scrooge. Even the blind men's dogs appeared to know him; and when they saw him coming on, would tug their owners into doorways and up courts; and then would wag their tails as though they said, "No eye at all is better than an evil eye, dark master!"

But what did Scrooge care? It was the very thing he liked. To edge his way along the crowded paths of life, warning all human sympathy to keep its distance, was what the knowing ones call "nuts" to Scrooge.

Once upon a time—of all the good days in the year, on Christmas Eve—old Scrooge sat busy in his counting-house. It was cold, bleak, biting weather, foggy withal; and he could hear the people in the court outside go wheezing up and down, beating their hands upon their breasts, and stamping their feet upon the pavement stones to warm them. The city clocks had only just gone three, but it was quite dark already; it had not been light all day; and candles were flaring in the windows of the neighboring offices, like ruddy smears upon the palpable brown air. The fog came pouring in at every chink and keyhole, and was so dense without that al-

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27. **rime,** short, white, stiff hair, suggesting frost. 31. **dog days,** hottest part of summer.

44. **came down handsomely,** did a generous thing. 68. **nuts,** a source of great pleasure.

though the court was of the narrowest, the houses opposite were mere phantoms. To see the dingy cloud come dropping down, obscuring everything, one might have thought that Nature lived hard by, and was brewing on a large scale.

The door of Scrooge's countinghouse was open that he might keep his eye upon his clerk, who in a dismal little cell beyond, a sort of tank, was copying letters. Scrooge had a very small fire, but the clerk's fire was so very much smaller that it looked like one coal. But he couldn't replenish it, for Scrooge kept the coalbox in his own room; and so surely as the clerk came in with the shovel, the master predicted that it would be necessary for them to part. Wherefore the clerk put on his white comforter, and tried to warm himself at the candle, in which effort, not being a man of a strong imagination, he failed.

"A Merry Christmas, uncle! God save you!" cried a cheerful voice. It was the voice of Scrooge's nephew, who came upon him so quickly that this was the first intimation he had of his approach.

"Bah!" said Scrooge. "Humbug!"

He had so heated himself with rapid walking in the fog and frost, this nephew of Scrooge's, that he was all in a glow; his face was ruddy and handsome; his eyes sparkled, and his breath smoked again.

"Christmas a humbug, uncle!" said Scrooge's nephew. "You don't mean that, I am sure."

"I do," said Scrooge. "Merry Christmas! What right have you to be merry? What reason have you to be merry? You're poor enough."

"Come, then," returned the nephew, gayly. "What right have you to be dismal? What reason have you to be morose? You're rich enough."

Scrooge having no better answer ready on the spur of the moment, said, "Bah!" again; and followed it up with "Humbug!"

"Don't be cross, uncle," said the nephew.

"What else can I be," returned the uncle, "when I live in such a world of fools as this? Merry Christmas! Out upon merry Christmas! What's Christmas-time to you but a time for paying bills without money; a time for finding yourself a year older, but not an hour richer; a time for balancing your books and having every item in 'em through a round dozen of months presented dead against you? If I could work my will," said Scrooge, indignantly, "every idiot who goes about with 'Merry Christmas' on his lips, should be boiled with his own pudding, and buried with a stake of holly through his heart. He should!"

"Uncle!" pleaded the nephew.

"Nephew!" returned the uncle, sternly, "keep Christmas in your own way, and let me keep it in mine."

"Keep it!" repeated Scrooge's nephew. "But you don't keep it."

"Let me leave it alone, then," said Scrooge. "Much good may it do you! Much good it has ever done you!"

"There are many things, from which I might have derived good, by which I have not profited, I dare say," returned the nephew, "Christmas among the rest. But I am sure I have always thought of Christmas-time, when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving, charitable, pleasant time; the only time I know of, in the long calendar of the year, when men and women seem by one consent to open their shut-up hearts freely, and to think of people below them as if they really were fellow-passengers to the grave, and not another race of creatures bound on other journeys. And therefore, uncle, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver in my pocket, I believe that it *has* done me good, and *will* do me good; and I say, God bless it!"

The clerk in the Tank involuntarily applauded; becoming immediately sensible of the impropriety, he poked the fire, and extinguished the last frail spark forever.

"Let me hear another sound from *you*," said Scrooge, "and you'll keep your Christmas by losing your situation." "You're quite a powerful speaker, sir," he added, turning to his nephew. "I wonder you don't go into Parliament."

"Don't be angry, uncle. Come! Dine with us tomorrow."

Scrooge said that he would see him—yes, indeed he did. He went the whole length of the expression, and said that he would see him in that extremity first.

"But why?" cried Scrooge's nephew. "Why?"

"Why did you get married?" asked Scrooge.

"Because I fell in love."

"Because you fell in love!" growled Scrooge, as if that were the only one thing in the world more ridiculous than a merry Christmas. "Good-afternoon!"

"Nay, uncle, but you never came to see me before that happened. Why give it as a reason for not coming now?"

"Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I want nothing from you; I ask nothing of you; why cannot we be friends?"

"Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

"I am sorry, with all my heart, to find you so resolute. We have never had any quarrel to which I have been a party. But I have made the trial in homage to Christmas, and I'll keep my Christmas humor to the last. So, A Merry Christmas, uncle!"

"Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

"And A Happy New Year!"

"Good-afternoon," said Scrooge.

His nephew left the room without an angry word, notwithstanding. He stopped at the outer door to bestow the greetings of the season on the clerk, who, cold as he was, was warmer than Scrooge; for he returned them cordially.

"There's another fellow," muttered Scrooge, who overheard him, "my clerk, with fifteen shillings a week, and a wife and family, talking about a merry Christmas. I'll retire to Bedlam."

This lunatic, in letting Scrooge's nephew out, had let two other people in. They were portly gentlemen, pleasant to behold, and now stood, with their hats off, in Scrooge's office. They had books and papers in their hands, and bowed to him.

"Scrooge and Marley's, I believe," said one of the gentlemen, referring to his list. "Have I the pleasure of addressing Mr. Scrooge or Mr. Marley?"

"Mr. Marley has been dead these seven years," Scrooge replied. "He died seven years ago, this very night."

74. **Bedlam**, insane asylum in London.

"We have no doubt his liberality is well represented by his surviving partner," said the gentleman, presenting his credentials.

It certainly was; for they had been two kindred spirits. At the ominous word "liberality," Scrooge frowned, and shook his head, and handed the credentials back.

"At this festive season of the year, Mr. Scrooge," said the gentleman, taking up a pen, "it is more than usually desirable that we should make some slight provision for the poor and destitute, who suffer greatly at the present time. Many thousands are in want of common necessaries; hundreds of thousands are in want of common comforts, sir."

"Are there no prisons?" asked Scrooge.

"Plenty of prisons," said the gentleman, laying down the pen again.

"And the Union workhouses?" demanded Scrooge. "Are they still in operation?"

"They are. Still," returned the gentleman, "I wish I could say they were not."

"The Treadmill and the Poor Law are in full vigor, then?" said Scrooge.

"Both very busy, sir."

"Oh! I was afraid, from what you said at first, that something had occurred to stop them in their useful course," said Scrooge. "I'm very glad to hear it."

"Under the impression that they scarcely furnish Christian cheer of mind or body to the multitude," returned the gentleman, "a few of us are endeavoring to raise a fund to buy the poor some meat and drink, and means of warmth. We choose this time, because it is a time, of all others, when want is keenly felt, and abundance rejoices. What shall I put you down for?"

"Nothing!" Scrooge replied,

"You wish to be anonymous?"

"I wish to be left alone," said Scrooge. "Since you ask me what I wish, gentlemen, that is my answer. I don't make merry myself at Christmas, and I can't afford to make idle people merry. I help to support the establishments I have mentioned; they cost enough; and those who are badly off must go there."

"Many can't go there; and many would rather die."

"If they would rather die," said Scrooge, "they had better do it, and decrease the surplus population. Besides—excuse me—I don't know that."

"But you might know it," observed the gentleman.

"It's not my business," Scrooge returned. "It's enough for a man to understand his own business, and not to interfere with other people's. Mine occupies me constantly. Good-afternoon, gentlemen!"

Seeing clearly that it would be useless to pursue their point, the gentlemen withdrew. Scrooge resumed his labors with an improved opinion of himself, and in a more facetious temper than was usual with him.

Meanwhile the fog and darkness thickened so that people ran about with flaring links, proffering their services to go before horses in carriages, and conduct them on their way. The ancient tower of a church, whose gruff old bell was always peeping slyly down at Scrooge out of a Gothic win-

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30. **Treadmill**, a form of prison discipline.

82. **links**, torches. 87. **Gothic**, a beautiful style of architecture, distinguished especially for its pointed arches.

dow in the wall, became invisible and struck the hours and quarters in the clouds, with tremulous vibrations afterwards as if its teeth were chattering in its frozen head up there. The cold became intense. In the main street at the corner of the court some laborers were repairing the gas pipes, and had lighted a great fire in a brazier, round which a party of ragged men and boys were gathered, warming their hands and winking their eyes before the blaze in rapture. The water-plug being left in solitude, its overflowings sullenly congealed, and turned to misanthropic ice. The brightness of the shops where holly sprigs and berries crackled in the lamp heat of the windows made pale faces ruddy as they passed. Poulterers' and grocers' trades became a splendid joke; a glorious pageant, with which it was next to impossible to believe that such dull principles as bargain and sale had anything to do. The Lord Mayor, in the stronghold of the mighty Mansion House, gave orders to his fifty cooks and butlers to keep Christmas as a Lord Mayor's household should; and even the little tailor, whom he had fined five shillings on the previous Monday for being drunk and bloodthirsty in the streets, stirred up tomorrow's pudding in his garret, while his lean wife and the baby sallied out to buy the beef.

Foggier yet, and colder! Piercing, searching, biting cold. If the good Saint Dunstan had but nipped the Evil Spirit's nose with a touch of such weather as that, instead of using his familiar weapons, then indeed he would have roared to lusty purpose. The owner of one scant young nose, gnawed and mumbled by the hungry cold as bones are gnawed by dogs, stooped down at Scrooge's keyhole to regale him with a Christmas carol; but at the first sound of

> God rest you merry, gentlemen!
> Let nothing you dismay!

Scrooge seized the ruler with such energy of action that the singer fled in terror, leaving the keyhole to the fog and even more congenial frost.

At length the hour of shutting up the countinghouse arrived. With an ill will Scrooge dismounted from his stool and tacitly admitted the fact to the expectant clerk in the Tank, who instantly snuffed his candle out and put on his hat.

"You'll want all day tomorrow, I suppose?" said Scrooge.

"If quite convenient, sir."

"It's not convenient," said Scrooge, "and it's not fair. If I was to stop half a crown for it, you'd think yourself ill-used, I'll be bound?"

The clerk smiled faintly.

"And yet," said Scrooge, "you don't think *me* ill-used, when I pay a day's wages for no work."

The clerk observed that it was only once a year.

"A poor excuse for picking a man's pocket every twenty-fifth of December!" said Scrooge, buttoning his greatcoat to the chin. "But I suppose you must have the whole day. Be here all the earlier next morning!"

The clerk promised that he would; and Scrooge walked out with a growl. The office was closed in a twinkling, and the clerk, with the long ends of his white comforter dangling below his waist (for he boasted no greatcoat),

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9. **brazier** (brā′zhẽr), pan for burning coals. 15. **misanthropic** (mĭs′ăn-thrŏp′ĭk), gloomy-looking. 38. **Saint Dunstan**, an English monk of the tenth century who was tempted by an evil spirit, whose nose he seized with red-hot tongs.

went down a slide on Cornhill, at the end of a lane of boys, twenty times, in honor of its being Christmas Eve, and then ran home to Camden Town as hard as he could pelt, to play at blindman's-buff.

Scrooge took his melancholy dinner in his usual melancholy tavern; and having read all the newspapers and beguiled the rest of the evening with his banker's book, went home to bed. He lived in chambers which had once belonged to his deceased partner. They were a gloomy suite of rooms, in a lowering pile of building up a yard, where it had so little business to be that one could scarcely help fancying it must have run there when it was a young house, playing at hide and seek with other houses, and have forgotten the way out again. It was old enough now, and dreary enough, for nobody lived in it but Scrooge, the other rooms being all let out as offices. The yard was so dark that even Scrooge, who knew its every stone, was fain to grope with his hands. The fog and frost so hung about the black old gateway of the house that it seemed as if the Genius of the Weather sat in mournful meditation on the threshold.

Now it is a fact that there was nothing at all particular about the knocker on the door except that it was very large. It is also a fact that Scrooge had seen it, night and morning, during his whole residence in that place; also that Scrooge had as little of what is called fancy about him as any man in the city of London, even including—which is a bold word—the corporation, aldermen, and livery. Let it also be borne in mind that Scrooge had not bestowed one thought on Marley since his last mention of his seven-years' dead partner that afternoon. And then let any man explain to me, if he can, how it happened that Scrooge, having his key in the lock of the door, saw in the knocker, without its undergoing any intermediate process of change—not a knocker, but Marley's face.

Marley's face. It was not in impenetrable shadow as the other objects in the yard were, but had a dismal light about it, like a bad lobster in a dark cellar. It was not angry or ferocious, but looked at Scrooge as Marley used to look—with ghostly spectacles turned up on its ghostly forehead. The hair was curiously stirred, as if by breath or hot air; and, though the eyes were wide open, they were perfectly motionless. That, and its livid color, made it horrible; but its horror seemed to be in spite of the face and beyond its control rather than a part of its own expression.

As Scrooge looked fixedly at this phenomenon, it was a knocker again.

To say that he was not startled, or that his blood was not conscious of a terrible sensation to which it had been a stranger from infancy, would be untrue. But he put his hand on the key he had relinquished, turned it sturdily, walked in, and lighted his candle.

He *did* pause, with a moment's irresolution, before he shut the door; and he *did* look cautiously behind it first, as if he half expected to be terrified with the sight of Marley's pigtail sticking out into the hall. But there was nothing on the back of the door except the screws and nuts that held the knocker on; so he said "Pooh, pooh!" and closed it with a bang.

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1. **Cornhill**, a London street. 4. **Camden Town**, a suburb of London.

The sound resounded through the house like thunder. Every room above, and every cask in the wine merchant's cellars below, appeared to have a separate peal of echoes of its own. Scrooge was not a man to be frightened by echoes. He fastened the door, and walked across the hall, and up the stairs, slowly, too, trimming his candle as he went.

You may talk vaguely about driving a coach and six up a good old flight of stairs, or through a bad young Act of Parliament; but I mean to say you might have got a hearse up that staircase, and taken it broadwise, with the splinter bar toward the wall, and the door toward the balustrades; and done it easily. There was plenty of width for that, and room to spare; which is perhaps the reason why Scrooge thought he saw a locomotive hearse going on before him in the gloom. Half a dozen gas lamps out of the street wouldn't have lighted the entry too well; so you may suppose that it was pretty dark with Scrooge's dip.

Up Scrooge went, not caring a button for that; darkness is cheap, and Scrooge liked it. But before he shut his heavy door, he walked through his rooms to see that all was right. He had just enough recollection of the face to desire to do that.

Sitting room, bedroom, lumber room. All as they should be. Nobody under the table; nobody under the sofa; a small fire in the grate; spoon and basin ready; and the little saucepan of gruel (Scrooge had a cold in his head) upon the hob. Nobody under the bed; nobody in the closet; nobody in his dressing gown, which was hanging up in a suspicious attitude against the wall. Lumber room as usual. Old fireguard, old shoes, two fish baskets, washingstand on three legs, and a poker.

Quite satisfied, he closed his door, and locked himself in; double-locked himself in, which was not his custom. Thus secured against surprise, he took off his cravat; put on his dressing gown and slippers, and his nightcap; and sat down before the fire to take his gruel.

It was a very low fire indeed; nothing on such a bitter night. He was obliged to sit close to it, and brood over it, before he could extract the least sensation of warmth from such a handful of fuel. The fireplace was an old one, built by some Dutch merchant long ago, and paved all round with quaint Dutch tiles, designed to illustrate the Scriptures. There were Cains and Abels, Pharaoh's daughters, Queens of Sheba, angelic messengers descending through the air on clouds like feather beds, Abrahams, Belshazzars, Apostles putting off to sea in butter boats, hundreds of figures, to attract his thoughts; and yet that face of Marley, seven years dead, came like the ancient prophet's rod, and swallowed up the whole. If each smooth tile had been a blank at first, with power to shape some picture on its surface from the disjointed fragments of his thoughts, there would have been a copy of Marley's head on every one.

"Humbug!" said Scrooge, and walked across the room.

After several turns, he sat down again. As he threw his head back in the chair, his glance happened to rest upon a bell, a disused bell, that hung in the room, and communicated for

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27. **dip**, candle. 41. **hob**, a projection on a fireplace on which to warm things.

45. **fireguard**, a screen to keep sparks from flying out into the room. 73. **prophet's rod.** See *Exodus* vii.

some purpose, now forgotten, with a chamber in the highest story of the building. It was with great astonishment, and with a strange, inexplicable dread, that as he looked, he saw this bell begin to swing. It swung so softly in the outset that it scarcely made a sound; but soon it rang out loudly, and so did every bell in the house.

This might have lasted half a minute, or a minute, but it seemed an hour. The bells ceased as they had begun, together. They were succeeded by a clanking noise, deep down below, as if some person were dragging a heavy chain over the casks in the wine merchant's cellar. Scrooge then remembered to have heard that ghosts in haunted houses were described as dragging chains.

The cellar door flew open with a booming sound, and then he heard the noise much louder, on the floors below; then coming up the stairs; then coming straight toward his door.

"It's humbug still!" said Scrooge. "I won't believe it."

His color changed though, when, without a pause, it came on through the heavy door, and passed into the room before his eyes. Upon its coming in, the dying flame leaped up, as though it cried, "I know him! Marley's Ghost!" and fell again.

The same face; the very same. Marley in his pigtail, usual waistcoat, tights, and boots; the tassels on the latter bristling, like his pigtail, and his coat skirts, and the hair upon his head. The chain he drew was clasped about his middle. It was long, and wound about him like a tail; and it was made (for Scrooge observed it closely) of cash boxes, keys, padlocks, ledgers, deeds, and heavy purses wrought in steel. His body was transparent; so that Scrooge, observing him, and looking through his waistcoat, could see the two buttons on his coat behind.

Scrooge had often heard it said that Marley had no bowels, but he had never believed it until now.

No, nor did he believe it even now. Though he looked the phantom through and through, and saw it standing before him; though he felt the chilling influence of its death-cold eyes; and marked the very texture of the folded kerchief bound about its head and chin, which wrapper he had not observed before; he was still incredulous, and fought against his senses.

"How now!" said Scrooge, caustic and cold as ever. "What do you want with me?"

"Much!"—Marley's voice, no doubt about it.

"Who are you?"

"Ask me who I *was*."

"Who *were* you then?" said Scrooge, raising his voice. "You're particular—for a shade." He was going to say "*to* a shade," but substituted this, as more appropriate.

"In life I was your partner, Jacob Marley."

"Can you—can you sit down?" asked Scrooge, looking doubtfully at him.

"I can."

"Do it then."

Scrooge asked the question, because he didn't know whether a ghost so transparent might find himself in a condition to take a chair; and felt that in the event of its being impossible, it might involve the necessity of an embarrassing explanation. But the Ghost sat down on the opposite side of the fireplace, as if he were quite used to it.

From a drawing in the original edition of "A Christmas Carol"

MARLEY'S GHOST

"You don't believe in me," observed the Ghost. "I don't," said Scrooge.

"What evidence would you have of my reality beyond that of your senses?"

"I don't know," said Scrooge.

"Why do you doubt your senses?"

"Because," said Scrooge, "a little thing affects them. A slight disorder of the stomach makes them cheats. You may be an undigested bit of beef, a blot of mustard, a crumb of cheese, a fragment of an underdone potato. There's more of gravy than of grave about you, whatever you are!"

Scrooge was not much in the habit of cracking jokes, nor did he feel, in his heart, by any means waggish then. The truth is, that he tried to be smart as a means of distracting his own attention and keeping down his terror; for the Specter's voice disturbed the very marrow in his bones.

To sit, staring at those fixed, glazed eyes in silence for a moment, would play, Scrooge felt, the very deuce with him. There was something very awful, too, in the Specter's being provided with an infernal atmosphere of its own. Scrooge could not feel it himself, but this was clearly the case; for though the Ghost sat perfectly motionless, its hair, skirts, and tassels were still agitated as by the hot vapor from an oven.

"You see this toothpick!" said Scrooge, returning quickly to the charge, for the reason just assigned; and wishing, though it were only for a second, to divert the Vision's stony gaze from himself.

"I do," replied the Ghost.

"You are not looking at it," said Scrooge.

"But I see it," said the Ghost, "notwithstanding."

"Well!" returned Scrooge. "I have but to swallow this, and be for the rest of my days persecuted by a legion of goblins, all of my own creation. Humbug, I tell you—humbug!"

At this the Spirit raised a frightful cry, and shook its chain with such a dismal and appalling noise that Scrooge held on tight to his chair to save himself from falling in a swoon. But how much greater was his horror, when, on the Phantom's taking off the bandage round its head, as if it were too warm to wear indoors, its lower jaw dropped down upon its breast!

Scrooge fell upon his knees, and clasped his hands before his face.

"Mercy!" he said. "Dreadful Apparition, why do you trouble me?"

"Man of the worldly mind!" replied the Ghost, "do you believe in me or not?"

"I do," said Scrooge. "I must. But why do spirits walk the earth, and why do they come to me?"

"It is required of every man," the Ghost returned, "that the spirit within him should walk abroad among his fellow men, and travel far and wide; and if that spirit goes not forth in life, it is condemned to do so after death. It is doomed to wander through the world—oh, woe is me!—and witness what it cannot share, but might have shared on earth, and turned to happiness!"

Again the Specter raised a cry, and shook its chain, and wrung its shadowy hands.

"You are fettered," said Scrooge, trembling. "Tell me why?"

"I wear the chain I forged in life," replied the Ghost. "I made it link by link, and yard by yard; I girded it on of my own free will, and of my own free will I wore it. Is its pattern strange to *you?*"

Scrooge trembled more and more.

"Or would you know," pursued the Ghost, "the weight and length of the strong coil you bear yourself? It was full as heavy and as long as this, seven Christmas Eves ago. You have labored on it since. It is a ponderous chain!"

Scrooge glanced about him on the floor, in the expectation of finding himself surrounded by some fifty or sixty fathoms of iron cable; but he could see nothing.

"Jacob," he said imploringly. "Old Jacob Marley, tell me more. Speak comfort to me, Jacob."

"I have none to give," the Ghost replied. "It comes from other regions, Ebenezer Scrooge, and is conveyed by other ministers, to other kinds of men. Nor can I tell you what I would. A very little more is all permitted to me. I cannot rest, I cannot stay, I cannot linger anywhere. My spirit never walked beyond our countinghouse—mark me!—in life my spirit never roved beyond the narrow limits of our money-changing hole; and weary journeys lie before me!"

It was a habit with Scrooge, whenever he became thoughtful, to put his hands in his breeches pockets. Pondering on what the Ghost had said, he did so now, but without lifting up his eyes or getting off his knees.

"You must have been very slow about it, Jacob," Scrooge observed, in a business-like manner, though with humility and deference.

"Slow!" the Ghost repeated.

"Seven years dead," mused Scrooge. "And traveling all the time!"

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67. **ministers**, messengers, agents.

"The whole time," said the Ghost. "No rest, no peace. Incessant torture of remorse."

"You travel fast?" asked Scrooge.

"On the wings of the wind," replied the Ghost.

"You might have got over a great quantity of ground in seven years," said Scrooge.

The Ghost, on hearing this, set up another cry, and clanked its chain so hideously in the dead silence of the night that the Ward would have been justified in indicting it for a nuisance.

"Oh! captive, bound and double-ironed," cried the Phantom, "not to know that ages of incessant labor, by immortal creatures, for this earth, must pass into eternity before the good of which it is susceptible is all developed. Not to know that any Christian spirit working kindly in its little sphere, whatever it may be, will find its mortal life too short for its vast means of usefulness. Not to know that no space of regret can make amends for one life's opportunity misused! Yet such was I! Oh! such was I!"

"But you were always a good man of business, Jacob," faltered Scrooge, who now began to apply this to himself.

"Business!" cried the Ghost, wringing its hands again. "Mankind was my business. The common welfare was my business; charity, mercy, forbearance, and benevolence were all my business. The dealings of my trade were but a drop of water in the comprehensive ocean of my business!"

It held up its chain at arm's length, as if that were the cause of all its unavailing grief, and flung it heavily upon the ground again.

"At this time of the rolling year," the Specter said, "I suffer most. Why did I walk through crowds of fellow beings with my eyes turned down, and never raise them to that blessed Star which led the Wise Men to a poor abode! Were there no poor homes to which its light would have conducted *me!*"

Scrooge was very much dismayed to hear the Specter going on at this rate, and began to quake exceedingly.

"Hear me!" cried the Ghost. "My time is nearly gone."

"I will," said Scrooge. "But don't be hard upon me! Don't be flowery, Jacob! Pray!"

"How it is that I appear before you in a shape that you can see, I may not tell. I have sat invisible beside you many and many a day."

It was not an agreeable idea. Scrooge shivered, and wiped the perspiration from his brow.

"That is no light part of my penance," pursued the Ghost. "I am here tonight to warn you that you have yet a chance and hope of escaping my fate. A chance and hope of my procuring, Ebenezer."

"You were always a good friend to me," said Scrooge. "Thank'ee!"

"You will be haunted," resumed the Ghost, "by Three Spirits."

Scrooge's countenance fell almost as low as the Ghost's had done.

"Is that the chance and hope you mentioned, Jacob?" he demanded, in a faltering voice.

"It is."

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13. **Ward**, an officer of a ward, one of the divisions of London.

63. **Don't be flowery**, speak simply and to the point.

"I—I think I'd rather not," said Scrooge.

"Without their visits," said the Ghost, "you cannot hope to shun the path I tread. Expect the first tomorrow when the bell tolls one."

"Couldn't I take 'em all at once, and have it over, Jacob?" hinted Scrooge.

"Expect the second on the next night at the same hour. The third upon the next night when the last stroke of twelve has ceased to vibrate. Look to see me no more; and look that, for your own sake, you remember what has passed between us!"

When it had said these words, the Specter took its wrapper from the table, and bound it round its head, as before. Scrooge knew this by the smart sound its teeth made when the jaws were brought together by the bandage. He ventured to raise his eyes again, and found his supernatural visitor confronting him in an erect attitude, with its chain wound over and about its arm.

The Apparition walked backward from him; and at every step it took, the window raised itself a little, so that when the Specter reached it, it was wide open. It beckoned Scrooge to approach, which he did. When they were within two paces of each other, Marley's Ghost held up its hand, warning him to come no nearer. Scrooge stopped.

Not so much in obedience as in surprise and fear; for on the raising of the hand, he became sensible of confused noises in the air; incoherent sounds of lamentation and regret; wailings inexpressibly sorrowful and self-accusatory. The specter after listening for a moment, joined in the mournful dirge, and floated out upon the bleak, dark night.

Scrooge followed to the window, desperate in his curiosity. He looked out.

The air was filled with phantoms, wandering hither and thither in restless haste, and moaning as they went. Every one of them wore chains like Marley's Ghost; some few (they might be guilty governments) were linked together; none was free. Many had been personally known to Scrooge in their lives. He had been quite familiar with one old ghost, in a white waistcoat, with a monstrous iron safe attached to its ankle, who cried piteously at being unable to assist a wretched woman with an infant, whom it saw below, upon a doorstep. The misery with them all was, clearly, that they sought to interfere, for good, in human matters, and had lost the power forever.

Whether these creatures faded into mist, or mist enshrouded them, he could not tell. But they and their spirit voices faded together; and the night became as it had been when he walked home.

Scrooge closed the window, and examined the door by which the Ghost had entered. It was double-locked, as he had locked it with his own hands, and the bolts were undisturbed. He tried to say "Humbug!" but stopped at the first syllable. And being, from the emotion he had undergone, or the fatigue of the day, or his glimpse of the Invisible World, or the dull conversation of the Ghost, or the lateness of the hour, much in need of repose, he went straight to bed, without undressing, and fell asleep upon the instant.

STAVE TWO

THE FIRST OF THE THREE SPIRITS

When Scrooge awoke, it was so dark that, looking out of bed, he could scarcely distinguish the transparent window from the opaque walls of his chamber. He was endeavoring to pierce the darkness with his ferret eyes, when the chimes of a neighboring church struck the four quarters. So he listened for the hour.

To his great astonishment the heavy bell went on from six to seven, and from seven to eight, and regularly up to twelve; then stopped. Twelve! It was past two when he went to bed. The clock was wrong. An icicle must have got into the works. Twelve!

He touched the spring of his repeater to correct this most preposterous clock. Its rapid little pulse beat twelve; and stopped.

"Why, it isn't possible," said Scrooge, "that I can have slept through a whole day and far into another night. It isn't possible that anything has happened to the sun, and this is twelve at noon!"

The idea being an alarming one, he scrambled out of bed and groped his way to the window. He was obliged to rub the frost off with the sleeve of his dressing-gown before he could see anything; and could see very little then. All he could make out was that it was still very foggy and extremely cold, and that there was no noise of people running to and fro and making a great stir, as there unquestionably would have been if night had beaten off bright day and taken possession of the world. This was a great relief, because "three days after sight of this First of Exchange pay to Mr. Ebenezer Scrooge or his order" and so forth, would have become a mere United States security if there were no days to count by.

Scrooge went to bed again, and thought, and thought, and thought it over and over and over, and could make nothing of it. The more he thought, the more perplexed he was; and the more he endeavored not to think, the more he thought. Marley's Ghost bothered him exceedingly. Every time he resolved within himself, after mature inquiry, that it was all a dream, his mind flew back again, like a strong spring released, to its first position, and presented the same problem to be worked all through, "Was it a dream or not?"

Scrooge lay in this state until the chimes had gone three quarters more, when he remembered, on a sudden, that the Ghost had warned him of a visitation when the bell tolled one. He resolved to lie awake until the hour was passed; and, considering that he could no more go to sleep than go to heaven, this was perhaps the wisest resolution in his power.

The quarter was so long that he was more than once convinced he must have sunk into a doze unconsciously, and missed the clock. At length it broke upon his listening ear.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter past," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"Half-past!" said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

"A quarter to it," said Scrooge.

"Ding, dong!"

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44. **United States security.** At that time United States securities were considered unsound in England.

"The hour itself," said Scrooge, triumphantly, "and nothing else!"

He spoke before the hour bell sounded, which it now did with a deep, dull, hollow, melancholy ONE. Light flashed up in the room upon the instant, and the curtains of his bed were drawn aside.

The curtains of his bed were drawn aside, I tell you, by a hand. Not the curtains at his feet, nor the curtains at his back, but those to which his face was addressed. The curtains of his bed were drawn aside; and Scrooge, starting up into a half-recumbent attitude, found himself face to face with the unearthly visitor who drew them; as close to it as I am now to you, and I am standing in the spirit at your elbow.

It was a strange figure—like a child; yet not so like a child as like an old man, viewed through some supernatural medium, which gave him the appearance of having receded from the view, and being diminished to a child's proportions. Its hair, which hung about its neck and down its back, was white as if with age; and yet the face had not a wrinkle in it, and the tenderest bloom was on the skin. The arms were very long and muscular; the hands the same, as if its hold were of uncommon strength. Its legs and feet, most delicately formed, were, like those upper members, bare. It wore a tunic of the purest white; and round its waist was bound a lustrous belt, the sheen of which was beautiful. It held a branch of fresh green holly in its hand; and, in singular contradiction of that wintry emblem, had its dress trimmed with summer flowers. But the strangest thing about it was that from the crown of its head there sprang a bright clear jet of light, by which all this was visible; and which was doubtless the occasion of its using, in its duller moments, a great extinguisher for a cap, which it now held under its arm.

Even this, though, when Scrooge looked at it with increasing steadiness, was *not* its strangest quality. For, as its belt sparkled and glittered now in one part and now in another, and what was light one instant at another time was dark, so the figure itself fluctuated in its distinctness; being now a thing with one arm, now with one leg, now with twenty legs, now a pair of legs without a head, now a head without a body; of which dissolving parts no outline would be visible in the dense gloom wherein they melted away. And in the very wonder of this, it would be itself again, distinct and clear as ever.

"Are you the Spirit, sir, whose coming was foretold to me?" asked Scrooge.

"I am!"

The voice was soft and gentle. Singularly low, as if instead of being so close beside him, it were at a distance.

"Who and what are you?" Scrooge demanded.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Past."

"Long past?" inquired Scrooge; observant of its dwarfish stature.

"No. Your past."

Perhaps Scrooge could not have told anybody why, if anybody could have asked him, but he had a special desire to see the Spirit in his cap, and begged him to be covered.

"What!" exclaimed the Ghost, "would you so soon put out, with worldly hands, the light I give? Is it not enough that you are one of those whose passions made this cap, and force me through whole trains of years to wear it low upon my brow?"

Scrooge reverently disclaimed all intention to offend, or any knowledge of having willfully "bonneted" the Spirit at any period of his life. He then made bold to inquire what business brought him there.

"Your welfare!" said the Ghost.

Scrooge expressed himself much obliged, but could not help thinking that a night of unbroken rest would have been more conducive to that end. The Spirit must have heard him thinking, for it said, immediately:

"Your reclamation, then. Take heed!"

It put out its strong hand as it spoke, and clasped him gently by the arm. "Rise! and walk with me!"

It would have been in vain for Scrooge to plead that the weather and the hour were not adapted to pedestrian purposes; that bed was warm, and the thermometer a long way below freezing; that he was clad but lightly in his slippers, dressing gown, and nightcap; and that he had a cold upon him at that time. The grasp, though gentle as a woman's hand, was not to be resisted. He rose; but finding that the Spirit made toward the window, clasped its robe in supplication.

"I am a mortal," Scrooge remonstrated, "and liable to fall."

"Bear but a touch of my hand *there*," said the Spirit, laying it upon his heart, "and you shall be upheld in more than this!"

As the words were spoken, they passed through the wall, and stood upon an open country road, with fields on either hand. The city had entirely vanished. Not a vestige of it was to be seen. The darkness and the mist had vanished with it, for it was a clear, cold, winter day, with snow upon the ground.

"Good heavens!" said Scrooge, clasping his hands together, as he looked about him. "I was bred in this place. I was a boy here!"

The Spirit gazed upon him mildly. Its gentle touch, though it had been light and instantaneous, appeared still present to the old man's sense of feeling. He was conscious of a thousand odors floating in the air, each one connected with a thousand thoughts, and hopes, and joys, and cares, long, long forgotten!

"Your lip is trembling," said the Ghost. "And what is that upon your cheek?"

Scrooge muttered, with an unusual catching in his voice, that it was a pimple; and begged the Ghost to lead him where he would. "You recollect the way?" inquired the Spirit.

"Remember it!" cried Scrooge with fervor—"I could walk it blindfold."

"Strange to have forgotten it for so many years!" observed the Ghost. "Let us go on."

They walked along the road, Scrooge recognizing every gate, and post, and tree, until a little market-town appeared in the distance, with its bridge, its church, and winding river. Some shaggy ponies now were seen trotting toward them with boys upon their backs, who called to other boys in country gigs and carts, driven by farmers. All these boys were in great spirits, and shouted to each other, until the broad fields were so full of merry music that the crisp air laughed to hear it.

"These are but shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "They have no consciousness of us."

The jocund travelers came on; and as they came, Scrooge knew and named them every one. Why was he rejoiced beyond all bounds to see them! Why did his cold eye glisten, and his heart leap up as they went past! Why was he filled with gladness when he heard them give each other Merry Christmas, as they parted at crossroads and byways for their several homes! What was merry Christmas to Scrooge? Out upon merry Christmas! What good had it ever done to him?

"The school is not quite deserted," said the Ghost. "A solitary child, neglected by his friends, is left there still." Scrooge said he knew it. And he sobbed.

They left the highroad, by a well-remembered lane, and soon approached a mansion of dull red brick, with a little weathercock-surmounted cupola on the roof, and a bell hanging in it. It was a large house, but one of broken fortunes; for the spacious offices were little used, their walls were damp and mossy, their windows broken, and their gates decayed. Fowls clucked and strutted in the stables; and the coach-houses and sheds were overrun with grass. Nor was it more retentive of its ancient state, within; for entering the dreary hall, and glancing through the open doors of many rooms, they found them poorly furnished, cold, and vast. There was an earthy savor in the air, a chilly bareness in the place, which associated itself somehow with too much getting up by candle-light, and not too much to eat.

They went, the Ghost and Scrooge, across the hall, to a door at the back of the house. It opened before them and disclosed a long, bare, melancholy room, made barer still by lines of plain deal forms and desks. At one of these a lonely boy was reading near a feeble fire; and Scrooge sat down upon a form, and wept to see his poor forgotten self as he had used to be.

Not a latent echo in the house, not a squeak and scuffle from the mice behind the paneling, not a drip from the half-thawed water-spout in the dull yard behind, not a sigh among the leafless boughs of one despondent poplar, not the idle swinging of an empty storehouse door, no, not a clicking in the fire, but fell upon the heart of Scrooge with softening influence, and gave a freer passage to his tears.

The Spirit touched him on the arm, and pointed to his younger self, intent upon his reading. Suddenly, a man, in foreign garments, wonderfully real and distinct to look at, stood outside the window, with an ax stuck in his belt, and leading an ass laden with wood, by the bridle.

"Why, it's Ali Baba!" Scrooge exclaimed in ecstasy. "It's dear old honest Ali Baba! Yes, yes, I know! One Christmas time, when yonder solitary child was left here all alone, he *did* come, for the first time, just like that. Poor boy! And Valentine," said Scrooge, "and his wild brother, Orson; there they go! And what's his name, who was put down in his drawers, asleep, at the Gate of Damascus; don't you see him! And the Sultan's Groom turned upside down by the Genii; there he is upon his head! Serves him right. I'm glad of it. What business had *he* to be married to the Princess!"

To hear Scrooge expending all the earnestness of his nature on such subjects, in a most extraordinary voice between laughing and crying, and to see his heightened and excited face would have been a surprise to his business friends in the city, indeed.

"There's the Parrot!" cried Scrooge. "Green body and yellow tail, with a thing like a lettuce growing out of the top of his head; there he is! Poor Robin Crusoe, he called him, when he came home again after sailing round the island. 'Poor Robin Crusoe, where have you been, Robin Crusoe?' The man thought he was dreaming, but he wasn't. It was the Parrot, you know. There goes Friday, running for his life to the little creek! Halloa! Whoop! Halloo!"

Then, with a rapidity of transition very foreign to his usual character, he said, in pity for his former self, "Poor boy!" and cried again.

"I wish—" Scrooge muttered, putting his hand in his pocket, and looking about him, after drying his eyes with his cuff; "but it's too late now."

"What is the matter?" asked the Spirit.

"Nothing," said Scrooge. "Nothing. There was a boy singing a Christmas carol at my door last night. I should like to have given him something; that's all."

The Ghost smiled thoughtfully, and waved its hand, saying as it did so, "Let us see another Christmas!"

Scrooge's former self grew larger at the words, and the room became a little darker and more dirty. The panels shrank, the windows cracked; fragments of plaster fell out of the ceiling, and the naked laths were shown instead; but how all this was brought about, Scrooge knew no more than you do. He only knew that it was quite correct; that everything had happened so; that here he was, alone again, when all the other boys had gone home for the jolly holidays.

He was not reading now, but walking up and down despairingly. Scrooge looked at the Ghost, and with a mournful shaking of his head, glanced anxiously toward the door.

It opened; and a little girl, much younger than the boy, came darting in, and putting her arms about his neck, and often kissing him, addressed him as her "Dear, dear brother."

"I have come to bring you home, dear brother!" said the child, clapping her tiny hands, and bending down to laugh. "To bring you home, home, home!"

"Home, little Fan?" returned the boy. "Yes!" said the child, brimful of glee. "Home, for good and all. Home, forever and ever. Father is so much kinder than he used to be that home's like heaven! He spoke so gently to me one dear night when I was going to bed that I was not afraid to ask him once more if you might come home; and he said yes, you should; and sent me in a coach to bring you. And you're to be a man!" said the child, opening her eyes, "and are never to come back here; but first, we're to be together all the Christmas long, and have the merriest time in all the world."

"You are quite a woman, little Fan!" exclaimed the boy.

She clapped her hands and laughed,

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8. **Parrot, Robin Crusoe, Friday,** from the book *Robinson Crusoe*, which Scrooge had enjoyed as a child.

SCROOGE'S FIRST GLIMPSE INTO HIS PAST

and tried to touch his head; but being too little, laughed again, and stood on tiptoe to embrace him. Then she began to drag him, in her childish eagerness, toward the door; and he, nothing loath to go, accompanied her.

A terrible voice in the hall cried, "Bring down Master Scrooge's box, there!" and in the hall appeared the schoolmaster himself, who glared on Master Scrooge with a ferocious condescension, and threw him into a dreadful state of mind by shaking hands with him. He then conveyed him and his sister into the veriest old well of a shivering best-parlor that ever was seen, where the maps upon the wall and the celestial and terrestrial globes in the windows were waxy with cold. Here he produced a decanter of curiously light wine and a block of curiously heavy cake, and administered installments of those dainties to the young people; at the same time sending out a meager servant to offer a glass of "something" to the postboy, who answered that he thanked the gentleman, but if it was the same tap as he had tasted before, he had rather not.

Master Scrooge's trunk being by this time tied on to the top of the chaise, the children bade the schoolmaster good-by right willingly; and getting into it, drove gayly down the garden-sweep; the quick wheels dashing the hoarfrost and snow from off the dark leaves of the evergreens like spray.

"Always a delicate creature, whom a breath might have withered," said the Ghost. "But she had a large heart!"

"So she had," cried Scrooge. "You're right. I'll not gainsay it, Spirit. God forbid!"

"She died a woman," said the Ghost, "and had, as I think, children."

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35. **garden-sweep**, broad road through the garden.

"One child," Scrooge returned.

"True," said the Ghost. "Your nephew!"

Scrooge seemed uneasy in his mind; and answered briefly, "Yes."

Although they had but that moment left the school behind them, they were now in the busy thoroughfares of a city, where shadowy passengers passed and repassed; where shadowy carts and coaches battled for the way, and all the strife and tumult of a real city were. It was made plain enough, by the dressing of the shops, that here, too, it was Christmas-time again; but it was evening, and the streets were lighted up.

The Ghost stopped at a certain warehouse door, and asked Scrooge if he knew it. "Know it!" said Scrooge. "Was I apprenticed here?"

They went in. At sight of an old gentleman in a Welsh wig, sitting behind such a high desk that if he had been two inches taller he must have knocked his head against the ceiling, Scrooge cried in great excitement:

"Why, it's old Fezziwig! Bless his heart; it's Fezziwig alive again!"

Old Fezziwig laid down his pen, and looked up at the clock, which pointed to the hour of seven. He rubbed his hands; adjusted his capacious waistcoat; laughed all over himself, from his shoes to his organ of benevolence; and called out in a comfortable, oily, rich, fat, jovial voice:

"Yo ho, there! Ebenezer! Dick!"

Scrooge's former self, now grown a young man, came briskly in, accompanied by his fellow-'prentice.

"Dick Wilkins, to be sure!" said Scrooge to the Ghost. "Bless me yes. There he is. He was very much attached to me, was Dick. Poor Dick! Dear, dear!"

"Yo ho, my boys!" said Fezziwig. "No more work tonight. Christmas Eve, Dick. Christmas, Ebenezer! Let's have the shutters up," cried old Fezziwig, with a sharp clap of his hands, "before a man can say Jack Robinson!"

You wouldn't believe how those two fellows went at it! They charged into the street with the shutters—one, two, three—had 'em up in their places—four, five, six—barred 'em and pinned 'em—seven, eight, nine—and came back before you could have got to twelve, panting like race horses.

"Hilli-ho!" cried old Fezziwig, skipping down from the high desk with wonderful agility. "Clear away, my lads, and let's have lots of room here! Hilli-ho, Dick! Chirrup, Ebenezer!"

Clear away! There was nothing they wouldn't have cleared away, or couldn't have cleared away, with old Fezziwig looking on. It was done in a minute. Every movable was packed off as if it were dismissed from public life forevermore; the floor was swept and watered; the lamps were trimmed; fuel was heaped upon the fire; and the warehouse was as snug, and warm, and dry, and bright a ballroom as you would desire to see upon a winter's night.

In came a fiddler with a music-book, and went up to the lofty desk, and made an orchestra of it, and tuned like fifty stomachaches. In came Mrs. Fezziwig, one vast substantial smile. In came the three Miss Fezziwigs, beaming and lovable. In came the six young followers whose hearts they broke. In came all the young men

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23. **Welsh wig**, a large, curly wig. 35. **organ of benevolence**, heart.

From a drawing in the original edition of "A Christmas Carol"

THE FEZZIWIGS' BALL

and women employed in the business. In came the housemaid, with her cousin, the baker. In came the cook, with her brother's particular friend, the milkman. In came the boy from over the way, who was suspected of not having board enough from his master; trying to hide himself behind the girl from next door but one, who was proved to have had her ears pulled by her mistress. In they all came, one after another; some shyly, some boldly, some gracefully, some awkwardly, some pushing, some pulling; in they all came, anyhow and everyhow. Away they all went, twenty couples at once, hands half round and back again the other way; down the middle and up again; round and round in various stages of affectionate grouping; old top couple always turning up in the wrong place; new top couple starting off again, as soon as they got there; all top couples at last, and not a bottom one to help them. When this result was brought about, old Fezziwig, clapping his hands to stop the dance, cried out, "Well done!" and the fiddler plunged his hot face into a pot of porter especially provided for that purpose. But scorning rest upon his reappearance, he instantly began again, though there were no dancers yet, as if the other fiddler had been carried home, exhausted, on a shutter, and he were a brand-new man resolved to beat him out of sight, or perish.

There were more dances, and there were forfeits, and more dances, and there was cake, and there was negus,

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41. **negus** (nē'gŭs), a beverage.

and there was a great piece of Cold Roast, and there was a great piece of Cold Boiled, and there were mince-pies, and plenty of beer. But the great effect of the evening came after the Roast and Boiled, when the fiddler (an artful dog, mind! the sort of man who knew his business better than you or I could have told it him!) struck up "Sir Roger de Coverley." Then old Fezziwig stood out to dance with Mrs. Fezziwig. Top couple, too, with a good stiff piece of work cut out for them; three or four and twenty pairs of partners; people who were not to be trifled with; people who *would* dance, and had no notion of walking.

But if they had been twice as many, ah, four times, old Fezziwig would have been a match for them, and so would Mrs. Fezziwig. As to *her*, she was worthy to be his partner in every sense of the term. If that's not high praise, tell me higher, and I'll use it. A positive light appeared to issue from Fezziwig's calves. They shone in every part of the dance like moons. You couldn't have predicted, at any given time, what would become of 'em next. And when old Fezziwig and Mrs. Fezziwig had gone all through the dance; advance and retire; hold hands with your partner; bow and curtsy; corkscrew; thread-the-needle, and back again to your place; Fezziwig "cut"—so deftly that he appeared to wink with his legs, and came up on his feet again without a stagger.

When the clock struck eleven, this domestic ball broke up. Mr. and Mrs. Fezziwig took their stations, one on either side of the door, and shaking hands with every person individually as he or she went out, wished him or her a Merry Christmas. When everybody had retired but the two 'prentices, they did the same to them; and thus the cheerful voices died away, and the lads were left to their beds, which were under a counter in the back shop.

During the whole of this time Scrooge had acted like a man out of his wits. His heart and soul were in the scene, and with his former self. He corroborated everything, remembered everything, enjoyed everything, and underwent the strangest agitation. It was not until now, when the bright faces of his former self and Dick were turned from them, that he remembered the Ghost and became conscious that it was looking full upon him, while the light upon its head burned very clear.

"A small matter," said the Ghost, "to make these silly folks so full of gratitude."

"Small!" echoed Scrooge.

The Spirit signed him to listen to the two apprentices, who were pouring out their hearts in praise of Fezziwig; and when he had done so, said:

"Why! Is it not? He has spent but a few pounds of your mortal money; three or four, perhaps. Is that so much that he deserves this praise?"

"It isn't that," said Scrooge, heated by the remark, and speaking unconsciously like his former, not his latter, self. "It isn't that, Spirit. He has the power to render us happy or unhappy; to make our service light or burdensome; a pleasure or a toil. Say that his power lies in words and looks; in things so slight and insignificant that it is impossible to add and count 'em up; what then? The happiness he gives is quite as great as if it cost a fortune."

He felt the Spirit's glance, and

10. Sir Roger, a dance like the Virginia Reel.

stopped. "What is the matter?" asked the Ghost.

"Nothing particular," said Scrooge.

"Something, I think?" the Ghost insisted. "No," said Scrooge, "no. I should like to be able to say a word or two to my clerk just now! That's all."

His former self turned down the lamps as he gave utterance to the wish; and Scrooge and the Ghost again stood side by side in the open air.

"My time grows short," observed the Spirit. "Quick!"

This was not addressed to Scrooge or to anyone whom he could see, but it produced an immediate effect. For again Scrooge saw himself. He was older now, a man in the prime of life. His face had not the harsh and rigid lines of later years; but it had begun to wear the signs of care and avarice. There was an eager, greedy, restless motion in the eye, which showed the passion that had taken root, and where the shadow of the growing tree would fall.

He was not alone, but sat by the side of a fair young girl in a mourning-dress, in whose eyes there were tears, which sparkled in the light that shone out of the Ghost of Christmas Past.

"It matters little," she said, softly. "To you, very little. Another idol has displaced me; and if it can cheer and comfort you in time to come, as I would have tried to do, I have no just cause to grieve."

"What idol has displaced you?" he rejoined.

"A golden one."

"This is the even-handed dealing of the world!" he said. "There is nothing on which it is so hard as poverty; and there is nothing it professes to condemn with such severity as the pursuit of wealth!"

"You fear the world too much," she answered, gently. "All your other hopes have merged into the hope of being beyond the chance of its sordid reproach. I have seen your nobler aspirations fall off one by one, until the master-passion, Gain, engrosses you. Have I not?"

"What then?" he retorted. "Even if I have grown so much wiser, what then? I am not changed toward you."

She shook her head.

"Am I?"

"Our contract is an old one. It was made when we were both poor and content to be so, until, in good season, we could improve our worldly fortune by our patient industry. You *are* changed. When it was made, you were another man."

"I was a boy," he said impatiently.

"Your own feeling tells you that you were not what you are," she returned. "I am. That which promised happiness when we were one in heart is fraught with misery now that we are two. How often and how keenly I have thought of this I will not say. It is enough that I *have* thought of it and can release you."

"Have I ever sought release?"

"In words? No. Never."

"In what, then?"

"In a changed nature; in an altered spirit; in another atmosphere of life; another hope as its great end. In everything that made my love of any worth or value in your sight. If this had never been between us," said the girl, looking mildly, but with steadiness, upon him; "tell me, would you seek me out and try to win me now? Ah, no!" He seemed to yield to the justice of this supposition, in spite of himself. But he said with a struggle, "You think not."

"I would gladly think otherwise if I could," she answered, "Heaven knows! When *I* have learned a truth like this, I know how strong and irresistible it must be. But if you were free today, tomorrow, yesterday, can even I believe that you would choose a dowerless girl—you who, in your very confidence with her, weigh everything by Gain; or, choosing her, if for a moment you were false enough to your one guiding principle to do so, do I not know that your repentance and regret would surely follow? I do; and I release you. With a full heart, for the love of him you once were."

He was about to speak; but with her head turned from him, she resumed:

"You may—the memory of what is past half makes me hope you will—have pain in this. A very, very brief time, and you will dismiss the recollection of it, gladly, as an unprofitable dream, from which it happened well that you awoke. May you be happy in the life you have chosen!"

She left him, and they parted.

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, "show me no more! Conduct me home. Why do you delight to torture me?"

"One shadow more!" exclaimed the Ghost. "No more!" cried Scrooge. "No more. I don't wish to see it. Show me no more!"

But the relentless Ghost pinioned him in both his arms, and forced him to observe what happened next.

They were in another scene and place, a room, not very large or handsome, but full of comfort. Near to the winter fire sat a beautiful young girl, so like the last that Scrooge believed it was the same, until he saw *her*, now a comely matron, sitting opposite her daughter. The noise in this room was perfectly tumultuous, for there were more children there than Scrooge in his agitated state of mind could count; and, unlike the celebrated herd in the poem, they were not forty children conducting themselves like one, but every child was conducting itself like forty. The consequences were uproarious beyond belief, but no one seemed to care; on the contrary, the mother and daughter laughed heartily, and enjoyed it very much; and the latter, soon beginning to mingle in the sports, got pillaged by the young brigands most ruthlessly. What would I not have given to be one of them! Though I never could have been so rude, no, no! I wouldn't for the wealth of all the world have crushed that braided hair, and torn it down; and for the precious little shoe, I wouldn't have plucked it off, God bless my soul! to save my life. As to measuring her waist in sport, as they did, bold young brood, I couldn't have done it; I should have expected my arm to have grown round it for a punishment, and never come straight again. And yet I should have dearly liked, I own, to have touched her lips; to have questioned her, that she might have opened them; to have looked upon the lashes of her downcast eyes, and never raised a blush; to have let loose waves of hair, an inch of which would be a keepsake beyond price; in short, I should have liked, I do confess, to have had the lightest license of a child, and yet been man enough to know its value.

But now a knocking at the door was heard, and such a rush immediately ensued that she, with laughing face and plundered dress, was borne toward it, the center of a flushed and boisterous

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49. **celebrated herd**, in Wordsworth's poem "March."

group just in time to greet the father, who came home attended by a man laden with Christmas toys and presents. Then the shouting and the struggling, and the onslaught that was made on the defenseless porter! The scaling him with chairs for ladders to dive into his pockets, despoil him of brown-paper parcels, hold on tight by his cravat, hug him round the neck, pommel his back, and kick his legs in irrepressible affection! The shouts of wonder and delight with which the development of every package was received! The terrible announcement that the baby had been taken in the act of putting a doll's frying-pan into his mouth, and was more than suspected of having swallowed a fictitious turkey, glued on a wooden platter! The immense relief of finding this a false alarm! The joy, and gratitude, and ecstasy! They are all indescribable alike. It is enough that by degrees the children got out of the parlor and, by one stair at a time, up to the top of the house, where they went to bed, and so subsided.

And now Scrooge looked on more attentively than ever, when the master of the house, having his daughter leaning fondly on him, sat down with her and her mother at his own fireside; and when he thought that such another creature, quite as graceful and as full of promise, might have called him father, and been a springtime in the haggard winter of his life, his sight grew very dim indeed.

"Belle," said the husband, turning to his wife with a smile, "I saw an old friend of yours this afternoon."

"Who was it?" "Guess!"

"How can I? Tut, don't I know?" she added in the same breath, laughing as he laughed. "Mr. Scrooge."

"Mr. Scrooge it was. I passed his office window; and as it was not shut up, and he had a candle inside, I could scarcely help seeing him. His partner lies upon the point of death, I hear; and there he sat alone. Quite alone in the world, I do believe."

"Spirit!" said Scrooge in a broken voice, "remove me from this place."

"I told you these were shadows of the things that have been," said the Ghost. "That they are what they are, do not blame me!" "Remove me!" Scrooge exclaimed; "I cannot bear it!"

He turned upon the Ghost, and seeing that it looked upon him with a face, in which in some strange way there were fragments of all the faces it had shown him, wrestled with it.

"Leave me! Take me back. Haunt me no longer!"

In the struggle, if that can be called a struggle in which the Ghost with no visible resistance on its own part was undisturbed by any effort of its adversary, Scrooge observed that its light was burning high and bright; and dimly connecting that with its influence over him, he seized the extinguisher-cap, and by a sudden action pressed it down upon his head.

The Spirit dropped beneath it, so that the extinguisher covered its whole form; but though Scrooge pressed it down with all his force, he could not hide the light which streamed from under it, in an unbroken flood upon the ground.

He was conscious of being exhausted and overcome by an irresistible drowsiness, and, further, of being in his own bedroom. He gave the cap a parting squeeze, in which his hand relaxed, and had barely time to reel to bed, before he sank into a heavy slumber.

STAVE THREE

THE SECOND OF THE THREE SPIRITS

Awaking in the middle of a prodigiously tough snore, and sitting up in bed to get his thoughts together, Scrooge had no occasion to be told that the bell was again upon the stroke of One. He felt that he was restored to consciousness in the right nick of time, for the especial purpose of holding a conference with the second messenger dispatched to him through Jacob Marley's intervention. But, finding that he turned uncomfortably cold when he began to wonder which of his curtains this new specter would draw back, he put them every one aside with his own hands, and lying down again, established a sharp lookout all round the bed. For he wished to challenge the Spirit on the moment of its appearance, and did not wish to be taken by surprise and made nervous.

Gentlemen of the free-and-easy sort, who plume themselves on being acquainted with a move or two, and being usually equal to the time-of-day, express the wide range of their capacity for adventure by observing that they are good for anything from pitch and toss to manslaughter; between which opposite extremes, no doubt, there lies a tolerably wide and comprehensive range of subjects. Without venturing for Scrooge quite as hardily as this, I don't mind calling on you to believe that he was ready for a good broad field of strange appearances, and that nothing between a baby and rhinoceros would have astonished him very much.

Now, being prepared for almost anything, he was not by any means prepared for nothing; and, consequently, when the Bell struck One, and no shape appeared, he was taken with a violent fit of trembling. Five minutes, ten minutes, a quarter of an hour went by, yet nothing came. All this time he lay upon his bed, the very core and center of a blaze of ruddy light, which streamed upon it when the clock proclaimed the hour; and which, being only light, was more alarming than a dozen ghosts, as he was powerless to make out what it meant, or would be at; and was sometimes apprehensive that he might be at that very moment an interesting case of spontaneous combustion, without having the consolation of knowing it. At last, however, he began to think—as you or I would have thought at first; for it is always the person not in the predicament who knows what ought to have been done in it, and would unquestionably have done it, too—at last, I say, he began to think that the source and secret of this ghostly light might be in the adjoining room, from whence, on further tracing it, it seemed to shine. This idea taking full possession of his mind, he got up softly and shuffled in his slippers to the door.

The moment Scrooge's hand was on the lock a strange voice called him by name and bade him enter. He obeyed.

It was his own room. There was no doubt about that. But it had undergone a surprising transformation. The walls and ceiling were so hung with living green that it looked a perfect grove, from every part of which bright gleaming berries glistened. The crisp

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25. **a move or two**, the ways of the world. 26. **the time-of-day**, whatever might happen during the day. 29. **pitch and toss**, the "heads or tails" game.

leaves of holly, mistletoe, and ivy reflected back the light, as if so many little mirrors had been scattered there; and such a mighty blaze went roaring up the chimney as that dull petrifaction of a hearth had never known in Scrooge's time, or Marley's, or for many and many a winter season gone. Heaped up on the floor, to form a kind of throne, were turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, great joints of meat, sucking-pigs, long wreaths of sausages, mince pies, plum puddings, barrels of oysters, red-hot chestnuts, cherry-cheeked apples, juicy oranges, luscious pears, immense twelfth-cakes, and seething bowls of punch, that made the chamber dim with their delicious steam. In easy state upon this couch there sat a jolly Giant, glorious to see, who bore a glowing torch, in shape not unlike Plenty's horn, and held it up, high up, to shed its light on Scrooge, as he came peeping round the door.

"Come in!" exclaimed the Ghost. "Come in! and know me better, man!"

Scrooge entered timidly, and hung his head before this Spirit. He was not the dogged Scrooge he had been; and though the Spirit's eyes were clear and kind, he did not like to meet them.

"I am the Ghost of Christmas Present," said the Spirit. "Look upon me!"

Scrooge reverently did so. It was clothed in one simple deep green robe, or mantle, bordered with white fur. This garment hung so loosely on the figure that its capacious breast was bare, as if disdaining to be warded or concealed by any artifice. Its feet, observable beneath the ample folds of the garment, were also bare; and on its head it wore no other covering than a holly wreath set here and there with shining icicles. Its dark brown curls were long and free; free as its genial face, its sparkling eye, its open hand, its cheery voice, its unconstrained demeanor, and its joyful air. Girded round its middle was an antique scabbard; but no sword was in it, and the ancient sheath was eaten with rust.

"You have never seen the like of me before!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Never," Scrooge made answer to it.

"Have you never walked forth with the younger members of my family; meaning (for I am very young) my elder brothers born in these later years?" pursued the Phantom.

"I don't think I have," said Scrooge. "I am afraid I have not. Have you had many brothers, Spirit?"

"More than eighteen hundred," said the Ghost.

"A tremendous family to provide for!" muttered Scrooge.

The Ghost of Christmas Present rose.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, submissively, "conduct me where you will. I went forth last night on compulsion, and I learned a lesson which is working now. Tonight, if you have aught to teach me, let me profit by it."

"Touch my robe!"

Scrooge did as he was told, and held it fast.

Holly, mistletoe, red berries, ivy, turkeys, geese, game, poultry, brawn, meat, pigs, sausages, oysters, pies, puddings, fruit, and punch, all vanished instantly. So did the room, the fire, the ruddy glow, the hour of night, and they stood in the city streets on Christmas morning, where (for the weather was severe) the people made a

11. **brawn**, roasted meat. 16. **twelfth-cakes**, cakes made for Twelfth Night, the twelfth night after Christmas.

rough, but brisk and not unpleasant, kind of music, in scraping the snow from the pavement in front of their dwellings and from the tops of their houses; whence it was mad delight to the boys to see it come plumping down into the road below, and splitting into artificial little snowstorms.

The house fronts looked black enough, and the windows blacker, contrasting with the smooth white sheet of snow upon the roofs, and with the dirtier snow upon the ground; which last deposit had been plowed up in deep furrows by the heavy wheels of carts and wagons; furrows that crossed and recrossed each other hundreds of times where the great streets branched off, and made intricate channels, hard to trace, in the thick yellow mud and icy water. The sky was gloomy, and the shortest streets were choked up with a dingy mist, half thawed, half frozen, whose heavier particles descended in a shower of sooty atoms, as if all the chimneys in Great Britain had, by one consent, caught fire, and were blazing away to their dear hearts' content. There was nothing very cheerful in the climate or the town, and yet was there an air of cheerfulness abroad that the clearest summer air and brightest summer sun might have endeavored to diffuse in vain.

For the people who were shoveling away on the house-tops were jovial and full of glee, calling out to one another from the parapets, and now and then exchanging a facetious snowball—better-natured missile far than many a wordy jest—laughing heartily if it went right and not less heartily if it went wrong. The poulterers' shops were still half open, and the fruiterers' were radiant in their glory. There were great, round, pot-bellied baskets of chestnuts, shaped like the waistcoats of jolly old gentlemen, lolling at the doors, and tumbling out into the street in their apoplectic opulence. There were ruddy, brown-faced, broad-girthed Spanish onions, shining in the fatness of their growth like Spanish friars, and winking from their shelves in wanton slyness at the girls as they went by and glanced demurely at the hung-up mistletoe. There were pears and apples, clustered high in blooming pyramids; there were bunches of grapes, made, in the shopkeepers' benevolence, to dangle from conspicuous hooks, that people's mouths might water gratis as they passed; there were piles of filberts, mossy and brown, recalling, in their fragrance, ancient walks among the woods, and pleasant shufflings ankle deep through withered leaves; there were Norfolk biffins, squat, and swarthy, setting off the yellow of the oranges and lemons, and, in the great compactness of their juicy persons, urgently entreating and beseeching to be carried home in paper bags and eaten after dinner. The very gold and silver fish, set forth among these choice fruits in a bowl, though members of a dull and stagnant-blooded race, appeared to know that there was something going on; and, to a fish, went gasping round and round their little world in slow and passionless excitement.

The Grocers'! oh, the Grocers'! nearly closed, with perhaps two shutters down, or one; but through those gaps such glimpses! It was not alone that the scales descending on the counter made a merry sound, or that

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68. **Norfolk biffins**, a variety of apples cultivated in Norfolkshire, England.

the twine and roller parted company so briskly, or that the canisters were rattled up and down like juggling tricks, or even that the blended scents of tea and coffee were so grateful to the nose, or even that the raisins were so plentiful and rare, the almonds so extremely white, the sticks of cinnamon so long and straight, the other spices so delicious, the candied fruits so caked and spotted with molten sugar as to make the coldest lookers-on feel faint and subsequently bilious. Nor was it that the figs were moist and pulpy, or that the French plums blushed in modest tartness from their highly-decorated boxes, or that everything was good to eat and in its Christmas dress; but the customers were all so hurried and so eager in the hopeful promise of the day that they tumbled up against each other at the door, clashing their wicker baskets wildly, and left their purchases upon the counter, and came running back to fetch them, and committed hundreds of the like mistakes in the best humor possible; while the grocer and his people were so frank and fresh that the polished hearts with which they fastened their aprons behind might have been their own, worn outside for general inspection and for Christmas daws to peck at if they chose.

But soon the steeples called good people all to church and chapel, and away they came, flocking through the streets in their best clothes, and with their gayest faces. And at the same time there emerged from scores of by-streets, lanes, and nameless turnings, innumerable people, carrying their dinners to the bakers' shops. The sight of these poor revelers appeared to interest the Spirit very much, for he stood with Scrooge beside him in a baker's doorway, and taking off the covers as their bearers passed, sprinkled incense on their dinners from his torch.

And it was a very uncommon kind of torch, for once or twice when there were angry words between some dinner-carriers who had jostled with each other, he shed a few drops of water on them from it, and their good humor was restored directly. For, they said, it was a shame to quarrel upon Christmas Day. And so it was! God love it, so it was!

In time the bells ceased, and the bakers' were shut up; and yet there was a genial shadowing forth of all these dinners and the progress of their cooking, in the thawed blotch of wet above each baker's oven; where the pavement smoked as if its stones were cooking too.

"Is there a peculiar flavor in what you sprinkle from your torch?" asked Scrooge.

"There is. My own."

"Would it apply to any kind of dinner on this day?" asked Scrooge.

"To any kindly given. To a poor one most."

"Why to a poor one most?" asked Scrooge.

"Because it needs it most."

"Spirit," said Scrooge, after a moment's thought, "I wonder you, of all the beings in the many worlds about us, should desire to cramp these people's opportunities of innocent enjoyment."

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You would deprive them of their

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2. **canisters**, cans for tea and coffee. 42. **carrying their dinners.** The houses of the poor people contained fireplaces but no ovens; so much of the cooking was done at public bake-ovens.

means of dining every seventh day, often the only day on which they can be said to dine at all," said Scrooge. "Wouldn't you?"

"I!" cried the Spirit.

"You seek to close these places on the seventh day?" said Scrooge. "And it comes to the same thing."

"*I* seek!" exclaimed the Spirit.

"Forgive me if I am wrong. It has been done in your name, or at least in that of your family," said Scrooge.

"There are some upon this earth of yours," returned the Spirit, "who lay claim to know us, and who do their deeds of passion, pride, ill-will, hatred, envy, bigotry, and selfishness in our name, who are as strange to us and all our kith and kin, as if they had never lived. Remember that, and charge their doings on themselves, not us."

Scrooge promised that he would; and they went on, invisible, as they had been before, into the suburbs of the town. It was a remarkable quality of the Ghost (which Scrooge had observed at the baker's), that notwithstanding his gigantic size, he could accommodate himself to any place with ease; and that he stood beneath a low roof quite as gracefully and like a supernatural creature, as it was possible he could have done in any lofty hall.

And perhaps it was the pleasure the good Spirit had in showing off this power of his, or else it was his own kind, generous, hearty nature, and his sympathy with all poor men, that led him straight to Scrooge's clerk's; for there he went, and took Scrooge with him, holding to his robe; and on the threshold of the door the Spirit smiled, and stopped to bless Bob Cratchit's dwelling with the sprinklings of his torch. Think of that! Bob had but fifteen "bob" a week himself; he pocketed on Saturdays but fifteen copies of his Christian name; and yet the Ghost of Christmas Present blessed his four-roomed house!

Then up rose Mrs. Cratchit, Cratchit's wife, dressed out but poorly in a twice-turned gown, but brave in ribbons, which are cheap and make a goodly show for sixpence; and she laid the cloth, assisted by Belinda Cratchit, second of her daughters, also brave in ribbons; while Master Peter Cratchit plunged a fork into the saucepan of potatoes, and getting the corners of his monstrous shirt collar (Bob's private property, conferred upon his son and heir in honor of the day) into his mouth, rejoiced to find himself so gallantly attired, and yearned to show his linen in the fashionable parks. And now two smaller Cratchits, boy and girl, came tearing in, screaming that outside the baker's they had smelt the goose, and known it for their own; and, basking in luxurious thoughts of sage-and-onion, these young Cratchits danced about the table, and exalted Master Peter Cratchit to the skies, while he (not proud, although his collar nearly choked him) blew the fire, until the slow potatoes bubbling up, knocked loudly at the saucepan lid to be let out and peeled.

"What has ever got your precious father then?" said Mrs. Cratchit. "And your brother, Tiny Tim! And Martha warn't as late last Christmas Day by half an hour!"

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1. **seventh day.** There was on foot a movement to close the public bake-shops on Sundays, which would have been a hardship to the poor people.

47. **bob,** one shilling, equal to twenty-four cents. 54. **brave in,** making a great show with.

"Here's Martha, mother!" said a girl, appearing as she spoke.

"Here's Martha, mother!" cried the two young Cratchits. "Hurrah! There's *such* a goose, Martha!"

"Why, bless your heart alive, my dear, how late you are!" said Mrs. Cratchit, kissing her a dozen times, and taking off her shawl and bonnet for her with officious zeal.

"We'd a deal of work to finish up last night," replied the girl, "and had to clear away this morning, mother!"

"Well! Never mind so long as you are come," said Mrs. Cratchit. "Sit ye down before the fire, my dear, and have a warm, Lord bless ye!"

"No, no! There's father coming," cried the two young Cratchits, who were everywhere at once. "Hide, Martha, hide!"

So Martha hid herself, and in came little Bob, the father, with at least three feet of comforter exclusive of the fringe, hanging down before him; and his threadbare clothes darned up and brushed, to look seasonable; and Tiny Tim upon his shoulder. Alas for Tiny Tim, he bore a little crutch, and had his limbs supported by an iron frame!

"Why, where's our Martha?" cried Bob Cratchit, looking round.

"Not coming," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"Not coming!" said Bob, with a sudden declension in his high spirits; for he had been Tim's blood horse all the way from church, and had come home rampant. "Not coming upon Christmas Day!"

Martha didn't like to see him disappointed, if it were only in joke; so she came out prematurely from behind the closet door, and ran into his arms, while the two young Cratchits hustled Tiny Tim, and bore him off into the wash-house, that he might hear the pudding singing in the copper.

"And how did little Tim behave?" asked Mrs. Cratchit, when she had rallied Bob on his credulity, and Bob had hugged his daughter to his heart's content.

"As good as gold," said Bob, "and better. Somehow he gets thoughtful, sitting by himself so much, and thinks the strangest things you ever heard. He told me, coming home, that he hoped the people saw him in the church, because he was a cripple, and it might be pleasant to them to remember, upon Christmas Day, who made lame beggars walk and blind men see."

Bob's voice was tremulous when he told them this, and trembled more when he said that Tiny Tim was growing strong and hearty.

His active little crutch was heard upon the floor, and back came Tiny Tim before another word was spoken, escorted by his brother and sister to his stool before the fire; and while Bob, turning up his cuffs—as if, poor fellow, they were capable of being made more shabby — compounded some hot mixture in a jug with gin and lemons, and stirred it round and round and put it on the hob to simmer, Master Peter, and the two ubiquitous young Cratchits went to fetch the goose, with which they soon returned in high procession.

Such a bustle ensued that you might have thought a goose the rarest of all birds, a feathered phenomenon, to which a black swan was a matter of course—and in truth it was something very like it in that house. Mrs.

79. **ubiquitous** (ū-bĭk'wĭ-tŭs), seeming to be everywhere at once.

BOB CRATCHIT AND TINY TIM

Cratchit made the gravy (ready beforehand in a little saucepan) hissing hot; Master Peter mashed the potatoes with incredible vigor; Miss Belinda sweetened up the apple sauce; Martha dusted the hot plates; Bob took Tiny Tim beside him in a tiny corner at the table; the two young Cratchits set chairs for everybody, not forgetting themselves, and mounting guard upon their posts, crammed spoons into their mouths, lest they should shriek for goose before their turn came to be helped. At last the dishes were set on, and grace was said. It was succeeded by a breathless pause, as Mrs. Cratchit, looking slowly all along the carving-knife, prepared to plunge it in the breast; but when she did, and when the long expected gush of stuffing issued forth, one murmur of delight arose all around the board, and even Tiny Tim, excited by the two young Cratchits, beat on the table with the handle of his knife, and feebly cried "Hurrah!"

There never was such a goose. Bob said he didn't believe there ever was such a goose cooked. Its tenderness and flavor, size and cheapness, were the themes of universal admiration. Eked out by the apple sauce and mashed potatoes, it was a sufficient dinner for the whole family; indeed, as Mrs. Cratchit said with great delight (surveying one small atom of a bone upon the dish), they hadn't ate it all at last! Yet every one had had enough, and the youngest Cratchits in particular were steeped in sage and onion to the eyebrows! But now, the plates being changed by Miss Belinda, Mrs. Cratchit left the room alone—too nervous to bear witness—to take the pudding up and bring it in.

Suppose it should not be done enough! Suppose it should break in turning out! Suppose somebody should have got over the wall of the back-yard, and stolen it, while they were merry with the goose—a supposition at which the two young Cratchits became livid! All sorts of horrors were supposed.

Hallo! A great deal of steam! The pudding was out of the copper. A smell like a washing-day! That was the cloth. A smell like an eating-house and a pastry cook's next door to each other, with a laundress's next door to that! That was the pudding! In half a minute Mrs. Cratchit entered—flushed, but smiling proudly—with the pudding, like a speckled cannon-ball, so hard and firm, blazing in half of half-a-quartern of ignited brandy, and bedight with Christmas holly stuck into the top.

Oh, a wonderful pudding! Bob Cratchit said, and calmly too, that he regarded it as the greatest success achieved by Mrs. Cratchit since their marriage. Mrs. Cratchit said that now the weight was off her mind she would confess she had had her doubts about the quantity of flour. Everybody had something to say about it, but nobody said or thought it was at all a small pudding for a large family. It would have been flat heresy to do so. Any Cratchit would have blushed to hint at such a thing.

At last the dinner was all done, the cloth was cleared, the hearth swept, and the fire made up. The compound in the jug being tasted, and considered perfect, apples and oranges were put upon the table, and a shovelful of

66. **half-a-quartern**, etc., half a gill of brandy which has been lighted and burns for a few moments. 67. **bedight**, adorned.

chestnuts on the fire. Then all the Cratchit family drew around the hearth, in what Bob Cratchit called a circle, meaning half a one; and at Bob Cratchit's elbow stood the family display of glass—two tumblers and a custard-cup without a handle.

These held the hot stuff from the jug, however, as well as golden goblets would have done; and Bob served it out with beaming looks, while the chestnuts on the fire sputtered and cracked noisily. Then Bob proposed:

"A Merry Christmas to us all, my dears. God bless us!"

Which all the family reëchoed.

"God bless us every one!" said Tiny Tim, the last of all.

He sat very close to his father's side upon his little stool. Bob held his withered little hand in his, as if he loved the child, and wished to keep him by his side, and dreaded that he might be taken from him.

"Spirit," said Scrooge, with an interest he had never felt before, "tell me if Tiny Tim will live."

"I see a vacant seat," replied the Ghost, "in the poor chimney corner, and a crutch without an owner, carefully preserved. If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, the child will die."

"No, no," said Scrooge. "Oh no, kind Spirit! say he will be spared."

"If these shadows remain unaltered by the Future, none other of my race," returned the Ghost, "will find him here. What then? If he be like to die, he had better do it, and decrease the surplus population."

Scrooge hung his head to hear his own words quoted by the Spirit, and was overcome with penitence and grief.

"Man," said the Ghost, "if man you be in heart, not adamant, forbear that wicked cant until you have discovered what the surplus is, and where it is. Will you decide what men shall live, what men shall die? It may be that in the sight of Heaven you are more worthless and less fit to live than millions like this poor man's child. Oh, God! to hear the insect on the leaf pronouncing on the too much life among his hungry brothers in the dust!"

Scrooge bent before the Ghost's rebuke and, trembling, cast his eyes upon the ground. But he raised them speedily, on hearing his own name.

"Mr. Scrooge!" said Bob; "I'll give you Mr. Scrooge, the Founder of the Feast!"

"The Founder of the Feast indeed!" cried Mrs. Cratchit, reddening. "I wish I had him here. I'd give him a piece of my mind to feast upon, and I hope he'd have a good appetite for it."

"My dear," said Bob, "the children! Christmas Day!"

"It should be Christmas Day, I am sure," said she, "on which one drinks the health of such an odious, stingy, hard, unfeeling man as Mr. Scrooge. You know he is, Robert! Nobody knows it better than you do, poor fellow!"

"My dear," was Bob's mild answer. "Christmas Day."

"I'll drink his health for your sake and the Day's," said Mrs. Cratchit, "not for his. Long life to him! A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year! He'll be very merry and happy, I have no doubt!"

The children drank the toast after her. It was the first of their proceedings which had no heartiness in it. Tiny Tim drank it last of all, but he

CHRISTMAS AFTERNOON AT THE CRATCHITS'

didn't care twopence for it. Scrooge was the Ogre of the family. The mention of his name cast a dark shadow on the party, which was not dispelled for full five minutes.

After it had passed away, they were ten times merrier than before, from the mere relief of Scrooge the Baleful being done with. Bob Cratchit told them how he had a situation in his eye for Master Peter, which would bring in, if obtained, full five-and-sixpence weekly. The two young Cratchits laughed tremendously at the idea of Peter's being a man of business; and Peter himself looked thoughtfully at the fire from between his collars, as if he were deliberating what particular investments he should favor when he came into the receipt of that bewildering income. Martha, who was a poor apprentice at a milliner's, then told them what kind of work she had to do, and how many hours she worked at a stretch, and how she meant to lie abed tomorrow morning for a good long rest; tomorrow being a holiday she passed at home. Also how she had seen a countess and a lord some days before, and how the lord "was much about as tall as Peter"; at which Peter pulled up his collars so high that you couldn't have seen his head if you had been there. All this time the chestnuts and the jug went round and round; and by and by they had a song about a lost child traveling in the snow, from Tiny Tim, who had a plaintive little voice, and sang it very well indeed.

There was nothing of high mark in this. They were not a handsome family; they were not well dressed; their shoes were far from being waterproof; their clothes were scanty; and Peter might have known, and very likely did, the inside of a pawnbroker's. But, they were happy, grateful, pleased with one another, and contented with the time; and when they faded, and looked happier yet in the bright sprinklings of the Spirit's torch at parting, Scrooge had his eye upon them, and especially on Tiny Tim, until the last. By this time it was getting dark, and snowing pretty heavily; and as Scrooge and the Spirit went along the streets, the brightness of the roaring fires in kitchens, parlors, and all sorts of rooms, was wonderful. Here, the flickering of the blaze showed preparations for a cozy dinner, with hot plates baking through and through before the fire, and deep red curtains, ready to be drawn to shut out cold and darkness. There, all the children of the house were running out into the snow to meet their married sisters, brothers, cousins, uncles, aunts, and be the first to greet them. Here, again, were shadows on the window-blind of guests assembling; and there a group of handsome girls, all hooded and fur-booted, and all chattering at once, tripped lightly off to some near neighbor's house; where woe upon the single man who saw them enter—artful witches! well they knew it—in a glow!

But if you had judged from the numbers of people on their way to friendly gatherings, you might have thought that no one was at home to give them welcome when they got there, instead of every house expecting company, and piling up its fires half-chimney high. Blessings on it, how the Ghost exulted! How it bared its breadth of breast, and opened its capacious palm, and floated on outpouring, with a generous hand, its bright and harmless mirth, on everything within its reach! The very lamplighter, who ran on before dotting the dusky street with specks of light, and who was dressed to spend the evening somewhere, laughed out loudly as the Spirit passed; though little kenned the lamplighter that he had any company but Christmas!

And now, without a word of warning from the Ghost, they stood upon a bleak and desert moor, where monstrous masses of rude stone were cast about, as though it were the burial place of giants; and water spread itself wheresoever it listed, or would have done so but for the frost that held it prisoner; and nothing grew but moss and furze, and coarse, rank grass. Down in the west the setting sun had left a streak of fiery red, which glared upon the desolation for an instant, like a sullen eye, and frowning lower, lower, lower yet, was lost in the thick gloom of darkest night.

"What place is this?" asked Scrooge.

"A place where miners live, who labor in the bowels of the earth," returned the Spirit. "But they know me. See!"

A light shone from the window of a hut, and swiftly they advanced toward it. Passing through the wall of mud and stone, they found a cheerful company assembled round a glowing fire. An old, old man and woman, with their children and their children's children, and another generation beyond that, all decked out gayly in their holiday attire. The old man in a voice that seldom rose above the howling of the wind upon the barren waste was singing them a Christmas song; it had been a very old song when he was a boy; and from time to time they all joined in the chorus. So surely as they raised their voices, the old man got quite blithe and loud; and so surely as they stopped, his vigor sank again.

The Spirit did not tarry here, but bade Scrooge hold his robe, and passing on above the moor, sped whither? Not

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44. **kenned**, knew.

53. **listed**, liked. 56. **furze**, evergreen shrubs.

to sea? To sea. To Scrooge's horror, looking back, he saw the last of the land, a frightful range of rocks, behind them; and his ears were deafened by the thundering of water, as it rolled, and roared, and raged among the dreadful caverns it had worn, and fiercely tried to undermine the earth.

Built upon a dismal reef of sunken rocks, some league or so from shore, on which the waters chafed and dashed, the wild year through, there stood a solitary lighthouse. Great heaps of seaweed clung to its base, and storm-birds—born of the wind one might suppose as seaweed of the water—rose and fell about it, like the waves they skimmed.

But even here, two men who watched the light had made a fire, that through the loophole in the thick stone wall shed out a ray of brightness on the awful sea. Joining their horny hands over the rough table at which they sat, they wished each other Merry Christmas in their can of grog; and one of them—the elder, too, with his face all damaged and scarred with hard weather, as the figurehead of an old ship might be—struck up a sturdy song that was like a gale in itself.

Again the Ghost sped on, above the black and heaving sea—on, on—until being far away, as he told Scrooge, from any shore, they lighted on a ship. They stood beside the helmsman at the wheel, the lookout in the bow, the officers who had the watch; dark, ghostly figures in their several stations; but every man among them hummed a Christmas tune, or had a Christmas thought, or spoke below his breath to his companion of some bygone Christmas Day, with homeward hopes belonging to it. And every man on board, waking or sleeping, good or bad, had had a kinder word for another on that day than on any day in the year; and had shared to some extent in its festivities; and had remembered those he cared for at a distance, and had known that they delighted to remember him.

It was a great surprise to Scrooge, while listening to the moaning of the wind, and thinking what a solemn thing it was to move on through the lonely darkness over an unknown abyss, whose depths were secrets as profound as death—it was a great surprise to Scrooge, while thus engaged, to hear a hearty laugh. It was a much greater surprise to Scrooge to recognize it as his own nephew's and to find himself in a bright, dry, gleaming room, with the Spirit standing smiling by his side, and looking at the same nephew with approving affability. "Ha, ha!" laughed Scrooge's nephew. "Ha, ha, ha!"

If you should happen, by any unlikely chance, to know a man more blest in a laugh than Scrooge's nephew, all I can say, is, I should like to know him too. Introduce him to me, and I'll cultivate his acquaintance.

It is a fair, even-handed, noble adjustment of things, that while there is infection in disease and sorrow, there is nothing in the world so irresistibly contagious as laughter and good-humor. When Scrooge's nephew laughed in this way—holding his sides, rolling his head, and twisting his face into the most extravagant contortions—Scrooge's niece, by marriage, laughed as heartily as he. And their assembled friends being not a bit behindhand, roared out lustily.

"Ha, ha! Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"He said that Christmas was a humbug, as I live!" cried Scrooge's nephew. "He believed it, too!"

"More shame for him, Fred!" said Scrooge's niece, indignantly. Bless those women; they never do anything by halves. They are always in earnest.

She was very pretty, exceedingly pretty. With a dimpled, surprised-looking, capital face; a ripe little mouth, that seemed made to be kissed—as no doubt it was; all kinds of good little dots about her chin, that melted into one another when she laughed; and the sunniest pair of eyes you ever saw in any little creature's head. Altogether she was what you would call provoking, you know; but satisfactory, too. Oh, perfectly satisfactory!

"He's a comical old fellow," said Scrooge's nephew, "that's the truth; and not so pleasant as he might be. However, his offenses carry their own punishment, and I have nothing to say against him."

"I'm sure he is very rich, Fred," hinted Scrooge's niece. "At least you always tell *me* so."

"What of that, my dear!" said Scrooge's nephew. "His wealth is of no use to him. He doesn't do any good with it. He doesn't make himself comfortable with it. He hasn't the satisfaction of thinking—ha, ha, ha!—that he is ever going to benefit us with it."

"I have no patience with him," observed Scrooge's niece. Scrooge's niece's sisters, and all the other ladies, expressed the same opinion.

"Oh, I have!" said Scrooge's nephew. "I am sorry for him; I couldn't be angry with him if I tried. Who suffers by his ill whims? Himself, always. Here he takes it into his head to dislike us, and he won't come and dine with us. What's the consequence? He doesn't lose much of a dinner."

"Indeed, I think he loses a very good dinner," interrupted Scrooge's niece. Everybody else said the same; and they must be allowed to have been competent judges, because they had just had dinner, and, with the dessert upon the table, were clustered round the fire, by lamplight.

"Well! I'm very glad to hear it," said Scrooge's nephew, "because I haven't any great faith in these young housekeepers. What do *you* say, Topper?"

Topper had clearly got his eye upon one of Scrooge's niece's sisters, for he answered that a bachelor was a wretched outcast, who had no right to express an opinion on the subject. Whereat Scrooge's niece's sister—the plump one with the lace tucker, not the one with the roses—blushed.

"Do go on, Fred," said Scrooge's niece, clapping her hands. "He never finishes what he begins to say! He is such a ridiculous fellow!"

Scrooge's nephew reveled in another laugh, and as it was impossible to keep the infection off, though the plump sister tried hard to do it with aromatic vinegar, his example was unanimously followed.

"I was only going to say," said Scrooge's nephew, "that the consequence of his taking a dislike to us, and not making merry with us, is, as I think, that he loses some pleasant moments, which could do him no harm. I am sure he loses pleasanter companions than he can find in his own thoughts, either in his moldy old office or in his dusty chambers. I mean to give him the same chance every year, whether he likes it or not, for I pity him. He may rail at Christmas till he dies, but he can't help thinking better of it—I defy him—if he finds me going there, in good temper, year after year, and saying, 'Uncle Scrooge, how are you?' If it only puts him in the vein to leave his poor clerk fifty pounds, *that's* something; and I think I shook him yesterday."

It was their turn to laugh now at the notion of his shaking Scrooge. But being thoroughly good-natured, and not much caring what they laughed at, so that they laughed at any rate, he encouraged them in their merriment, and passed the bottle joyously.

After tea they had some music. For they were a musical family, and knew what they were about, when they sang a glee or catch, I can assure you; especially Topper, who could growl away in the bass like a good one, and never swell the large veins in his forehead, or get red in the face over it. Scrooge's niece played well upon the harp; and played among other tunes a simple little air (a mere nothing; you might learn to whistle it in two minutes), which had been familiar to the child who fetched Scrooge from the boarding school, as he had been reminded by the Ghost of Christmas Past. When this strain of music sounded, all the things the Ghost had shown him came upon his mind; he softened more and more; and thought if he could have listened to it often, years ago, he might have cultivated the kindnesses of life for his own happiness with his own hands, without resorting to the sexton's spade that buried Jacob Marley.

But they didn't devote the whole evening to music. After a while they played at forfeits; for it is good to be children sometimes, and never better than at Christmas, when its mighty Founder was a child Himself. Stop! There was first a game at blindman's buff. Of course there was. And I no more believe Topper was really blind than I believe he had eyes in his boots. My opinion is that it was a done thing between him and Scrooge's nephew; and that the Ghost of Christmas Present knew it. The way he went after that plump sister in the lace tucker was an outrage on the credulity of human nature. Knocking down the fire irons, tumbling over the chairs, bumping up against the piano, smothering himself among the curtains; wherever she went, there went he. He always knew where the plump sister was. He wouldn't catch anybody else. If you had fallen up against him, as some of them did, and stood there, he would have made a feint of endeavoring to seize you which would have been an affront to your understanding; and would instantly have sidled off in the direction of the plump sister. She often cried out that it wasn't fair; and it really was not. But when at last, he caught her; when, in spite of all her silken rustlings, and her rapid flutterings past him, he got her into a corner whence there was no escape, then his conduct was the most execrable. For his pretending not to know her, his pretending that it was necessary to touch her headdress, and further to assure himself of her identity by pressing a certain ring upon her finger, and a certain chain about her neck, was vile, monstrous! No doubt she told him her opinion of it, when, another blind man being in office, they were so very confidential together behind the curtains.

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7. **shook**, started him thinking.

Scrooge's niece was not one of the blindman's buff party, but was made comfortable with a large chair and a footstool, in a snug corner, where the Ghost and Scrooge were close behind her. But she joined in the forfeits, and loved her love to admiration with all the letters of the alphabet. Likewise at the game of How, When, and Where, she was very great and, to the secret joy of Scrooge's nephew, beat her sisters hollow; though they were sharp girls, too, as Topper could have told you. There might have been twenty people there, young and old, but they all played, and so did Scrooge; for, wholly forgetting, in the interest he had in what was going on, that his voice made no sound in their ears, he sometimes came out with his guess quite loud, and very often guessed quite right, too; for the sharpest needle, best Whitechapel, warranted not to cut in the eye was not sharper than Scrooge, blunt as he took it in his head to be.

The Ghost was greatly pleased to find him in this mood and looked upon him with such favor that he begged like a boy to be allowed to stay until the guests departed. But this the Spirit said could not be done.

"Here is a new game," said Scrooge. "One half-hour, Spirit, only one!"

It was a game called Yes and No, where Scrooge's nephew had to think of something, and the rest must find out what; he only answering to their questions yes or no, as the case was. The brisk fire of questioning to which he was exposed elicited from him that he was thinking of an animal, a live animal, rather a disagreeable animal, a savage animal, an animal that growled and grunted sometimes, and talked sometimes, and lived in London, and walked about the streets, and wasn't made a show of, and wasn't led by anybody, and didn't live in a menagerie, and was never killed in a market, and was not a horse, or an ass, or a cow, or a bull, or a tiger, or a dog, or a pig, or a cat, or a bear. At every fresh question that was put to him, this nephew burst into a fresh roar of laughter; and was so inexpressibly tickled that he was obliged to get up off the sofa and stamp. At last the plump sister, falling into a similar state, cried out:

"I have found it out! I know what it is, Fred! I know what it is!"

"What is it?" cried Fred.

"It's your Uncle Scro-o-o-oge!"

Which it certainly was. Admiration was the universal sentiment, though some objected that the reply to "Is it a bear?" ought to have been "Yes"; inasmuch as an answer in the negative was sufficient to have diverted their thoughts from Mr. Scrooge, supposing they ever had any tendency that way.

"He has given us plenty of merriment, I am sure," said Fred, "and it would be ungrateful not to drink his health. Here is a glass of mulled wine ready to our hand at the moment; and I say, 'Uncle Scrooge!' "

"Well! Uncle Scrooge!" they cried.

"A Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year to the old man, whatever he is!" said Scrooge's nephew. "He wouldn't take it from me, but may he have it, nevertheless. Uncle Scrooge!"

Uncle Scrooge had imperceptibly become so gay and light of heart that he would have pledged the unconscious

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7. **loved her love**, played a game with words beginning with each letter of the alphabet.

76. **mulled**, sweetened and spiced.

company in return, and thanked them in an inaudible speech, if the Ghost had given him time. But the whole scene passed off in the breath of the last word spoken by his nephew; and he and the Spirit were again upon their travels.

Much they saw, and far they went, and many homes they visited, but always with a happy end. The Spirit stood beside sick beds, and they were cheerful; on foreign lands, and they were close at home; by struggling men, and they were patient in their greater hope; by poverty, and it was rich. In almshouse, hospital, and jail, in misery's every refuge, where vain man in his little brief authority had not made fast the door, and barred the Spirit out, he left his blessing, and taught Scrooge his precepts.

It was a long night, if it were only a night; but Scrooge had his doubts of this, because the Christmas holidays appeared to be condensed into the space of time they passed together. It was strange, too, that while Scrooge remained unaltered in his outward form, the Ghost grew older, clearly older. Scrooge had observed this change, but never spoke of it until they left a children's Twelfth-night party, when, looking at the Spirit as they stood together in an open place, he noticed that its hair was gray.

"Are spirits' lives so short?" asked Scrooge.

"My life upon this globe is very brief," replied the Ghost. "It ends tonight."

"Tonight!" cried Scrooge.

"Tonight at midnight. Hark! The time is drawing near."

The chimes were ringing the three quarters past eleven at that moment.

"Forgive me if I am not justified in what I ask," said Scrooge, looking intently at the Spirit's robe, "but I see something strange, and not belonging to yourself, protruding from your skirts. Is it a foot or a claw?"

"It might be a claw, for the flesh there is upon it," was the Spirit's sorrowful reply. "Look here."

From the foldings of its robe it brought two children, wretched, abject, frightful, hideous, miserable. They knelt down at its feet, and clung upon the outside of its garment.

"Oh, Man! look here. Look, look, down here!" exclaimed the Ghost.

They were a boy and girl. Yellow, meager, ragged, scowling, wolfish; but prostrate, too, in their humility. Where graceful youth should have filled their features out and touched them with its freshest tints, a stale and shriveled hand, like that of age, had pinched and twisted them and pulled them into shreds. Where angels might have sat enthroned, devils lurked, and glared out menacing. No change, no degradation, no perversion of humanity, in any grade, through all the mysteries of wonderful creation, has monsters half so horrible and dread.

Scrooge started back, appalled. Having them shown to him in this way, he tried to say that they were fine children, but the words choked themselves, rather than be parties to a lie of such enormous magnitude.

"Spirit! are they yours?" Scrooge could say no more.

"They are Man's," said the Spirit, looking down upon them. "And they cling to me, appealing from their fathers. This boy is Ignorance. This girl is Want. Beware them both, and all of their degree, but most of all beware this boy, for on his brow I see that written which is Doom, unless the writing be erased. Deny it!" cried the Spirit, stretching out its hand toward the city. "Slander those who tell it ye! Admit it for your factious purposes, and make it worse! And bide the end!"

"Have they no refuge or resource?" cried Scrooge.

"Are there no prisons?" said the Spirit, turning on him for the last time with his own words. "Are there no workhouses?" The bell struck twelve.

Scrooge looked about him for the Ghost, and saw it not. As the last stroke ceased to vibrate, he remembered the prediction of old Jacob Marley, and lifting up his eyes, beheld a solemn Phantom, draped and hooded, coming, like a mist along the ground, toward him.

STAVE FOUR

THE LAST OF THE SPIRITS

The Phantom slowly, gravely, silently approached. When it came near him, Scrooge bent down upon his knee; for in the very air through which this Spirit moved it seemed to scatter gloom and mystery.

It was shrouded in a deep black garment, which concealed its head, its face, its form, and left nothing of it visible save one outstretched hand. But for this it would have been difficult to detach its figure from the night and separate it from the darkness by which it was surrounded.

He felt that it was tall and stately when it came beside him, and that its mysterious presence filled him with solemn dread. He knew no more, for the Spirit neither spoke nor moved.

"I am in the presence of the Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come?" said Scrooge.

The Spirit answered not, but pointed downward with its hand.

"You are about to show me shadows of the things that have not happened, but will happen in the time before us," Scrooge pursued. "Is that so, Spirit?"

The upper portion of the garment was contracted for an instant in its fold, as if the Spirit had inclined its head. That was the only answer he received.

Although well used to ghostly company by this time, Scrooge feared the silent shape so much that his legs trembled beneath him, and he found that he could hardly stand when he prepared to follow it. The Spirit paused a moment, as observing his condition, and giving him time to recover.

But Scrooge was all the worse for this. It thrilled him with a vague, uncertain horror, to know that behind the dusky shroud there were ghostly eyes intently fixed upon him, while he, though he stretched his own to the utmost, could see nothing but a spectral hand and one great heap of black.

"Ghost of the Future!" he exclaimed. "I fear you more than any Specter I have seen. But, as I know your purpose is to do me good, and as I hope to live to be another man from what I was, I am prepared to bear you company, and do it with a thankful heart. Will you not speak to me?"

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6. **factious** (făk′shŭs), own selfish.

It gave him no reply. The hand was pointed straight before them.

"Lead on!" said Scrooge. "Lead on! The night is waning fast, and it is precious time to me, I know. Lead on, Spirit!"

The Phantom moved away as it had come toward him. Scrooge followed in the shadow of its dress, which bore him up, he thought, and carried him along.

They scarcely seemed to enter the city; for the city rather seemed to spring up about them, and encompass them of its own act. But there they were, in the heart of it; on 'Change, amongst the merchants; who hurried up and down, and chinked the money in their pockets, and conversed in groups, and looked at their watches, and trifled thoughtfully with their great gold seals, and so forth, as Scrooge had seen them often.

The Spirit stopped beside one little knot of business men. Observing that the hand was pointed to them, Scrooge advanced to listen to their talk.

"No," said a great fat man with a monstrous chin, "I don't know much about it, either way. I only know he's dead."

"When did he die?" inquired another.

"Last night, I believe."

"Why, what was the matter with him?" asked a third, taking a vast quantity of snuff out of a very large snuffbox. "I thought he'd never die."

"God knows," said the first, with a yawn.

"What has he done with his money?" asked a red-faced gentleman with a pendulous excrescence on the end of his nose, that shook like the gills of a turkey cock.

"I haven't heard," said the man with the large chin, yawning again. "Left it to his Company, perhaps. He hasn't left it to *me*. That's all I know."

This pleasantry was received with a general laugh.

"It's likely to be a very cheap funeral," said the same speaker; "for upon my life I don't know of anybody to go to it. Suppose we make up a party and volunteer?"

"I don't mind going if a lunch is provided," observed the gentleman with the excrescence on his nose. "But I must be fed, if I make one."

Another laugh.

"Well, I am the most disinterested among you, after all," said the first speaker, "for I never wear black gloves, and I never eat lunch. But I'll offer to go, if anybody else will. When I come to think of it, I'm not at all sure that I wasn't his most particular friend; for we used to stop and speak whenever we met. Bye, bye!"

Speakers and listeners strolled away, and mixed with other groups. Scrooge knew the men, and looked toward the Spirit for an explanation.

The Phantom glided on into a street. Its finger pointed to two persons meeting. Scrooge listened again, thinking that the explanation might lie here.

He knew these men, also, perfectly. They were men of business, very wealthy, and of great importance. He had made a point always of standing well in their esteem, in a business point of view, that is, strictly in a business point of view.

"How are you?" said one.

"How are you?" returned the other.

"Well!" said the first. "Old Scratch has got his own at last, hey?"

"So I am told," returned the second. "Cold, isn't it?"

"Seasonable for Christmas-time. You're not a skater, I suppose?"

"No. No. Something else to think of. Good-morning!"

Not another word. That was their greeting, their conversation, and their parting.

Scrooge was at first inclined to be surprised that the Spirit should attach importance to conversations apparently so trivial; but feeling assured that they must have some hidden purpose, he set himself to consider what it was likely to be. They could scarcely be supposed to have any bearing on the death of Jacob, his old partner, for that was Past, and this Ghost's province was the Future. Nor could he think of anyone immediately connected with himself, to whom he could apply them. But nothing doubting that to whomsoever they applied they had some latent moral for his own improvement, he resolved to treasure up every word he heard, and everything he saw; and especially to observe the shadow of himself when it appeared. For he had an expectation that the conduct of his future self would give him the clew he missed, and would render the solution of these riddles easy.

He looked about in that very place for his own image; but another man stood in his accustomed corner, and though the clock pointed to his usual time of day for being there, he saw no likeness of himself among the multitudes that poured in through the porch. It gave him little surprise, however; for he had been revolving in his mind a change of life, and thought and hoped he saw his new-born resolutions carried out in this.

Quiet and dark beside him stood the Phantom, with its outstretched hand. When he aroused himself from his thoughtful quest, he fancied from the turn of the hand and its situation in reference to himself that the Unseen Eyes were looking at him keenly. It made him shudder and feel very cold.

They left the busy scene, and went into an obscure part of the town, where Scrooge had never penetrated before, although he recognized its situation and its bad repute. The ways were foul and narrow; the shops and houses wretched; the people half-naked, drunken, slipshod, ugly. Alleys and archways, like so many cesspools, disgorged their offenses of smell, and dirt, and life, upon the straggling streets; and the whole quarter reeked with crime, with filth, and misery.

Far in this den of infamous resort there was a low-browed, beetling shop, below a penthouse roof, where iron, old rags, bottles, bones, and greasy offal were bought. Upon the floor within were piled up heaps of rusty keys, nails, chains, hinges, files, scales, weights, and refuse iron of all kinds. Secrets that few would like to scrutinize were bred and hidden in mountains of unseemly rags, masses of corrupt fat, and sepulchers of bones. Sitting in among the wares he dealt in, by a charcoal stove made of old bricks, was a gray-haired rascal, nearly seventy years of age, who had screened himself from the cold air without by a frowsy curtaining of miscellaneous tatters, hung upon a line; and smoked his pipe in all the luxury of calm retirement.

Scrooge and the Phantom came into the presence of this man just as a

68. **beetling**, overhanging, gloomy.

woman with a heavy bundle slunk into the shop. But she had scarcely entered, when another woman, similarly laden, came in, too; and she was closely followed by a man in faded black, who was no less startled by the sight of them than they had been upon the recognition of each other. After a short period of blank astonishment, in which the old man with the pipe had joined them, they all three burst into a laugh.

"Let the charwoman alone to be the first!" cried she who had entered first. "Let the laundress alone to be the second; and let the undertaker's man alone to be the third. Look here, old Joe, here's a chance! If we haven't all three met here without meaning it!"

"You couldn't have met in a better place," said old Joe, removing his pipe from his mouth. "Come into the parlor. You were made free of it long ago, you know; and the other two an't strangers. Stop till I shut the door of the shop. Ah, how it skreeks! There an't such a rusty bit of metal in the place as its own hinges, I believe; and I'm sure there's no such old bones here as mine. Ha, ha! We're all suitable to our calling; we're well matched. Come into the parlor. Come into the parlor."

The parlor was the space behind the screen of rags. The old man raked the fire together with an old stair rod, and having trimmed his smoky lamp (for it was night) with the stem of his pipe, put it in his mouth again.

While he did this, the woman who had already spoken threw her bundle on the floor, and sat down in a flaunting manner on a stool; crossing her elbows on her knees, and looking with a bold defiance at the other two.

"What odds, then! What odds, Mrs. Dilber?" said the woman. "Every person has a right to take care of themselves. *He* always did!"

"That's true, indeed!" said the laundress. "No man more so."

"Why, then, don't stand staring as if you was afraid, woman; who's the wiser? We're not going to pick holes in each other's coats, I suppose?"

"No, indeed!" said Mrs. Dilber and the man together. "We should hope not."

"Very well, then!" cried the woman. "That's enough. Who's the worse for the loss of a few things like these? Not a dead man, I suppose."

"No, indeed," said Mrs. Dilber, laughing.

"If he wanted to keep 'em after he was dead, a wicked old screw," pursued the woman, "why wasn't he natural in his lifetime? If he had been, he'd have had somebody to look after him when he was struck with Death, instead of lying gasping out his last there, alone by himself."

"It's the truest word that ever was spoke," said Mrs. Dilber. "It's a judgment on him."

"I wish it was a little heavier one," replied the woman; "and it should have been, you may depend upon it, if I could have laid my hands on anything else. Open that bundle, old Joe, and let me know the value of it. Speak out plain. I'm not afraid to be the first, nor afraid for them to see it. We knew pretty well that we were helping ourselves, before we met here, I believe. It's no sin. Open the bundle, Joe."

But the gallantry of her friends would not allow of this; and the man

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66. screw, miser.

in faded black, mounting the breach first, produced *his* plunder. It was not extensive. A seal or two, a pencil case, a pair of sleeve buttons, and a brooch of no great value were all. They were severally examined and appraised by old Joe, who chalked the sums he was disposed to give for each, upon the wall, and added them up into a total when he found there was nothing more to come.

"That's your account," said Joe, "and I wouldn't give another sixpence, if I was to be boiled for not doing it. Who's next?"

Mrs. Dilber was next. Sheets and towels, a little wearing apparel, two old-fashioned silver teaspoons, a pair of sugar tongs, and a few boots. Her account was stated on the wall in the same manner.

"I always give too much to ladies. It's a weakness of mine, and that's the way I ruin myself," said old Joe. "That's your account. If you asked me for another penny, and made it an open question, I'd repent of being so liberal and knock off half a crown."

"And now undo *my* bundle, Joe," said the first woman.

Joe went down on his knees for the greater convenience of opening it, and having unfastened a great many knots, dragged out a large and heavy roll of some dark stuff.

"What do you call this?" said Joe. "Bed curtains!"

"Ah!" returned the woman, laughing and leaning forward on her crossed arms. "Bed curtains!"

"You don't mean to say you took 'em down, rings and all, with him lying there?" said Joe.

"Yes I do," replied the woman. "Why not?"

"You were born to make your fortune," said Joe, "and you'll certainly do it."

"I certainly shan't hold my hand, when I can get anything in it by reaching it out, for the sake of such a man as *he* was, I promise you, Joe," returned the woman, coolly. "Don't drop that oil upon the blankets, now."

"His blankets?" asked Joe.

"Whose else's do you think?" replied the woman. "He isn't likely to take cold without 'em, I dare say."

"I hope he didn't die of anything catching? Eh?" said old Joe, stopping in his work, and looking up.

"Don't you be afraid of that," returned the woman. "I ain't so fond of his company that I'd loiter about him for such things, if he did. Ah! you may look through that shirt till your eyes ache; but you won't find a hole in it, nor a threadbare place. It's the best he had, and a fine one, too. They'd have wasted it, if it hadn't been for me."

"What do you call wasting of it?" asked old Joe.

"Putting it on him to be buried in, to be sure," replied the woman with a laugh. "Somebody was fool enough to do it, but I took it off again. If calico ain't good enough for such a purpose, it isn't good enough for anything. It's quite as becoming to the body. He can't look uglier than he did in that one."

Scrooge listened to this dialogue in horror. As they sat grouped about their spoil, in the scanty light afforded by the old man's lamp, he viewed them with a detestation and disgust which could hardly have been greater, though

1. **mounting the breach**, rising to the occasion.

they had been obscene demons, marketing the corpse itself.

"Ha, ha!" laughed the same woman, when old Joe, producing a flannel bag with money in it, told out their several gains upon the ground. "This is the end of it, you see! He frightened everyone away from him when he was alive, to profit us when he was dead! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spirit!" said Scrooge, shuddering from head to foot. "I see, I see. The case of this unhappy man might be my own. My life tends that way, now. Merciful Heaven, what is this!"

He recoiled in terror, for the scene had changed, and now he almost touched a bed, a bare, uncurtained bed, on which, beneath a ragged sheet, there lay a something covered up, which, though it was dumb, announced itself in awful language.

The room was very dark, too dark to be observed with any accuracy, though Scrooge glanced round it in obedience to a secret impulse, anxious to know what kind of room it was. A pale light, rising in the outer air, fell straight upon the bed; and on it, plundered and bereft, unwatched, unwept, uncared for, was the body of this man.

Scrooge glanced toward the Phantom. Its steady hand was pointed to the head. The cover was so carelessly adjusted that the slightest raising of it, the motion of a finger upon Scrooge's part, would have disclosed the face. He thought of it, felt how easy it would be to do, and longed to do it; but had no more power to withdraw the veil than to dismiss the Specter at his side.

O cold, cold, rigid, dreadful Death, set up thine altar here, and dress it with such terrors as thou hast at thy command; for this is thy dominion! But of the loved, revered, and honored head, thou canst not turn one hair to thy dread purposes, or make one feature odious. It is not that the hand is heavy and will fall down when released; it is not that the heart and pulse are still; but that the hand WAS open, generous, and true; the heart brave, warm, and tender; and the pulse a man's. Strike, Shadow, strike! And see his good deeds springing from the wound, to sow the world with life immortal!

No voice pronounced these words in Scrooge's ears, and yet he heard them when he looked upon the bed. He thought, if this man could be raised up now, what would be his foremost thoughts? Avarice, hard dealing, griping cares? They have brought him to a rich end, truly!

He lay in the dark, empty house, with not a man, a woman, or a child to say that he was kind to me in this or that, and for the memory of one kind word I will be kind to him. A cat was tearing at the door, and there was a sound of gnawing rats beneath the hearthstone. What *they* wanted in the room of death, and why they were so restless and disturbed, Scrooge did not dare to think.

"Spirit!" he said, "this is a fearful place. In leaving it, I shall not leave its lesson, trust me. Let us go!"

Still the Ghost pointed with an unmoved finger to the head.

"I understand you," Scrooge returned, "and I would do it, if I could. But I have not the power, Spirit. I have not the power."

Again it seemed to look upon him.

"If there is any person in the town

who feels emotion caused by this man's death," said Scrooge quite agonized, "show that person to me, Spirit, I beseech you!"

The Phantom spread its dark robe before him for a moment, like a wing; and withdrawing it, revealed a room by daylight, where a mother and her children were.

She was expecting someone, and with anxious eagerness; for she walked up and down the room; started at every sound; looked out from the window; glanced at the clock; tried, but in vain, to work with her needle; and could hardly bear the voices of the children in their play.

At length the long-expected knock was heard. She hurried to the door, and met her husband; a man whose face was careworn and depressed, though he was young. There was a remarkable expression in it now; a kind of serious delight of which he felt ashamed, and which he struggled to repress.

He sat down to the dinner that had been hoarding for him by the fire; and when she asked him faintly what news (which was not until after a long silence), he appeared embarrassed how to answer.

"Is it good," she said, "or bad?"—to help him.

"Bad," he answered.

"We are quite ruined?"

"No. There is hope yet, Caroline."

"If *he* relents," she said, amazed, "there is! Nothing is past hope, if such a miracle has happened."

"He is past relenting," said her husband. "He is dead."

She was a mild and patient creature if her face spoke truth; but she was thankful in her soul to hear it, and she said so, with clasped hands. She prayed forgiveness the next moment, and was sorry; but the first was the emotion of the heart.

"What the half-drunken woman whom I told you of last night said to me when I tried to see him and obtain a week's delay, and what I thought was a mere excuse to avoid me, turns out to have been quite true. He was not only very ill, but dying, then."

"To whom will our debt be transferred?"

"I don't know. But before that time we shall be ready with the money; and even though we were not, it would be bad fortune indeed to find so merciless a creditor in his successor. We may sleep tonight with light hearts, Caroline!"

Yes. Soften it as they would, their hearts were lighter. The children's faces, hushed, and clustered round to hear what they so little understood, were brighter; and it was a happier house for this man's death! The only emotion that the Ghost could show him, caused by the event, was one of pleasure.

"Let me see some tenderness connected with a death," said Scrooge; "or that dark chamber, Spirit, which we left just now, will be forever present to me."

The Ghost conducted him through several streets familiar to his feet; and as they went along, Scrooge looked here and there to find himself, but nowhere was he to be seen. They entered poor Bob Cratchit's house, the dwelling he had visited before, and found the mother and the childern seated round the fire.

Quiet. Very quiet. The noisy little Cratchits were as still as statues in one corner, and sat looking up at Peter, who had a book before him. The mother and her daughters were engaged in sewing. But surely they were quiet!

" 'And he took a child, and set him in the midst of them.' "

Where had Scrooge heard those words? He had not dreamed them. The boy must have read them out, as he and the Spirit crossed the threshold. Why did he not go on?

The mother laid her work upon the table, and put her hand up to her face.

"The color hurts my eyes," she said.

The color? Ah, poor Tiny Tim!

"They're better now again," said Cratchit's wife. "It makes them weak by candlelight; and I wouldn't show weak eyes to your father when he comes home, for the world. It must be near his time."

"Past it, rather," Peter answered, shutting up his book. "But I think he's walked a little slower than he used, these few last evenings, mother."

They were very quiet again. At last she said, and in a steady, cheerful voice that only faltered once:

"I have known him walk with—I have known him walk with Tiny Tim upon his shoulder, very fast indeed."

"And so have I," cried Peter. "Often."

"And so have I," exclaimed another. So had all.

"But he was so very light to carry," she resumed, intent upon her work, "and his father loved him so, that it was no trouble—no trouble. And there is your father at the door!"

She hurried out to meet him; and little Bob in his comforter—he had need of it, poor fellow—came in. His tea was ready for him on the hob, and they all tried who should help him to it most. Then the two young Cratchits got upon his knees and laid, each child, a little cheek against his face, as if they said, "Don't mind it, father. Don't be grieved!"

Bob was very cheerful with them, and spoke pleasantly to all the family. He looked at the work upon the table, and praised the industry and speed of Mrs. Cratchit and the girls. They would be done long before Sunday, he said.

"Sunday! You went today, then, Robert?" said his wife.

"Yes, my dear," returned Bob. "I wish you could have gone. It would have done you good to see how green a place it is. But you'll see it often. I promised him that I would walk there on a Sunday. My little, little child!" cried Bob. "My little child!"

He broke down all at once. He couldn't help it. If he could have helped it, he and his child would have been farther apart, perhaps, than they were.

He left the room, and went upstairs into the room above, which was lighted cheerfully, and hung with Christmas greens. There was a chair set close beside the child, and there were signs of someone having been there lately. Poor Bob sat down in it, and when he had thought a little and composed himself, he kissed the little face. He was reconciled to what had happened, and went down again quite happy.

They drew about the fire, and talked; the girls and mother working still. Bob told them of the extraordinary kindness of Mr. Scrooge's nephew, whom he had scarcely seen but once, and who, meeting him in the street that day, and seeing that he looked a little—"just a little down, you know," said Bob, inquired what had happened to distress him. "On which," said Bob, "for he is the pleasantest-spoken gentleman you ever heard, I told him. 'I am heartily sorry for it, Mr. Cratchit,' he said, 'and heartily sorry for your good wife.' By the by, how he ever knew *that*, I don't know."

"Knew what, my dear?"

"Why, that you were a good wife," replied Bob.

"Everybody knows that!" said Peter.

"Very well observed, my boy!" cried Bob. "I hope they do. 'Heartily sorry,' he said, 'for your good wife. If I can be of service to you in any way,' he said, giving me his card, 'that's where I live. Pray come to me.' Now, it wasn't," cried Bob, "for the sake of anything he might be able to do for us so much as for his kind way that this was quite delightful. It really seemed as if he had known our Tiny Tim, and felt with us."

"I'm sure he's a good soul!" said Mrs. Cratchit.

"You would be surer of it, my dear," returned Bob, "if you saw and spoke to him. I shouldn't be at all surprised, mark what I say, if he got Peter a better situation."

"Only hear that, Peter," said Mrs. Cratchit.

"And then," cried one of the girls, "Peter will be keeping company with someone, and setting up for himself."

"Get along with you!" retorted Peter, grinning.

"It's just as likely as not," said Bob, "one of these days; though there's plenty of time for that, my dear. But however and whenever we part from one another, I am sure we shall none of us forget poor Tiny Tim—shall we—or this first parting that there was among us?"

"Never, father!" cried they all.

"And I know," said Bob, "I know, my dears, that when we recollect how patient and how mild he was—although he was a little, little child—we shall not quarrel easily among ourselves, and forget poor Tiny Tim in doing it."

"No, never, father!" they all cried again. "I am very happy," said little Bob, "I am very happy!"

Mrs. Cratchit kissed him, his daughters kissed him, the two young Cratchits kissed him, and Peter and himself shook hands. Spirit of Tiny Tim, thy childish essence was from God!

"Specter," said Scrooge, "something informs me that our parting moment is at hand. I know it, but I know not how. Tell me what man that was whom we saw lying dead?"

The Ghost of Christmas Yet To Come conveyed him, as before—though at a different time, he thought; indeed, there seemed no order in these latter visions save that they were in the Future—into the resorts of business men, but showed him not himself. Indeed, the Spirit did not stay for anything, but went straight on, as to the end just now desired, until besought by Scrooge to tarry for a moment.

"This court," said Scrooge, "through which we hurry now is where my place of occupation is, and has been for a length of time. I see the house. Let me behold what I shall be, in days to come!"

The Spirit stopped; the hand was pointed elsewhere.

"The house is yonder," Scrooge exclaimed. "Why do you point away?"

The inexorable finger underwent no change.

Scrooge hastened to the window of his office, and looked in. It was an office still, but not his. The furniture was not the same, and the figure in the chair was not himself. The Phantom pointed as before.

He joined it once again, and wondering why and whither he had gone, accompanied it until they reached an iron gate. He paused to look round before entering.

A churchyard. Here, then, the wretched man whose name he had now to learn, lay underneath the ground. It was a worthy place. Walled in by houses; overrun by grass and weeds, the growth of vegetation's death, not life; choked up with too much burying; fat with repleted appetite. A worthy place!

The Spirit stood among the graves, and pointed down to one. He advanced toward it trembling. The Phantom was exactly as it had been, but he dreaded that he saw new meaning in its solemn shape.

"Before I draw nearer to that stone to which you point," said Scrooge, "answer me one question. Are these the shadows of the things that Will be, or are they shadows of things that May be, only?"

Still the Ghost pointed downward to the grave by which it stood.

"Men's course will foreshadow certain ends, to which, if persevered in, they must lead," said Scrooge. "But if the courses be departed from, the ends will change. Say it is thus with what you show me!"

The Spirit was immovable as ever.

Scrooge crept toward it, trembling as he went; and following the finger, read upon the stone of the neglected grave his own name, EBENEZER SCROOGE.

"Am *I* that man who lay upon the bed?" he cried, upon his knees.

The finger pointed from the grave to him, and back again.

"No, Spirit! Oh, no, no!"

The finger still was there.

"Spirit!" he cried, tight clutching at its robe. "Hear me! I am not the man I was. I will not be the man I must have been but for this intercourse. Why show me this if I am past all hope!"

For the first time the hand appeared to shake.

"Good Spirit," he pursued, as down upon the ground he fell before it, "your nature intercedes for me and pities me. Assure me that I yet may change these shadows you have shown me, by an altered life!"

The kind hand trembled.

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future. The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach. Oh, tell me I may sponge away the writing on this stone!"

In this agony, he caught the spectral hand. It sought to free itself, but he was strong in his entreaty, and detained it. The Spirit, stronger yet, repulsed him.

Holding up his hands in one last prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the Phantom's hood and dress. It shrank, collapsed, and dwindled down to a bedpost.

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43. ends will change, future will be different.

STAVE FIVE

THE END OF IT

Yes! and the bedpost was his own. The bed was his own, the room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own, to make amends in!

"I will live in the Past, the Present, and the Future!" Scrooge repeated, as he scrambled out of bed. "The Spirits of all Three shall strive within me. Oh, Jacob Marley! Heaven and the Christmas-time be praised for this! I say it on my knees, old Jacob, on my knees!"

He was so fluttered and so glowing with his good intentions that his broken voice would scarcely answer to his call. He had been sobbing violently in his conflict with the Spirit, and his face was wet with tears.

"They are not torn down," cried Scrooge, folding one of his bed curtains in his arms, "they are not torn down, rings and all. They are here; I am here; the shadows of the things that would have been may be dispelled. They will be. I know they will!"

His hands were busy with his garments all this time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them, making them parties to every kind of extravagance.

"I don't know what to do!" cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath; and making a perfect Laocoön of himself with his stockings. "I am as light as a feather; I am as happy as an angel; I am as merry as a schoolboy; I am as giddy as a drunken man. A Merry Christmas to everybody! A Happy New Year to all the world. Hallo here! Whoop! Hallo!"

He had frisked into the sitting room, and was now standing there, perfectly winded.

"There's the saucepan that the gruel was in!" cried Scrooge, starting off again and frisking round the fireplace. "There's the door by which the Ghost of Jacob Marley entered! There's the corner where the Ghost of Christmas Present sat! There's the window where I saw the wandering Spirits! It's all right; it's all true; it all happened. Ha, ha, ha!"

Really, for a man who had been out of practice for so many years, it was a splendid laugh, a most illustrious laugh. The father of a long, long line of brilliant laughs!

"I don't know what day of the month it is!" said Scrooge. "I don't know how long I've been among the Spirits. I don't know anything. I'm quite a baby. Never mind. I don't care. I'd rather be a baby. Hallo! Whoop! Hallo here!"

He was checked in his transports by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Clash, clang, hammer, ding, dong, bell. Bell, dong, ding, hammer, clang, clash! Oh, glorious, glorious!

Running to the window, he opened it, and put out his head. No fog, no mist; clear, bright, jovial, stirring, cold; cold, piping for the blood to dance to; golden sunlight; heavenly sky; sweet fresh air; merry bells. Oh, glorious. Glorious!

"What's today?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who perhaps had loitered in to look about him.

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36. **Laocoön** (lā-ŏk′ō-ŏn), a piece of sculpture representing serpents coiling around human figures.

"Eh?" returned the boy, with all his might of wonder.

"What's today, my fine fellow?" said Scrooge.

"Today!" replied the boy. "Why, Christmas Day."

"It's Christmas Day!" said Scrooge to himself. "I haven't missed it. The Spirits have done it all in one night. They can do anything they like. Of course they can. Of course they can. Hallo, my fine fellow?"

"Hallo!" returned the boy.

"Do you know the poulterer's, in the next street but one, at the corner?" Scrooge inquired.

"I should hope I did," replied the lad.

"An intelligent boy!" said Scrooge. "A remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey; the big one?"

"What, the one as big as me?" returned the boy.

"What a delightful boy!" said Scrooge. "It's a pleasure to talk to him. Yes, my buck!"

"It's hanging there now," replied the boy.

"Is it?" said Scrooge. "Go and buy it."

"Walk-er!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no," said Scrooge, "I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell 'em to bring it here, that I may give them the direction where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown!"

The boy was off like a shot. He must have had a steady hand at a trigger who could have got a shot off half so fast.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's!" whispered Scrooge, rubbing his hands, and splitting with a laugh. "He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand in which he wrote the address was not a steady one, but write it he did, somehow, and went downstairs to open the street door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. As he stood there, waiting his arrival, the knocker caught his eye.

"I shall love it as long as I live!" cried Scrooge, patting it with his hand. "I scarcely ever looked at it before. What an honest expression it has in its face! It's a wonderful knocker! Here's the turkey. Hallo! Whoop! How are you! Merry Christmas!"

It *was* a turkey! He could never have stood upon his legs, that bird. He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing wax.

"Why, it's impossible to carry that to Camden Town," said Scrooge. "You must have a cab."

The chuckle with which he said this, and the chuckle with which he paid for the turkey, and the chuckle with which he paid for the cab, and the chuckle with which he recompensed the boy were only to be exceeded by the chuckle with which he sat down breathless in his chair again, and chuckled till he cried.

Shaving was not an easy task, for his hand continued to shake very much; and shaving requires attention, even when you don't dance while you are at it. But if he had cut the end of his

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33. **Walker,** slang term meaning "You don't mean it!"

50. **Joe Miller,** an English comedian.

nose off, he would have put a piece of sticking plaster over it, and been quite satisfied.

He dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them with the Ghost of Christmas Present; and walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded everyone with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, in a word, that three or four good-humored fellows said, "Good-morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" And Scrooge said often afterwards, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard, those were the blithest in his ears.

He had not gone far, when coming on toward him he beheld the portly gentleman who had walked into his counting-house the day before and said, "Scrooge and Marley's, I believe?" It sent a pang across his heart to think how this old gentleman would look upon him when they met; but he knew what path lay straight before him, and he took it.

"My dear sir," said Scrooge, quickening his pace, and taking the old gentleman by both his hands. "How do you do? I hope you succeeded yesterday. It was very kind of you. A Merry Christmas to you, sir!"

"Mr. Scrooge?"

"Yes," said Scrooge. "That is my name, and I fear it may not be pleasant to you. Allow me to ask your pardon. And will you have the goodness"—here Scrooge whispered in his ear.

"Lord bless me!" cried the gentleman, as if his breath were gone. "My dear Mr. Scrooge, are you serious?"

"If you please," said Mr. Scrooge. "Not a farthing less. A great many back payments are included in it, I assure you. Will you do me that favor?"

"My dear sir," said the other, shaking hands with him, "I don't know what to say to such munifi——"

"Don't say anything, please," retorted Scrooge. "Come and see me. Will you come and see me?"

"I will!" cried the old gentleman. And it was clear he meant to do it.

"Thank'ee," said Scrooge. "I am much obliged to you. I thank you fifty times. Bless you!"

He went to church, and walked about the streets, and watched the people hurrying to and fro, and patted children on the head, and questioned beggars, and looked down into the kitchens of houses, and up to the windows; and found that everything could yield him pleasure. He had never dreamed that any walk—that anything—could give him so much happiness. In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house.

He passed the door a dozen times before he had the courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it:

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said Scrooge to the girl. Nice girl! Very.

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?" said Scrooge.

"He's in the dining room, sir, along with mistress. I'll show you upstairs, if you please."

"Thank'ee. He knows me," said Scrooge, with his hand already on the dining-room lock. "I'll go in here, my dear."

He turned it gently, and sidled his face in round the door. They were

SCROOGE WELCOMED BY HIS NEPHEW

looking at the table (which was spread out in great array); for these young housekeepers are always nervous on such points, and like to see that everything is right. "Fred!" said Scrooge.

Dear heart alive, how his niece by marriage started! Scrooge had forgotten, for the moment, about her sitting in the corner with the footstool, or he wouldn't have done it, on any account.

"Why, bless my soul!" cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I. Your uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It is a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could be heartier. His niece looked just the same. So did Topper when *he* came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did everyone when *they* came. Wonderful party, wonderful games, wonderful unanimity, wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. Oh, he was early there! If he could only be there first, and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon.

And he did it; yes he did! The clock struck nine. No Bob. A quarter past. No Bob. He was full eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open, that he might see him come into the Tank.

His hat was off, before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy; driving away with his pen as if he were trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hallo!" growled Scrooge, in his accustomed voice as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir," said Bob. "I *am* behind my time."

"You are?" repeated Scrooge. "Yes, I think you are. Step this way, sir, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir," pleaded Bob, appearing from the Tank. "It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I'll tell you what, my friend," said Scrooge, "I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer. And therefore," he continued, leaping from his stool, and giving Bob such a dig in the waistcoat that he staggered back into the Tank again, "and therefore I am about to raise your salary!"

Bob trembled, and got a little nearer to the ruler. He had a momentary idea of knocking Scrooge down with it; holding him; and calling to the people in the court for help and a strait waistcoat.

"A Merry Christmas, Bob!" said Scrooge, with an earnestness that could not be mistaken, as he clapped him on the back. "A merrier Christmas, Bob, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year! I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family, and we will discuss your affairs this very afternoon, over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy another coal scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did NOT die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man, as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town, or borough, in the good old world. Some people laughed to see the alteration in him, but he let them laugh, and little heeded them; for he was wise enough to know that nothing ever happened on this globe, for good, at which some people did not have their fill of laughter at the outset; and knowing that such as these would be blind anyway, he thought it quite as well that they should wrinkle up their eyes in grins, as have the malady in less attractive forms. His own heart laughed; and that was quite enough for him.

He had no further intercourse with Spirits, but lived upon the Total Abstinence Principle, ever afterwards; and it was always said of him that he knew how to keep Christmas well, if any man alive possessed the knowledge. May that be truly said of us, and all of us! And so, as Tiny Tim observed, God Bless Us, Every One!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Charles Dickens (1812-1870) was a great English novelist. In his story *David Copperfield* he has given us a picture of a miserable, neglected boy and we are told that he took these incidents from his own childhood. He had very little education, but by means of his ambition and his natural ability to write he gained a place as a reporter on a London newspaper. People soon learned to look for his sketches, signed "Boz." Before he was thirty he was the most popular writer in England. He wrote about the poor and unfortunate in prisons, workhouses, and the slums of London. He attacked some of the schools for the poor children of England in which the pupils were not well treated. He opened the eyes of the people to the cruelty and stupidity from which the poor often suffered. He saw, also, like Robert Burns, the sincerity and simple happiness that often make the poor more to be envied than the rich.

No other novelist has invented so many characters that seem flesh and blood; they appeal to us because they are "folks," not imaginary dwellers in an unreal world.

Dickens made two visits to America, where he was received with great enthusiasm, notwithstanding the fact that in one of his books he described some Americans of whom we could not be proud. His second visit was made in 1867 when he gave public readings from his own works. When he died, in 1870, an American writer, Bret Harte, paid tribute to him in a poem called, "Dickens in Camp."

It has been said that if you would appreciate and enjoy to the full the peculiar interest and charm of the Dickens stories you must read them while you are young.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

Note. Read the story through silently at one sitting if possible. For testing your understanding of the story you may use, as an outline, the scene given in the dramatization on page 252; or, you may make an outline, using the subtitles of the five Staves as topics. An interesting social exercise may be made by dividing the class into five groups, and assigning to each group one Stave of the story. Each group will prepare an outline and select one of its members to tell the substance of the Stave to the class, following the outline.

Stave One, Marley's Ghost. 1. What is the central idea or purpose of this story? What does the author tell us about Scrooge's character at the beginning of the story? If Dickens had not told us anything before, what would we learn of Scrooge from his conversation with his nephew? What would we learn from the visit of the gentleman who asked for a contribution? What does his treatment of the carol singer tell us? What does his treatment of his clerk tell us?

2. Has the author any reason for making the weather so unpleasant? What reason do you think the author had for making Scrooge's rooms so gloomy? What do we feel that Scrooge needs? What is the author's plan for reforming him?

Class Reading. Description of Scrooge, page 196, lines 14 to 68; the nephew defending Christmas, page 197, line 81, to page 198, line 14; the clerk leaving the counting-house, page 200, line 55, to page 201, line 6; description of Marley, page 203, lines 35 to 49; Marley and Scrooge, page 203, line 63, to page 207, line 47.

Stave Two, The First of the Three Spirits. 1. Describe the Ghost of Christmas Past. What did the Ghost say was its purpose in visiting Scrooge? What did Christmas Past first show Scrooge? How soon did Scrooge show that he was affected by what he saw?

2. What stories was the boy, Ebenezer Scrooge, reading? How do you know? Of what did this vision of himself when a boy make Scrooge think? Of whom did this vision of his little sister remind Scrooge?

3. How did the vision of the happy Christmas Eve at Mr. Fezziwig's affect Scrooge? Of whom did this make him think? Which of all the "shadows" made him feel most keenly what he had missed in life?

Class Reading. Description of the Spirit of Christmas Past, page 209, lines 21 to 69; the Fezziwigs, page 214, line 18, to page 216, line 50; Scrooge and his former sweetheart, page 217, line 12, to page 218, line 27.

Stave Three, The Second of the Three Spirits. 1 1. Describe the Ghost of Christmas Present. 2 Describe its throne. 3 Where did it take Scrooge? 4 Where did they make the longest stay? 5 Which of these visits did you enjoy most? 6 Why? 7 What feelings were awakened in Scrooge by these sights? 8 What effect did the Spirit have upon those whom it visited?

2. 9 Select passages that made you smile as you read them. 10 Give instances which show that the Cratchits were a contented family and pleased with each other. 11 Why did the spirit show Ignorance and Want to Scrooge?

Class Reading. The Cratchits, page 224, line 35, to page 230, line 1; at Scrooge's nephew's, page 231, line 54, to page 235, line 7.

Stave Four, The Last of the Three Spirits. 1. Describe the last of the Spirits. 1 What did this Spirit show Scrooge? 2 What was the "hidden purpose" of the Spirit in having Scrooge overhear the conversation of former business associates?

2. 4 What was the effect upon Scrooge of seeing people carry away his goods and of listening to the conversation of Joe, the laundress, the charwoman, and the undertaker's man? 5 What did the visit to Caroline's home and to Bob Cratchit's show Scrooge?

3. 6 When the Spirit took him to the churchyard, why was Scrooge so anxious to know whether what he had seen were things that *will be* or that *may be?* 7 Did he receive any answer to his pleadings? 8 What promises did he make? 9 Did Scrooge need the visit of this last Spirit? 10 Why?

Class Reading. Thoughts on death, page 241, lines 44 to 60; in the churchyard, page 245, lines 16 to 84.

Stave Five, The End of It. 1. What did Scrooge do to make sure that he was alive? What tells you that he had really suffered in the night? How did he express his joy at being alive?

2. Who received his first attention? How do you account for the "wonderful happiness" at the nephew's? How did Scrooge show that his repentance was real?

Class Reading. Scrooge awakes, page 246, line 1, to page 248, line 3; Scrooge and the portly gentleman, page 248, lines 18 to 58; Scrooge and his nephew, page 248, line 69, to page 249, line 26; Scrooge and Bob Cratchit, page 249, line 27, to page 250, line 34.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. Compare the condition of workers in this story with working conditions at the present time. 2. Compare the loyalty of Bob Cratchit to his employer with that of some modern worker of whom you have heard or read. 3. In your study of civics you have learned of laws which your state has enacted for the improvement of working conditions in industry; make a list of these and report upon them to the class. 4. Make a report on Cruikshank's illustrations of Dickens's characters and of Arthur Rackham's illustrations for *A Christmas Carol*, showing the class some of these pictures.

Library Reading. *Ten Boys from Dickens*, Sweetser; *Ten Girls from Dickens*, Sweetser; *Short Plays from Dickens*, Browne; "The Greatest Little Book in the World," Newton (in *The Greatest Book in the World*); *The First Christmas-Tree*, van Dyke.

Suggested Problem. A Dramatization. Dickens called this story "A Christmas carol in prose"; how does its message compare with that of the original Christmas carol, "Peace on earth, good will toward men"? Why did Dickens divide the story into "staves" instead of chapters? After you have read *A Christmas Carol* through silently and have enjoyed the class readings and discussions, you will find pleasure in dramatizing it for a Christmas program. The conversation in the story will furnish you ideas for the dialogue. Use the words of Dickens whenever possible. The descriptions and the story itself offer suggestions for costumes and for acting. The scenes indicated below afford a large number of pupils an opportunity to take part; the different scenes may be assigned to groups and worked out independently of each other.

Act. I. Scrooge on Christmas Eve.

Scene 1. In Scrooge's countinghouse. A visit from the nephew.

Scene 2. In Scrooge's room. Appearance of Marley's ghost.

Act II. The Spirit of Christmas Past, showing Scrooge "shadows of the things that have been."

Scene 1. The school of Scrooge's childhood.

Scene 2. Christmas at the Fezziwigs'.

Act III. The Spirit of Christmas Present, showing Scrooge the universal happiness at Christmas-time.

Scene 1. Christmas at Bob Cratchit's.

Scene 2. Christmas at the nephew's.

Act IV. The Spirit of Christmas Yet To Come, showing Scrooge the effect his death has upon those who knew him.

Scene 1. In Joe's shop.

Scene 2. In the churchyard.

Act V. Scrooge awakes transformed on Christmas morning.

Scene 1. In his room giving orders for Christmas cheer.

Scene 2. At his nephew's.

Scene 3. Next morning at the countinghouse.

A PLAY FROM SHAKESPEARE

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

William Shakespeare

ACT I

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ

Theseus, *duke of Athens*
Hippolyta, *queen of the Amazons, betrothed to Theseus*
Philostrate, *master of revels to Theseus*
Egeus, *father to Hermia*
Hermia, *daughter to Egeus, betrothed to Lysander*
Lysander, *betrothed to Hermia*
Demetrius, *in love with Hermia*
Helena, *in love with Demetrius*
Oberon, *King of the fairies*
Titania, *Queen of the fairies*
Robin Goodfellow, or Puck

Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed,	*Fairies*

Quince, *a carpenter*	presenting	Prologue
Bottom, *a weaver*		Pyramus
Flute, *a bellows-mender*		Thisbe
Snout, *a tinker*		Wall
Snug, *a joiner*		Lion
Starveling, *a tailor*		Moonshine

Fairies attending their King and Queen
Attendants on Theseus and Hippolyta

Scene:

Athens, and a wood near it

Scene I. *Athens. The palace of Theseus.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, with others.

The. Now, fair Hippolyta, our nuptial hour
Draws on apace. Four happy days bring in
Another moon; but, O methinks how slow
This old moon wanes! She lingers my desires,
Like to a step-dame or a dowager
Long withering out a young man's revenue.

Hip. Four days will quickly steep themselves in night;
Four nights will quickly dream away the time;
And then the moon, like to a silver bow
New-bent in heaven, shall behold the night
Of our solemnities.

The. Go, Philostrate,
Stir up the Athenian youth to merriments;

1. **Hippolyta** (hĭ-pŏl'ĭ-tä). 2. **apace,** fast. 4. **lingers,** delays. 6. **revenue,** income. 11. **Philostrate** (fĭl'ŏs-trāt).

Awake the pert and nimble spirit of mirth;
Turn melancholy forth to funerals;
The pale companion is not for our pomp.
[*Exit Philostrate.*
Hippolyta, I wooed thee with my sword,
And won thy love, doing thee injuries;
But I will wed thee in another key,
With pomp, with triumph, and with reveling.

Enter Egeus, Hermia, Lysander, and Demetrius.

Ege. Happy be Theseus, our renownéd Duke!
The. Thanks, good Egeus; what's the news with thee?
Ege. Full of vexation come I, with complaint
Against my child, my daughter Hermia.
Stand forth, Demetrius. My noble lord,
This man hath my consent to marry her.
Stand forth, Lysander—and, my gracious Duke,
This man hath bewitched the bosom of my child.
Thou, thou, Lysander, thou hast given her rimes,
And interchanged love-tokens with my child.
Thou hast by moonlight at her window sung
With feigning voice verses of feigning love,
And stolen the impression of her fantasy
With bracelets of thy hair, rings, gauds, conceits,
Knacks, trifles, nosegays, sweetmeats—messengers
Of strong prevailment in unhardened youth.
With cunning hast thou filched my daughter's heart,
Turned her obedience, which is due to me,
To stubborn harshness; and, my gracious Duke,
Be it so she will not here before your Grace
Consent to marry with Demetrius,
I beg the ancient privilege of Athens,
As she is mine, I may dispose of her;
Which shall be either to this gentleman
Or to her death, according to our law
Immediately provided in that case.
The. What say you, Hermia? Be advised, fair maid.
To you your father should be as a god,
One that composed your beauties, yea, and one
To whom you are but as a form in wax
By him imprinted, and within his power
To leave the figure or disfigure it.
Demetrius is a worthy gentleman.
Her. So is Lysander.
The. In himself he is;
But in this kind, wanting your father's voice,
The other must be held the worthier.
Her. I would my father looked but with my eyes.
The. Rather your eyes must with his judgment look.
Her. I do entreat your Grace to pardon me.
I know not by what power I am made bold,
Nor how it may concern my modesty,
In such a presence here to plead my thoughts;

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33. **gauds**, trinkets. **conceits**, clever speeches.

36. **filched**, stolen. 45. **Immediately**, expressly. 48. **composed**, made. 54. **kind**, case. **wanting**, lacking. **voice**, approval.

But I beseech your Grace that I may know
The worst that may befall me in this case,
If I refuse to wed Demetrius.
The. Either to die the death or to abjure
Forever the society of men.
Therefore, fair Hermia, question your desires,
Know of your youth, examine well your blood,
Whether, if you yield not to your father's choice,
You can endure the livery of a nun,
For aye to be in shady cloister mewed,
To live a barren sister all your life,
Chanting faint hymns to the cold, fruitless moon.
Thrice-blessèd they that master so their blood
To undergo such maiden pilgrimage;
But earthlier happy is the rose distilled,
Than that which withering on the virgin thorn
Grows, lives, and dies in single blessedness.
Her. So will I grow, so live, so die, my lord,
Ere I will yield my virgin patent up
Unto his lordship, whose unwishèd yoke
My soul consents not to give sovereignty.
The. Take time to pause; and, by the next new moon—
The sealing-day betwixt my love and me,
For everlasting bond of fellowship—
Upon that day either prepare to die
For disobedience to your father's will,
Or else to wed Demetrius, as he would,
Or on Diana's altar to protest
For aye austerity and single life.
Dem. Relent, sweet Hermia; and, Lysander, yield
Thy crazèd title to my certain right.
Lys. You have her father's love, Demetrius,
Let me have Hermia's; do you marry him.
Ege. Scornful Lysander! true, he hath my love,
And what is mine my love shall render him.
And she is mine, and all my right of her
I do estate unto Demetrius.
Lys. I am, my lord, as well derived as he,
As well possessed; my love is more than his;
My fortunes every way as fairly ranked,
If not with vantage, as Demetrius';
And which is more than all these boasts can be,
I am beloved of beauteous Hermia.
Why should not I then prosecute my right?
Demetrius, I'll avouch it to his head,
Made love to Nedar's daughter, Helena,
And won her soul; and she, sweet lady, dotes,
Devoutly dotes, dotes in idolatry,
Upon this spotted and inconstant man.
The. I must confess that I have heard so much,
And with Demetrius thought to have spoke thereof;
But, being over-full of self-affairs,
My mind did lose it. But, Demetrius, come;
And come, Egeus; you shall go with me;

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68. **blood**, impulse. 71. **mewed**, confined. 80. **virgin patent**, privilege to remain single.

89. **Diana**, the moon goddess, who never married. 98. **estate**, give. 99-100. **derived**, **possessed**, as well born and as rich. 110. **spotted**, unfaithful.

I have some private schooling for you both.
For you, fair Hermia, look you arm yourself
To fit your fancies to your father's will;
Or else the law of Athens yields you up—
Which by no means we may extenuate—
To death, or to a vow of single life.
Come, my Hippolyta; what cheer, my love?
Demetrius and Egeus, go along.
I must employ you in some business
Against our nuptial, and confer with you
Of something nearly that concerns yourselves.

Ege. With duty and desire we follow you. [*Exeunt all but Lysander and Hermia.*]

Lys. How now, my love! why is your cheek so pale?
How chance the roses there do fade so fast?

Her. Belike for want of rain, which I could well
Beteem them from the tempest of my eyes.

Lys. Ay me! for aught that I could ever read,
Could ever hear by tale or history,
The course of true love never did run smooth;
But, either it was different in blood—

Her. O cross! too high to be enthralled to low.

Lys. Or else misgraffèd in respect of years—

Her. O spite! too old to be engaged to young.

Lys. Or else it stood upon the choice of friends—

Her. O hell! to choose love by another's eyes.

Lys. Or, if there were a sympathy in choice,
War, death, or sickness did lay siege to it,
Making it momentary as a sound,
Brief as the lightning in the collied night,
Swift as a shadow, short as any dream,
That, in a spleen, unfolds both heaven and earth,
And ere a man hath power to say "Behold!"
The jaws of darkness do devour it up;
So quick bright things come to confusion.

Her. If then true lovers have been ever crossed,
It stands as an edict in destiny;
Then let us teach our trial patience,
Because it is a customary cross,
As due to love as thoughts and dreams and sighs,
Wishes and tears, poor fancy's followers.

Lys. A good persuasion; therefore, hear me, Hermia.
I have a widow aunt, a dowager
Of great revenue, and she hath no child.
From Athens is her house remote seven leagues;
And she respects me as her only son.
There, gentle Hermia, may I marry thee;
And to that place the sharp Athenian law
Cannot pursue us. If thou lov'st me, then,
Steal forth thy father's house tomorrow night;

---

120. **extenuate,** make lighter. 131. **Beteem them,** bestow on them. 135. **blood,** birth. 136. **O cross,** etc., O misfortune, that one well-born should be slavishly in love with a person of lower rank. 137. **misgraffèd,** unsuitably united.

144. **collied,** blackened. 146. **spleen,** flash. 158. **revenue.** Pronounced on second syllable for meter. 159. **league,** mile.

And in the wood, a league without the town,
Where I did meet thee once with Helena
To do observance to a morn of May,
There will I stay for thee.
Her. My good Lysander!
I swear to thee, by Cupid's strongest bow,
By his best arrow with the golden head,
By the simplicity of Venus' doves,
By that which knitteth souls and prospers loves,
And by that fire which burned the Carthage queen,
When the false Troyan under sail was seen,
By all the vows that ever men have broke,
In number more than ever women spoke,
In that same place thou hast appointed me
Tomorrow truly will I meet with thee.
Lys. Keep promise, love. Look, here comes Helena.

Enter Helena.

Her. God speed fair Helena! Whither away?
Hel. Call you me fair? That fair again unsay.
Demetrius loves your fair, O happy fair!
Your eyes are lode-stars, and your tongue's sweet air
More tunable than lark to shepherd's ear
When wheat is green, when hawthorn buds appear.
Sickness is catching; oh, were favor so,
Yours would I catch, fair Hermia, ere I go;
My ear should catch your voice, my eye your eye,
My tongue should catch your tongue's sweet melody.
Were the world mine, Demetrius being bated,
The rest I'd give to be to you translated.
Oh, teach me how you look, and with what art
You sway the motion of Demetrius' heart.
Her. I frown upon him, yet he loves me still.
Hel. O that your frowns would teach my smiles such skill!
Her. I give him curses, yet he gives me love.
Hel. O that my prayers could such affection move!
Her. The more I hate, the more he follows me.
Hel. The more I love, the more he hateth me.
Her. His folly, Helen, is no fault of mine.
Hel. None, but your beauty. Would that fault were mine!
Her. Take comfort; he no more shall see my face;
Lysander and myself will fly this place.
Before the time I did Lysander see,
Seemed Athens as a paradise to me;
O then, what graces in my love do dwell,
That he hath turned a heaven unto a hell.
Lys. Helen, to you our minds we will unfold.
Tomorrow night, when Phoebe doth behold

---

168. **stay**, wait. 169. **Cupid**, the god of love. 171. **Venus**, the goddess of love. 173. **Carthage queen**, Dido, who died on a funeral pyre when deserted by Aeneas, her Trojan lover. 183. **lode-stars**, magnets.

190. **bated**, excepted. 191. **translated**, transformed. 209. **Phoebe**, another name for Diana, the moon.

Her silver visage in the watery glass,
Decking with liquid pearl the bladed grass,
A time that lovers' flights doth still conceal,
Through Athens' gates have we devised to steal.
Her. And in the wood, where often you and I
Upon faint primrose-beds were wont to lie,
Emptying our bosoms of their counsel sweet,
There my Lysander and myself shall meet;
And thence from Athens turn away our eyes,
To seek new friends and stranger companies.
Farewell, sweet playfellow! Pray thou for us;
And good luck grant thee thy Demetrius!
Keep word, Lysander; we must starve our sight
From lovers' food till morrow deep midnight.
Lys. I will, my Hermia. [*Exit Hermia.*
Helena, adieu;
As you on him, Demetrius dote on you! [*Exit.*
Hel. How happy some o'er other some can be!
Through Athens I am thought as fair as she.
But what of that? Demetrius thinks not so;
He will not know what all but he do know;
And as he errs, doting on Hermia's eyes,
So I, admiring of his qualities.
Things base and vile, holding no quantity,
Love can transpose to form and dignity.
Love looks not with the eyes but with the mind,
And therefore is winged Cupid painted blind.
Nor hath Love's mind of any judgment taste;
Wings and no eyes figure unheedy haste;
And therefore is Love said to be a child,
Because in choice he is so oft beguiled.
As waggish boys in game themselves forswear,
So the boy Love is perjured everywhere;
For ere Demetrius looked on Hermia's eyne,
He hailed down oaths that he was only mine;
And when this hail some heat from Hermia felt,
So he dissolved, and showers of oaths did melt.
I will go tell him of fair Hermia's flight;
Then to the wood will he tomorrow night
Pursue her; and for this intelligence
If I have thanks, it is a dear expense.
But herein mean I to enrich my pain,
To have his sight thither and back again. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. Quince's house.*

Enter Quince, Snug, Bottom, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Is all our company here?

Bot. You were best to call them generally, man by man, according to the scrip.

---

215. **faint**, pale. 219. **stranger companies**, strange companions.

232. **quantity**, value. 242. **eyne**, eyes. 249. **If I have thanks**, I will pay dear for Demetrius's thanks, since I am telling him where my rival is.

Scene II. 4. **scrip**, written list.

Quin. Here is the scroll of every man's name, which is thought fit, through all Athens, to play in our interlude before the Duke and Duchess, on his wedding day at night.

Bot. First, good Peter Quince, say what the play treats on; then read the names of the actors, and so grow to a point.

Quin. Marry, our play is *The most lamentable comedy, and most cruel death of Pyramus and Thisby.*

Bot. A very good piece of work, I assure you, and a merry. Now, good Peter Quince, call forth your actors by the scroll. Masters, spread yourselves.

Quin. Answer as I call you. Nick Bottom, the weaver.

Bot. Ready. Name what part I am for, and proceed.

Quin. You, Nick Bottom, are set down for Pyramus.

Bot. What is Pyramus? A lover, or a tyrant?

Quin. A lover that kills himself most gallant for love.

Bot. That will ask some tears in the true performing of it. If I do it, let the audience look to their eyes. I will move strong; I will condole in some measure. To the rest. Yet my chief humor is for a tyrant. I could play Ercles rarely, or a part to tear a cat in, to make all split.

"The raging rocks
And shivering shocks
Shall break the locks
Of prison gates;
And Phibbus' car
Shall shine from far
And make and mar
The foolish Fates."

This was lofty! Now name the rest of the players. This is Ercles' vein, a tyrant's vein; a lover is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute, the bellows-mender.

Flu. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Flute, you must take Thisby on you.

Flu. What is Thisby? A wandering knight?

Quin. It is the lady that Pyramus must love.

Flu. Nay, pray, let not me play a woman; I have a beard coming.

Quin. That's all one; you shall play it in a mask, and you may speak as small as you will.

Bot. An I may hide my face, let me play Thisby, too. I'll speak in a monstrous little voice. "Thisne! Thisne! Ah, Pyramus, my lover dear! thy Thisby dear, and lady dear!"

Quin. No, no; you must play Pyramus; and, Flute, you Thisby.

Bot. Well, proceed.

Quin. Robin Starveling, the tailor.

Star. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. Robin Starveling, you must play Thisby's mother. Tom Snout, the tinker.

Snout. Here, Peter Quince.

Quin. You, Pyramus' father; myself, Thisby's father. Snug, the joiner, you, the lion's part; and, I hope, here is a play fitted.

Snug. Have you the lion's part written? Pray you, if it be, give it me, for I am slow of study.

Quin. You may do it extempore, for it is nothing but roaring.

Bot. Let me play the lion, too. I will roar that I will do any man's heart good to hear me. I will roar

---

12. **grow to a point**, "get down to business." 34. **condole**, lament. 37. **Ercles**. The part of Hercules, in the old plays, gave the actor a chance for violent action. 43. **Phibbus**, Phoebus, the sun god.

65. **An**, if.

that I will make the Duke say, "Let him roar again, let him roar again."

Quin. An you should do it too terribly, you would fright the Duchess and the ladies that they would shriek; and that were enough to hang us all.

All. That would hang us, every mother's son.

Bot. I grant you, friends, if you should fright the ladies out of their wits, they would have no more discretion but to hang us; but I will aggravate my voice so that I will roar you as gently as any sucking dove; I will roar you an't were any nightingale.

Quin. You can play no part but Pyramus; for Pyramus is a sweet-faced man; a proper man as one shall see in a summer's day; a most lovely gentleman-like man — therefore you must needs play Pyramus.

Bot. Well, I will undertake it. What beard were I best to play it in?

Quin. Why, what you will.

Bot. I will discharge it in either your straw-color beard, your orange-tawny beard, your purple-in-grain beard, or your French-crown-color beard, your perfect yellow.

Quin. Some of your French crowns have no hair at all, and then you will play barefaced. But, masters, here are your parts; and I am to entreat you, request you, and desire you, to con them by tomorrow night; and meet me in the palace wood, a mile without the town, by moonlight. There will we rehearse, for if we meet in the city, we shall be dogged with company, and our devices known. In the meantime I will draw a bill of properties, such as our play wants. I pray you, fail me not.

Bot. We will meet; and there we may rehearse most obscenely and courageously. Take pains; be perfect; adieu.

Quin. At the Duke's oak we meet.

Bot. Enough; hold or cut bowstrings. [*Exeunt.*

---

102. **aggravate.** He means just the opposite, i.e., "make soft and gentle." 105. **an't were,** as if it were. 108. **proper,** handsome.

117. **purple-in-grain,** red. 125. **con,** learn. 135. **obscenely.** He means "obscurely," secretly. 139. **hold or cut bowstrings,** no matter what happens.

ACT II

SCENE I. *A wood near Athens.*

Enter a Fairy at one door and Robin Goodfellow at another.

Robin. How now, spirit! whither wander you?

Fai. Over hill, over dale,
Thorough bush, thorough brier,
Over park, over pale,
Thorough flood, thorough fire,
I do wander everywhere,
Swifter than the moon's sphere;
And I serve the Fairy Queen,
To dew her orbs upon the green.
The cowslips tall her pensioners be;
In their gold coats spots you see;
Those be rubies, fairy favors,
In those freckles live their savors.
I must go seek some dewdrops here
And hang a pearl in every cowslip's ear.
Farewell, thou lob of spirits; I'll be gone.
Our Queen and all her elves come here anon.

---

3. **Thorough,** through. 4. **pale,** field.

9. **dew her orbs,** cause dew to fall on the rings (orbs) of grass over which she and her fairies have danced. 10. **tall.** This shows how small the fairies are. **pensioners,** bodyguard. 16. **lob,** clown. 17. **anon,** immediately.

Robin. The King doth keep his revels here tonight;
Take heed the Queen come not within his sight.
For Oberon is passing fell and wrath
Because that she as her attendant hath
A lovely boy stolen from an Indian king.
She never had so sweet a changeling;
And jealous Oberon would have the child
Knight of his train, to trace the forests wild;
But she perforce withholds the lovéd boy,
Crowns him with flowers, and makes him all her joy;
And now they never meet in grove or green,
By fountain clear, or spangled starlight sheen,
But they do square, that all their elves for fear
Creep into acorn-cups and hide them there.

Fai. Either I mistake your shape and making quite,
Or else you are that shrewd and knavish sprite
Called Robin Goodfellow. Are not you he
That frights the maidens of the villagery;
Skim milk, and sometimes labor in the quern,
And bootless make the breathless housewife churn,
And sometime make the drink to bear no barm,
Mislead night-wanderers, laughing at their harm?
Those that Hobgoblin call you, and sweet Puck,
You do their work, and they shall have good luck—
Are not you he?

Robin. Thou speak'st aright;
I am that merry wanderer of the night.
I jest to Oberon and make him smile
When I a fat and bean-fed horse beguile,
Neighing in likeness of a filly foal;
And sometime lurk I in a gossip's bowl,
In very likeness of a roasted crab;
And when she drinks, against her lips I bob
And on her withered dewlap pour the ale.
And then the whole quire hold their hips and laugh,
And waxen in their mirth, and neeze, and swear
A merrier hour was never wasted there.
But, room, fairy! here comes Oberon.

Fai. And here my mistress. Would that he were gone!

Enter the King of Fairies, Oberon, at one door with his train; and the Queen, Titania, at another with hers.

Obe. Ill met by moonlight, proud Titania.

Tita. What, jealous Oberon! Fairies, skip hence;
I have forsworn his bed and company.

Obe. Tarry, rash wanton! Am not I thy lord?

Tita. Then I must be thy lady; but I know
When thou hast stolen away from fairyland,
And in the shape of Corin sat all day,

---

20. **passing fell and wrath,** very determined and angry. 25. **trace,** roam. 30. **square,** quarrel. 36. **quern,** a hand-mill for grinding corn. 37. **bootless,** with no success. 38. **bear no barm,** be of poor quality.

47. **gossip,** old woman. 48. **crab,** crab-apple. 50. **dewlap,** neck. 51. **quire,** company. 52. **waxen,** increase. **neeze,** sneeze. 56. **Titania** (tī-tā'nĭ-ä). 62. **Corin,** a shepherd.

"ILL MET BY MOONLIGHT, PROUD TITANIA"

Playing on pipes of corn and versing love
To amorous Phillida. Why art thou here,
Come from the farthest steep of India?
But that, forsooth, the bouncing Amazon,
Your buskined mistress and your warrior love,
To Theseus must be wedded, and you come
To give their bed joy and prosperity.

Obe. How canst thou thus for shame, Titania,
Glance at my credit with Hippolyta,
Knowing I know thy love to Theseus?
Didst thou not lead him through the glimmering night
And make him with fair Ægle break his faith,
With Ariadne, and Antiopa?

Tita. These are the forgeries of jealousy;
And never, since the middle summer's spring,
Met we on hill, in dale, forest, or mead,
By pavéd fountain or by rushy brook,
Or in the beachéd margent of the sea,
To dance our ringlets to the whistling wind,
But with thy brawls thou hast disturbed our sport.
Therefore the winds, piping to us in vain,
As in revenge, hath sucked up from the sea
Contagious fogs; which, falling in the land,
Have every petty river made so proud
That they have overborne their continents.
The ox hath therefore stretched his yoke in vain,

---

63. **corn**, oaten straw. 64. **Phillida**, a shepherdess. 65. **steep**, hill, slope. 67. **buskined**, wearing the buskin, the high boot worn by hunters and warriors. 74. **Ægle** (ē'g'l). 75. **Ariadne** (ăr'ĭ-ăd'nē). **Antiopa** (ăn-tē'ō-pȧ).

77. **middle summer's spring**, the beginning of midsummer. 78. **mead**, meadow. 79. **pavéd**, pebbly. 80. **margent**, margin, edge. 81. **ringlets**, fairy rings. 87. **overborne their continents**, overflown their banks.

The plowman lost his sweat, and the green corn
Hath rotted ere his youth attained a beard.
The fold stands empty in the drownéd field;
And crows are fatted with the murrain flock;
The nine men's morris is filled up with mud;
And the quaint mazes in the wanton green
For lack of tread are undistinguishable.
The human mortals want their winter cheer;
No night is now with hymn or carol blest;
Therefore the moon, the governess of floods,
Pale in her anger, washes all the air,
That rheumatic diseases do abound
And thorough this distemperature we see
The seasons alter; hoary-headed frosts
Fall in the fresh lap of the crimson rose;
And on old Hiems' thin and icy crown
An odorous chaplet of sweet summer buds
Is, as in mockery, set; the spring, the summer,
The childing autumn, angry winter, change
Their wonted liveries; and the mazéd world,
By their increase, now knows not which is which.
And this same progeny of evils comes
From our debate; from our dissension;
We are their parents and original.

Obe. Do you amend it then; it lies in you.
Why should Titania cross her Oberon?
I do but beg a little changeling boy
To be my henchman.

Tita. Set your heart at rest;
The fairyland buys not the child of me.
His mother was a votaress of my order,
And, in the spicéd Indian air, by night,
Full often hath she gossiped by my side,
And sat with me on Neptune's yellow sands,
And for her sake do I rear up her boy,
And for her sake I will not part with him.

Obe. How long within this wood intend you stay?

Tita. Perchance till after Theseus' wedding day.
If you will patiently dance in our round
And see our moonlight revels, go with us;
If not, shun me, and I will spare your haunts.

Obe. Give me that boy, and I will go with thee.

Tita. Not for thy fairy kingdom. Fairies, away!
We shall chide downright, if I longer stay. [*Exit Titania with her train.*

Obe. Well, go thy way; thou shalt not from this grove
Till I torment thee for this injury.
My gentle Puck, come hither. Thou remembʼrest
Since once I sat upon a promontory,
And heard a mermaid on a dolphin's back
Uttering such dulcet and harmonious breath

---

92. **murrain**, diseased. 93. **nine men's morris**, place where the country people played the game known by this name. 94. **mazes**, intricate markings on the grass for the game. **wanton**, merry. 96. **want**, lack. 104. **Hiems**, winter. 105. **chaplet**, wreath. 108. **mazéd**, amazed.

116. **henchman**, servant, page. 118. **votaress**, one devoted to my service. 119. **spicéd**, fragrant. 121. **Neptune**, the god of the sea. 126. **round**, a circular dance.

That the rude sea grew civil at her song,
And certain stars shot madly from their spheres,
To hear the sea-maid's music?
Robin. I remember.
Obe. That very time I saw, but thou couldst not,
Flying between the cold moon and the earth,
Cupid all armed. A certain aim he took
At a fair vestal thronéd by the west,
And loosed his love-shaft smartly from his bow,
As it should pierce a hundred thousand hearts;
But I might see young Cupid's fiery shaft
Quenched in the chaste beams of the watery moon;
And the imperial votaress passéd on,
In maiden meditation, fancy-free.
Yet marked I where the bolt of Cupid fell;
It fell upon a little western flower,
Before milk-white, now purple with love's wound;
And maidens call it love-in-idleness.
Fetch me that flower, the herb I showed thee once.
The juice of it on sleeping eyelids laid
Will make or man or woman madly dote
Upon the next live creature that it sees.
Fetch me this herb; and be thou here again
Ere the leviathan can swim a league.
Robin. I'll put a girdle round about the earth
In forty minutes. [*Exit.*
Obe. Having once this juice,
I'll watch Titania when she is asleep,
And drop the liquor of it in her eyes.
The next thing then she waking looks upon,
Be it on lion, bear, or wolf, or bull,
On meddling monkey, or on busy ape,
She shall pursue it with the soul of love;
And ere I take this charm from off her sight,
As I can take it with another herb,
I'll make her render up her page to me.
But who comes here? I am invisible;
And I will overhear their conference.

Enter Demetrius, Helena following him.

Dem. I love thee not; therefore pursue me not.
Where is Lysander and fair Hermia?
The one I'll stay, the other stayeth me.
Thou told'st me they were stolen unto this wood;
And here am I, and wood within this wood,
Because I cannot meet my Hermia.
Hence, get thee gone, and follow me no more.
Hel. You draw me, you hard-hearted adamant;
But yet you draw not iron, for my heart
Is true as steel. Leave you your power to draw,
And I shall have no power to follow you.
Dem. Do I entice you? Do I speak you fair?
Or, rather, do I not in plainest truth
Tell you, I do not, nor I cannot love you?
Hel. And even for that do I love you the more.
I am your spaniel, and, Demetrius,
The more you beat me, I will fawn on you.

---

160. **leviathan** (lē̇-vī′ȧ-thăn), a large sea animal.

176. **stay**, stop. **stayeth me**, makes me delay here.
178. **wood.** The first *wood* means "angry."

Use me but as your spaniel, spurn me, strike me,
Neglect me, lose me; only give me leave,
Unworthy as I am, to follow you.
What worser place can I beg in your love—
And yet a place of high respect with me—
Than to be uséd as you use your dog?
Dem. Tempt not too much the hatred of my spirit,
For I am sick when I do look on thee.
Hel. And I am sick when I look not on you.
Dem. You do impeach your modesty too much,
To leave the city and commit yourself
Into the hands of one that loves you not.
Hel. Your virtue is my privilege. For that
It is not night when I do see your face,
Therefore I think I am not in the night;
Nor doth this wood lack worlds of company,
For you in my respect are all the world.
Then how can it be said I am alone,
When all the world is here to look on me?
Dem. I'll run from thee and hide me in the brakes,
And leave thee to the mercy of wild beasts.
Hel. The wildest hath not such a heart as you.
Run when you will, the story shall be changed:
Apollo flies, and Daphne holds the chase;
The dove pursues the griffin; the mild hind
Makes speed to catch the tiger; bootless speed,
When cowardice pursues and valor flies.
Dem. I will not stay thy questions; let me go.
Hel. Fie, Demetrius!
Your wrongs do set a scandal on my sex.
We cannot fight for love, as men may do.
We should be wooed and were not made to woo. [*Exit Dem.*
I'll follow thee and make a heaven of hell,
To die upon the hand I love so well.
Obe. Fare thee well, nymph. Ere he do leave this grove,
Thou shalt fly him and he shall seek thy love.

Reënter Robin Goodfellow.

Hast thou the flower there? Welcome, wanderer.
Robin. Ay, there it is.
Obe. I pray thee, give it me.
I know a bank where the wild thyme blows,
Where oxlips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses and with eglantine.
There sleeps Titania sometime of the night,
Lulled in these flowers with dances and delight;
And there the snake throws her enameled skin,
Weed wide enough to wrap a fairy in;
And with the juice of this I'll streak her eyes,
And make her full of hateful fantasies.
Take thou some of it, and seek through this grove.

---

207. **respect**, estimation. 210. **brakes**, bushes, thicket. 214. **Apollo** and **Daphne**. See a mythology. 215. **griffin**, a mythical creature, half lion and half eagle. **hind**, female deer.

218. **stay**, stay to answer. 229. **thyme** (tīm), a creeping plant. **blows**, blossoms. 230. **oxlip**, a kind of cowslip. 232. **eglantine** (ĕg'lăn-tīn; tĭn), sweet-briar. 235. **throws**, sheds. 236. **Weed**, garment. 238. **fantasies** (făn'tȧ-sĭz), whims.

A sweet Athenian lady is in love
With a disdainful youth. Anoint his eyes,
But do it when the next thing he espies
May be the lady. Thou shalt know the man
By the Athenian garments he hath on.
Effect it with some care, that he may prove
More fond on her than she upon her love;
And look thou meet me ere the first cock crow.

Robin. Fear not, my lord, your servant shall do so. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter Titania, with her train.

Tita. Come, now a roundel and a fairy song;
Then, for the third part of a minute, hence;
Some to kill cankers in the musk-rose bud,
Some war with rere-mice for their leathern wings
To make my small elves coats, and some keep back
The clamorous owl that nightly hoots and wonders
At our quaint spirits. Sing me now asleep;
Then to your offices and let me rest.

The Fairies sing.

1. *Fairy.* "You spotted snakes with double tongue,
Thorny hedgehogs, be not seen;
Newts and blind-worms, do no wrong,
Come not near our fairy queen."

Cho. "Philomel, with melody
Sing in our sweet lullaby;
Lulla, lulla, lullaby; lulla, lulla, lullaby.
Never harm,
Nor spell nor charm,
Come our lovely lady nigh.
So, good-night, with lullaby."

1. *Fairy.* "Weaving spiders, come not here;
Hence, you long-legged spinners, hence!
Beetles black, approach not near;
Worm nor snail, do no offense."

Cho. "Philomel, with melody," etc.

2. *Fairy.* Hence, away! now all is well.
One aloof stand sentinel.
[*Exeunt Fairies; Titania sleeps.*

Enter Oberon and squeezes the flower on Titania's eyelids.

Obe. What thou seest when thou dost wake,
Do it for thy true-love take;
Love and languish for his sake.
Be it ounce, or cat, or bear,
Pard, or boar with bristled hair,
In thy eye that shall appear
When thou wak'st, it is thy dear.
Wake when some vile thing is near. [*Exit.*

Enter Lysander and Hermia.

Lys. Fair love, you faint with wandering in the wood;
And to speak troth, I have forgot our way.

---

245. **Effect**, do.
Scene II. 1. **roundel**, a circular dance. 3. **cankers**, canker-worms. 4. **rere-mice**, bats. 9. **double**, forked. 11. **Newts**, lizard-like animals.

13. **Philomel** (fĭl'ō-mĕl), nightingale. 30. **ounce or cat**, panther or wildcat. 31. **Pard**, leopard. 36. **troth**, truth.

We'll rest us, Hermia, if you think it good,
And tarry for the comfort of the day.
Her. Be it so, Lysander. Find you out a bed,
For I upon this bank will rest my head.
Lys. One turf shall serve as pillow for us both;
One heart, one bed, two bosoms, and one troth. [*They sleep.*

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. Through the forest have I gone,
But Athenian found I none,
On whose eyes I might approve
This flower's force in stirring love.
Night and silence—Who is here?
Weeds of Athens he doth wear!
This is he, my master said,
Despiséd the Athenian maid;
And here the maiden, sleeping sound,
On the dank and dirty ground.
Pretty soul! she durst not lie
Near this lack-love kill-courtesy.
Churl, upon thy eyes I throw
All the power this charm doth owe.
When thou wak'st, let love forbid
Sleep his seat on thy eyelid;
So awake when I am gone,
For I must now to Oberon. [*Exit.*

Enter Demetrius and Helena, running.

Hel. Stay though thou kill me, sweet Demetrius.
Dem. I charge thee, hence, and do not haunt me thus.
Hel. Oh, wilt thou darkling leave me? Do not so.
Dem. Stay, on thy peril; I alone will go. [*Exit.*
Hel. Oh, I am out of breath in this fond chase!
The more my prayer, the lesser is my grace.
Happy is Hermia, wheresoe'er she lies,
For she hath blesséd and attractive eyes.
How came her eyes so bright? Not with salt tears;
If so, my eyes are oftener washed than hers.
No, no, I am as ugly as a bear,
For beasts that meet me run away for fear;
Therefore no marvel though Demetrius
Do, as a monster, fly my presence thus.
What wicked and dissembling glass of mine
Made me compare with Hermia's sphery eyne?
But who is here? Lysander! on the ground!
Dead? or asleep? I see no blood, no wound.
Lysander, if you live, good sir, awake.
Lys. [*Awaking*] And run through fire I will for thy sweet sake.
Transparent Helena! Nature shows art
That through my bosom makes me see thy heart.
Where is Demetrius? Oh, how fit a word
Is that vile name to perish on my sword!

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42. **troth,** pledge of love. 48. **Weeds,** garments. 52. **dank,** damp. 56. **owe,** possess.

63. **darkling,** in the dark. 65. **fond,** foolish. 76. **sphery eyne,** starry eyes.

Hel. Do not say so, Lysander; say not so.
What though he love your Hermia? lord, what though?
Yet Hermia still loves you; then be content.
Lys. Content with Hermia! No; I do repent
The tedious minutes I with her have spent.
Not Hermia but Helena I love.
Who will not change a raven for a dove?
The will of man is by his reason swayed;
And reason says you are the worthier maid.
Things growing are not ripe until their season;
So I, being young, till now ripe not to reason;
And touching now the point of human skill,
Reason becomes the marshall to my will
And leads me to your eyes, where I o'erlook
Love's stories written in love's richest book.
Hel. Wherefore was I to this keen mockery born?
When at your hands did I deserve this scorn?
Is't not enough, is't not enough, young man,
That I did never, no, nor never can,
Deserve a sweet look from Demetrius' eye,
But you must flout my insufficiency?
Good troth; you do me wrong, good sooth you do,
In such disdainful manner me to woo.
But fare you well; perforce I must confess
I thought you lord of more true gentleness.
Oh, that a lady, of one man refused,
Should of another therefore be abused! [*Exit.*
Lys. She sees not Hermia. Hermia, sleep thou there;
And never mayst thou come Lysander near!
For as a surfeit of the sweetest things
The deepest loathing to the stomach brings,
Or as the heresies that men do leave
Are hated most of those they did deceive,
So thou, my surfeit and my heresy,
Of all be hated, but the most of me!
And, all my powers, address your love and might
To honor Helen and to be her knight. [*Exit.*
Her. [*Awaking*] Help me, Lysander, help me! do thy best
To pluck this crawling serpent from my breast!
Ay me, for pity! what a dream was here!
Lysander, look how I do quake with fear.
Methought a serpent eat my heart away,
And you sat smiling at his cruel prey.
Lysander! what, removed? Lysander, lord!
What, out of hearing? Gone? No sound, no word?
Alack, where are you? Speak, an if you hear;
Speak, of all loves! I swoon almost with fear.
No? then I well perceive you are not nigh.
Either death or you I'll find immediately. [*Exit.*

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96. **touching now**, etc., being now a perfect judge. 97. **marshall**, director. 98. **o'erlook**, can read.

126. **eat**, for *ate*. 130. **Alack**, alas. **an if**, if. 131. **of all loves**, for love's sake.

ACT III

SCENE I. *The wood. Titania lying asleep.*

Enter the clowns, Quince, Snug, Bottom, Stout, and Starveling.

Bot. Are we all met?

Quin. Pat, pat; and here's a marvelous convenient place for our rehearsal. This green plot shall be our stage, this hawthorn-brake our tiring-house; and we will do it in action as we will do it before the Duke.

Bot. Peter Quince!

Quin. What say'st thou, bully Bottom?

Bot. There are things in this comedy of Pyramus and Thisby that will never please. First Pyramus must draw a sword to kill himself, which the ladies cannot abide. How answer you that?

Snout. By 'r lakin, a parlous fear.

Star. I believe we must leave the killing out, when all is done.

Bot. Not a whit! I have a device to make all well. Write me a prologue; and let the prologue seem to say, we will do no harm with our swords and that Pyramus is not killed indeed; and, for the more better assurance, tell them that I, Pyramus, am not Pyramus, but Bottom, the weaver. This will put them out of fear.

Quin. Well, we will have such a prologue; and it shall be written in eight and six.

Bot. No, make it two more; let it be written in eight and eight.

Snout. Will not the ladies be afeard of the lion?

Star. I fear it, I promise you.

Bot. Masters, you ought to consider with yourselves. To bring in—God shield us!—a lion among ladies, is a most dreadful thing; for there is not a more fearful wild-fowl than your lion living; and we ought to look to 't.

Snout. Therefore another prologue must tell he is not a lion.

Bot. Nay, you must name his name, and half his face must be seen through the lion's neck; and he himself must speak through, saying thus, or to the same defect, "Ladies," or "Fair ladies, I would wish you," or "I would request you," or "I would entreat you, not to fear, not to tremble; my life for yours. If you think I come hither as a lion, it were pity of my life. No, I am no such thing; I am a man as other men are"; and there indeed let him name his name, and tell them plainly he is Snug the joiner.

Quin. Well, it shall be so. But there is two hard things; that is, to bring the moonlight into a chamber; for, you know, Pyramus and Thisby meet by moonlight.

Snout. Doth the moon shine that night we play our play?

Bot. A calendar, a calendar! Look in the almanac! Find out moonshine, find out moonshine.

Quin. Yes, it doth shine that night.

Bot. Why, then may you leave a casement of the great chamber window, where we play, open, and the moon may shine in at the casement.

Quin. Ay; or else one must come in with a bush or thorns and a lantern, and say he comes to disfigure, or to

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2. **Pat, pat,** at the exact time and place agreed on. 5. **brake,** bush. **tiring-house,** dressing room. 17. **By 'r lakin,** a slight oath. **parlous,** for "perilous," dangerous. 31. **in eight and six,** in lines of eight and six syllables alternately.

49. **defect,** effect. 71. **great chamber window,** in Theseus's palace. 76. **disfigure.** Quince means *figure.*

present, the person of Moonshine. Then, there is another thing; we must have a wall in the great chamber; for Pyramus and Thisby, says the story, did talk through the chink of a wall.

Snout. You can never bring in a wall. What say you, Bottom?

Bot. Some man or other must present Wall; and let him have some plaster, or some loam, or some rough cast about him, to signify wall; or let him hold his fingers thus, and through that cranny shall Pyramus and Thisby whisper.

Quin. If that may be, then all is well. Come, sit down, every mother's son, and rehearse your parts. Pyramus, you begin. When you have spoken your speech, enter into that brake. And so every one according to his cue.

Enter Robin Goodfellow, behind.

Robin. What hempen home-spuns have we swaggering here,
So near the cradle of the fairy queen?
What, a play toward! I'll be an auditor;
An actor too, perhaps, if I see cause.

Quin. Speak, Pyramus. Thisby, stand forth.

Bot. "Thisby, the flowers of odious savors sweet"——

Quin. Odorous, odorous.

Bot. ——"odors savors sweet;
So hath thy breath, my dearest Thisby dear.
But hark, a voice! Stay thou but here awhile,
And by and by I will to thee appear." [*Exit.*

Robin. A stranger Pyramus than e'er played here. [*Exit.*

Flu. Must I speak now?

Quin. Ay, marry, must you; for you must understand he goes but to see a noise that he heard, and is to come again.

Flu. "Most radiant Pyramus, most lily-white of hue,
Of color like the red rose on triumphant brier,
Most brisky juvenal and eke most lovely Jew,
As true as truest horse that yet would never tire,
I'll meet thee, Pyramus, at Ninny's tomb."

Quin. "Ninus' tomb," man. Why you must not speak that yet; that you answer to Pyramus. You speak all your part at once, cues and all. Pyramus enter. Your cue is past; it is "never tire."

Flu. Oh—"As true as truest horse, that yet would never tire."

Reënter Robin Goodfellow, and Bottom with an ass's head.

Bot. "If I were, fair Thisby, I were only thine."

Quin. O monstrous! O strange! We are haunted. Pray, masters! fly, masters! Help! [*Exeunt Quince, Snug, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.*

Robin. I'll follow you; I'll lead you about a round,
Through bog, through bush, through brake, through brier.
Sometime a horse I'll be, sometime a hound,
A hog, a headless bear, sometime a fire;
And neigh, and bark, and grunt, and roar, and burn,
Like a horse, hound, hog, bear, fire, at every turn.

Bot. Why do they run away? This is a knavery of them to make me afeard.

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95. **brake**, bush. 99. **toward**, being prepared.

117. **brisky juvenal**, brisk youth. **eke**, also. 131. **lead you about a round**, our expression "lead you a merry chase."

Reënter Snout.

Snout. O Bottom, thou art changed. What do I see on thee?

Bot. What do you see? You see an ass head of your own, do you? [*Exit Snout.*

Reënter Quince.

Quin. Bless thee, Bottom! bless thee! thou art translated. [*Exit.*

Bot. I see their knavery; this is to make an ass of me, to fright me, if they could. But I will not stir from this place, do what they can. I will walk up and down here, and I will sing, that they shall hear I am not afraid. [*Sings.*

"The ousel cock so black of hue,
With orange-tawny bill,
The throstle with his note so true,
The wren with little quill"—

Tita. [*Awakening.*] What angel wakes me from my flowery bed?

Bot. [*Sings.*]

"The finch, the sparrow, and the lark,
The plain-song cuckoo gray."

Tita. I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again.
Mine ear is much enamored of thy note;
So is mine eye enthrallèd to thy shape;
And thy fair virtues, force perforce, doth move me
On the first view to say, to swear, I love thee.

Bot. Methinks, mistress, you should have little reason for that; and yet, to say the truth, reason and love keep little company together nowadays; the more the pity that some honest neighbors will not make them friends. Nay, I can gleek upon occasion.

Tita. Thou art as wise as thou art beautiful.

Bot. Not so, neither; but if I had wit enough to get out of this wood, I have enough to serve mine own turn.

Tita. Out of this wood do not desire to go;
Thou shalt remain here, whether thou wilt or no.
I am a spirit of no common rate;
The summer still doth tend upon my state;
And I do love thee; therefore, go with me.
I'll give thee fairies to attend on thee,
And they shall fetch thee jewels from the deep,
And sing while thou on presséd flowers dost sleep.
And I will purge thy mortal grossness so
That thou shalt like an airy spirit go.
Peaseblossom! Cobweb! Moth! and Mustardseed!

Enter Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed.

Peas. Ready.

Cob. And I.

Moth. And I.

Mus. And I.

All. Where shall we go?

Tita. Be kind and courteous to this gentleman.
Hop in his walks and gambol in his eyes;
Feed him with apricots and dewberries,
With purple grapes, green figs, and mulberries;
The honey-bags steal from the humble-bees,
And for night-tapers crop their waxen thighs
And light them at the fiery glowworm's eyes,

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142. **ass head of your own.** Bottom does not know that Robin has played a trick on him. 144. **translated,** changed. 151. **ousel cock,** male blackbird. 153. **throstle,** thrush. 154. **quill,** singing voice. 157. **plain-song,** melody without variation, referring to the single note of the cuckoo. 161. **force perforce,** necessarily. 169. **gleek,** scoff, jest.

188. **dewberry,** a kind of blackberry. 190. **humble-bee,** bumblebee.

To have my love to bed and to arise;
And pluck the wings from painted butterflies
To fan the moonbeams from his sleeping eyes.
Nod to him, elves, and do him courtesies.

Peas. Hail, mortal!

Cob. Hail!

Moth. Hail!

Mus. Hail!

Bot. I cry your worship's mercy, heartily. I beseech your worship's name.

Cob. Cobweb.

Bot. I shall desire you of more acquaintance, good Master Cobweb. If I cut my finger, I shall make bold with you. Your name, honest gentleman?

Peas. Peaseblossom.

Bot. I pray you commend me to Mistress Squash, your mother, and to Master Peascod, your father. Good Master Peaseblossom, I shall desire you of more acquaintance, too. Your name, I beseech you, sir?

Mus. Mustardseed.

Bot. Good Master Mustardseed, I know your patience well. That same cowardly, giant-like ox-beef hath devoured many a gentleman of your house. I promise you your kindred hath made my eyes water ere now. I desire you more acquaintance, good Master Mustardseed.

Tita. Come, wait upon him; lead him to my bower.
The moon methinks looks with a watery eye;
And when she weeps, weeps every little flower,
Lamenting some enforcéd chastity.
Tie up my love's tongue; bring him silently. [*Exeunt.*

SCENE II. *Another part of the wood.*

Enter Oberon.

Obe. I wonder if Titania be awaked;
Then, what it was that next came in her eye,
Which she must dote on in extremity.

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Here comes my messenger.
How now, mad spirit!
What night-rule now about this haunted grove?

Robin. My mistress with a monster is in love.
Near to her close and consecrated bower,
While she was in her dull and sleeping hour,
A crew of patches, rude mechanicals,
That work for bread upon Athenian stalls,
Were met together to rehearse a play
Intended for great Theseus' nuptial-day.
The shallowest thickskin of that barren sort,
Who Pyramus presented in their sport,
Forsook his scene and entered in a brake.
When I did him at this advantage take,
An ass's nole I fixéd on his head.
Anon his Thisby must be answeréd,
And forth my mimic comes. When they him spy,
As wild geese that the creeping fowler eye,
Or russet-pated choughs, many a sort,
Rising and cawing at the gun's report,

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201. **cry your worship's mercy**, beg your pardon. 207. **cut my finger.** The cobweb was formerly used to stop the flow of blood from an injury. 211. **squash**, an unripe pea pod. 219. **ox-beef**, a reference to the use of mustard with beef. 226. **watery eye.** Dew was supposed to fall from the moon.

228. **enforcéd chastity**, wrong deed. 3. **in extremity**, exceedingly. 5. **What night-rule**, what has happened during the night? 7. **close**, secret. 9. **patches**, clowns. **mechanicals**, mechanics. 10. **stalls**, open shops. 13. **barren sort**, foolish crowd. 15. **brake**, bush. 17. **nole**, head. 18. **Anon**, immediately. 21. **russet-pated choughs**, gray-headed jackdaws. **sort**, crowd.

Sever themselves and madly sweep the sky,
So, at his sight, away his fellows fly;
And, at our stamp, here o'er and o'er one falls;
He murder cries, and help from Athens calls.
Their sense thus weak, lost with their fears thus strong,
Made senseless things begin to do them wrong;
For briers and thorns at their apparel snatch;
Some sleeves, some hats, from yielders all things catch.
I led them on in this distracted fear,
And left sweet Pyramus translated there;
When in that moment, so it came to pass,
Titania waked and straightway loved an ass.

Obe. That falls out better than I could devise.
But hast thou yet latched the Athenian's eyes
With the love-juice, as I did bid thee do?

Robin. I took him sleeping—that is finished, too—
And the Athenian woman by his side;
That, when he waked, of force she must be eyed.

Enter Demetrius and Hermia.

Obe. Stand close; this is the same Athenian.

Robin. This is the woman, but not this the man.

Dem. Oh, why rebuke you him that loves you so?
Lay breath so bitter on your bitter foe.

Her. Now I but chide; but I should use thee worse,
For thou, I fear, hast given me cause to curse.
If thou hast slain Lysander in his sleep,
Being o'er shoes in blood, plunge in knee-deep,
And kill me, too.
The sun is not so true unto the day
As he to me; would he have stolen away
From sleeping Hermia? I'll believe as soon
This whole earth may be bored and that the moon
May through the center creep and so displease
Her brother's noontide with the Antipodes.
It cannot be but thou hast murdered him;
So should a murderer look, so dread, so grim.

Dem. So should the murdered look, and so should I,
Pierced through the heart with your stern cruelty;
Yet you, the murderer, look as bright, as clear,
As yonder Venus in her glimmering sphere.

Her. What's this to my Lysander? Where is he?
Ah, good Demetrius, wilt thou give him me?

Dem. I had rather give his carcass to my hounds.

Her. Out, dog! out, cur; thou driv'st me past the bounds
Of maiden's patience. Hast thou slain him, then?
Henceforth be never numbered among men!
Oh, once tell true, even for my sake!

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32. **translated**, changed (by an ass's head). 36. **latched**, charmed. 44. **breath**, speech.

55. **brother's.** Apollo, the sun god, and Diana, the moon goddess, were brother and sister. **Antipodes** (ăn-tĭp'ŏ-dēz), opposite side of the earth. 61. **Venus**, the planet Venus, noted for its brightness.

Durst thou have looked upon him being awake,
And hast thou killed him sleeping? O brave touch!
Could not a worm, an adder, do so much?
An adder did it; for with doubler tongue
Than thine, thou serpent, never adder stung.
Dem. You spend your passion on a misprised mood.
I am not guilty of Lysander's blood;
Nor is he dead, for aught that I can tell.
Her. I pray thee, tell me then that he is well.
Dem. An if I could, what should I get therefore?
Her. A privilege never to see me more.
And from thy hated presence part I so;
See me no more, whether he be dead or no. [*Exit.*
Dem. There is no following her in this fierce vein;
Here therefore for a while I will remain.
So sorrow's heaviness doth heavier grow
For debt that bankrupt sleep doth sorrow owe;
Which now in some slight measure it will pay,
If for his tender here I make some stay.
[*Lies down and sleeps.*
Obe. What hast thou done? Thou hast mistaken quite
And laid the love-juice on some true-love's sight.
Of thy misprision must perforce ensue
Some true love turned and not a false turned true.
Robin. Then fate o'errules, that, one man holding troth,
A million fail, confounding oath on oath.
Obe. About the wood go swifter than the wind
And Helena of Athens look thou find.
All fancy-sick she is and pale of cheer
With sighs of love, that costs the fresh blood dear.
By some illusion see thou bring her here.
I'll charm his eyes against she do appear.
Robin. I go, I go; look how I go,
Swifter than arrow from the Tartar's bow. [*Exit.*
Obe. Flower of this purple dye,
Hit with Cupid's archery,
Sink in apple of his eye.
When his love he doth espy,
Let her shine as gloriously
As the Venus of the sky.
When thou wak'st, if she be by,
Beg of her for remedy.

Reënter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. Captain of our fairy band,
Helena is here at hand;
And the youth, mistook by me,
Pleading for a lover's fee.
Shall we their fond pageant see?
Lord, what fools these mortals be!
Obe. Stand aside. The noise they make
Will cause Demetrius to awake.

---

74. **on a misprised mood**, in a mistaken temper. 78. **An if**, if. 85. **For debt**, etc., i.e., for lack of sleep. 87. **tender**, offer. 90. **misprision**, mistake.

93. **confounding**, breaking. 96. **fancy-sick**, love-sick. 99. **against**, before. 101. **Tartar**, Mongolian, noted for excellence in archery. 107. **Venus**, the planet Venus. 113. **fee**, reward. 114. **fond pageant**, foolish actions.

"I'LL CHARM HIS EYES AGAINST SHE DO APPEAR"

Robin. Then will two at once woo one;
That must needs be sport alone.
And those things do best please me
That befall preposterously.

Enter Lysander and Helena.

Lys. Why should you think that I should woo in scorn?
Scorn and derision never come in tears.
Look, when I vow, I weep; and vows so born,
In their nativity all truth appears.
How can these things in me seem scorn to you,
Bearing the badge of faith, to prove them true?
Hel. You do advance your cunning more and more.
When truth kills truth, O devilish-holy fray!
These vows are Hermia's; will you give her o'er?
Weigh oath with oath, and you will nothing weigh.
Your vows to her and me, put in two scales,
Will even weigh, and both as light as tales.
Lys. I had no judgment when to her I swore.
Hel. Nor none, in my mind, now you give her o'er.
Lys. Demetrius loves her, and he loves not you.
Dem. [*Awaking*] O Helen, goddess, nymph, perfect, divine!
To what, my love, shall I compare thine eyne?
Crystal is muddy. Oh, how ripe in show
Thy lips, those kissing cherries, tempting grow!
That pure congealéd white, high Taurus' snow,
Fanned with the eastern wind, turns to a crow
When thou hold'st up thy hand. Oh, let me kiss

---

133. **tales**, empty, foolish stories. 141. **Taurus**, etc. The beautiful constellation Taurus looks black in comparison with the whiteness of your hand.

This princess of pure white, this seal of bliss!

Hel. O spite! O hell! I see you all are bent
To set against me for your merriment.
If you were civil and knew courtesy,
You would not do me thus much injury.
Can you not hate me, as I know you do,
But you must join in souls to mock me, too?
If you were men, as men you are in show,
You would not use a gentle lady so;
To vow, and swear, and superpraise my parts,
When I am sure you hate me with your hearts.
You both are rivals, and love Hermia;
And now both rivals, to mock Helena.
A trim exploit, a manly enterprise,
To conjure tears up in a poor maid's eyes
With your derision! None of noble sort
Would so offend a virgin and extort
A poor soul's patience, all to make you sport.

Lys. You are unkind, Demetrius; be not so;
For you love Hermia; this you know I know.
And here, with all good will, with all my heart,
In Hermia's love, I yield you up my part;
And yours of Helena to me bequeath,
Whom I do love and will do till my death.

Hel. Never did mockers waste more idle breath.

Dem. Lysander, keep thy Hermia; I will none.
If e'er I loved her, all that love is gone.
My heart to her but as guest-wise sojourned,
And now to Helen is it home returned,
There to remain.

Lys. Helen, it is not so.

Dem. Disparage not the faith thou doth not know,
Lest, to thy peril, thou aby it dear.
Look, where thy love comes; yonder is thy dear.

Reënter Hermia.

Her. Dark night, that from the eye his function takes,
The ear more quick of apprehension makes;
Wherein it doth impair the seeing sense,
It pays the hearing double recompense.
Thou art not by mine eye, Lysander, found;
Mine ear, I thank it, brought me to thy sound.
But why unkindly didst thou leave me so?

Lys. Why should he stay, whom love doth press to go?

Her. What love could press Lysander from my side?

Lys. Lysander's love, that would not let him bide,
Fair Helena, who more engilds the night
Than all yon fiery oes and eyes of light.
Why seek'st thou me? Could not this make thee know,
The hate I bare thee made me leave thee so?

Her. You speak not as you think. It cannot be.

Hel. Lo, she is one of this confederacy!

---

144. **princess**, piece of perfection (the hand). **seal**, pledge. 151. **show**, appearance. 153. **superpraise my parts**, overpraise my qualities. 157. **trim**, fine. 169. **will none**, will not have her.

175. **aby** (à-bī′), pay for. 188. **oes and eyes**, stars.

Now I perceive they have conjoined all three
To fashion this false sport, in spite of me.
Injurious Hermia! most ungrateful maid!
Have you conspired, have you with these contrived
To bait me with this foul derision?
Is all the counsel that we two have shared,
The sisters' vows, the hours that we have spent,
When we have chid the hasty-footed time
For parting us—Oh, is all forgot?
All school-days' friendship, childhood innocence?
We, Hermia, like two artificial gods,
Have with our needles created both one flower,
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion,
Both warbling of one song, both in one key,
As if our hands, our sides, voices, and minds,
Had been incorporate. So we grew together,
Like to a double cherry, seeming parted,
But yet an union in partition;
Two lovely berries molded on one stem;
So with two seeming bodies, but one heart;
Two of the first, like coats in heraldry,
Due but to one and crownéd with one crest.
And will you rend our ancient love asunder,
To join with men in scorning your poor friend?
It is not friendly, 'tis not maidenly.
Our sex, as well as I, may chide you for it,
Though I alone do feel the injury.

Her. I am amazéd at your passionate words.
I scorn you not; it seems that you scorn me.

Hel. Have you not set Lysander, as in scorn,
To follow me and praise my eyes and face?
And made your other love, Demetrius,
Who even but now did spurn me with his foot,
To call me goddess, nymph, divine and rare,
Precious, celestial? Wherefore speaks he this
To her he hates? And wherefore doth Lysander
Deny your love, so rich within his soul,
And tender me, forsooth, affection,
But by your setting on, by your consent?
What though I be not so in grace as you,
So hung upon with love, so fortunate,
But miserable most, to love unloved?
This you should pity rather than despise.

Her. I understand not what you mean by this.

Hel. Ay, do, persever, counterfeit sad looks,
Make mouths upon me when I turn my back,
Wink each at other, hold the sweet jest up;
This sport, well carried, shall be chronicled.

---

203. **artificial gods**, artist-gods. 205. **sampler**, piece of needlework. 208. **incorporate**, one. 213. **two of the first**, etc., a reference to a coat of arms belonging to a man and wife as one person, and having but one crest.

232. **grace**, favor. 237. **persever** (pĕr-sĕv′ĕr), persevere.

If you have any pity, grace, or manners,
You would not make me such an argument.
But fare ye well; 'tis partly my own fault,
Which death or absence soon shall remedy.
Lys. Stay, gentle Helena; hear my excuse,
My love, my life, my soul, fair Helena!
Hel. O excellent!
Her. Sweet, do not scorn her so.
Dem. If she cannot entreat, I can compel.
Lys. Thou canst compel no more than she entreat.
Thy threats have no more strength than her weak prayers.
Helen, I love thee; by my life, I do!
I swear by that which I will lose for thee,
To prove him false that says I love thee not.
Dem. I say I love thee more than he can do.
Lys. If thou say so, withdraw, and prove it, too.
Dem. Quick, come!
Her. Lysander, whereto tends all this?
Lys. Away, you Ethiope!
Dem. No, no; he'll but
Seem to break loose. Take on as you would follow,
But yet come not. You are a tame man, go!
Lys. Hang off, thou cat, thou burr! Vile thing, let loose,
Or I will shake thee from me like a serpent!
Her. Why are you grown so rude? What change is this?
Sweet love—
Lys. Thy love! Out, tawny Tartar, out!
Out, loathéd medicine! O hated potion, hence!
Her. Do you not jest?
Hel. Yes, sooth; and so do you.
Lys. Demetrius, I will keep my word with thee.
Dem. I would I had your bond, for I perceive
A weak bond holds you. I'll not trust your word.
Lys. What, should I hurt her, strike her, kill her dead?
Although I hate her, I'll not harm her so.
Her. What, can you do me greater harm than hate?
Hate me! wherefore? O me! what news, my love!
Am not I Hermia? Are not you Lysander?
I am as fair now as I was erewhile.
Since night you loved me; yet since night you left me;
Why, then, you left me—Oh, the gods forbid!—
In earnest, shall I say?
Lys. Ay, by my life;
And never did desire to see thee more.
Therefore be out of hope, of question, doubt;
Be certain, nothing truer; 'tis no jest
That I do hate thee and love Helena.
Her. O me! you juggler! you canker-blossom!
You thief of love! What, have you come by night
And stolen my love's heart from him?
Hel. Fine, i' faith!
Have you no modesty, no maiden shame,

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242. **argument**, subject for your amusement. 257. **Ethiope.** Hermia is dark-complexioned. 259. **tame man**, coward. 260. **Hang off**, let go.

263. **tawny Tartar**, another reference to Hermia as a brunette. 267. **bond**, surety. 268. **weak bond**, Hermia, who is clinging to Lysander. 272. **what news**, what is the matter? 282. **canker-blossom**, canker-worm.

No touch of bashfulness? What, will you tear
Impatient answers from my gentle tongue?
Fie, fie! you counterfeit, you puppet, you!
Her. Puppet? Why so? Ay, that way goes the game.
Now I perceive that she hath made compare
Between our statures; she hath urged her height;
And with her personage, her tall personage,
Her height, forsooth, she hath prevailed with him.
And are you grown so high in his esteem,
Because I am so dwarfish and so low?
How low am I, thou painted maypole? Speak,
How low am I? I am not yet so low
But that my nails can reach unto thine eyes.
Hel. I pray you, though you mock me, gentlemen,
Let her not hurt me. I was never curst;
I have no gift at all in shrewishness;
I am a right maid for my cowardice.
Let her not strike me. You perhaps may think,
Because she is something lower than myself,
That I can match her.
Her. Lower! hark, again.
Hel. Good Hermia, do not be so bitter with me.
I evermore did love you, Hermia;
Did ever keep your counsels, never wronged you,
Save that, in love unto Demetrius,
I told him of your stealth unto this wood.
He followed you; for love I followed him;
But he hath chid me hence and threatened me
To strike me, spurn me, nay, to kill me, too.
And now, so you will let me quiet go,
To Athens will I bear my folly back
And follow you no further. Let me go.
You see how simple and how fond I am.
Her. Why, get you gone; who is't that hinders you?
Hel. A foolish heart, that I leave here behind.
Her. What, with Lysander?
Hel. With Demetrius.
Lys. Be not afraid; she shall not harm thee, Helena.
Dem. No sir, she shall not, though you take her part.
Hel. Oh, when she's angry, she is keen and shrewd!
She was a vixen when she went to school;
And though she be but little, she is fierce.
Her. Little again! Nothing but low and little!
Why will you suffer her to flout me thus?
Let me come to her.
Lys. Get you gone, you dwarf,
You minimus, of hindering knot-grass made;
You bead, you acorn.
Dem. You are too officious
In her behalf that scorns your services.
Let her alone; speak not of Helena;
Take not her part; for, if thou dost intend

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288. **puppet**, doll. 296. **painted maypole**, a reference to Helena as a tall blonde. 300. **curst**, spiteful. 302. **right maid for**, true woman as regards. 308. **counsels**, confidences.

317. **fond**, foolish. 329. **minimus**, atom. **knot-grass**, a weed supposed to stunt the growth of children

Never so little show of love to her,
Thou shalt aby it.
Lys. Now she holds me not.
Now follow, if thou dar'st, to try whose right,
Of thine or mine, is most in Helena.
Dem. Follow! Nay, I'll go with thee, cheek by jowl.
[*Exeunt Lysander and Demetrius.*
Her. You, mistress, all this coil is 'long of you.
Nay, go not back.
Hel. I will not trust you, I,
Nor longer stay in your curst company.
Your hands than mine are quicker for a fray,
My legs are longer, though, to run away. [*Exit.*
Her. I am amazed, and know not what to say. [*Exit.*
Obe. This is thy negligence. Still thou mistak'st,
Or else committ'st thy knaveries willfully.
Robin. Believe me, king of shadows, I mistook.
Did not you tell me I should know the man
By the Athenian garments he had on?
And so far blameless proves my enterprise,
That I have 'nointed an Athenian's eyes;
And so far am I glad it so did sort,
As this their jangling I esteem a sport.
Obe. Thou see'st these lovers seek a place to fight;
Hie therefore, Robin, overcast the night.
The starry welkin cover thou anon
With drooping fog as black as Acheron,
And lead these testy rivals so astray
As one come not within another's way.
Like to Lysander sometime frame thy tongue,
Then stir Demetrius up with bitter wrong;
And sometime rail thou like Demetrius;
And from each other look thou lead them thus,
Till o'er their brows death-counterfeiting sleep
With leaden legs and batty wings doth creep.
Then crush this herb into Lysander's eye;
Whose liquor hath this virtuous property,
To take from thence all error with his might,
And make his eyeballs roll with wonted sight.
When they next wake, all this derision
Shall seem a dream and fruitless vision;
And back to Athens shall the lovers wend,
With league whose date till death shall never end.
Whiles I in this affair do thee employ,
I'll to my queen and beg her Indian boy;
And then I will her charméd eye release
From monster's view, and all things shall be peace.
Robin. My fairy lord, this must be done with haste,
For night's swift dragons cut the clouds full fast,
And yonder shines Aurora's harbinger,
At whose approach, ghosts, wandering here and there,
Troop home to churchyards. Damnéd spirits all,

---

335. **aby** (ȧ-bī'), pay for. 338. **check by jowl** (jaw), close alongside. 339. **coil**, strife. **'long of you**, on your account. 352. **sort**, happen. 356. **welkin**, sky. 357. **Acheron** (ăk'ẽr-ŏn), in mythology, a river in the lower world.

367. **virtuous property**, powerful quality. 372. **wend**, go. 373. **league**, union. **date**, duration. 380. **Aurora's harbinger** (här'bĭn-jẽr), the morning star, which announces the approach of dawn.

That in crossways and floods have burial,
Already to their wormy beds are gone.
For fear lest day should look their shames upon,
They willfully themselves exile from light
And must for aye consort with black-browed night.
Obe. But we are spirits of another sort.
I with the morning's love have oft made sport,
And, like a forester, the groves may tread,
Even till the eastern gate, all fiery-red,
Opening on Neptune with fair blessed beams,
Turns into yellow gold his salt green streams.
But, notwithstanding, haste; make no delay.
We may effect this business yet ere day.
Robin. Up and down, up and down,
I will lead them up and down.
I am feared in field and town.
Goblin, lead them up and down.
Here comes one.

Reënter Lysander.

Lys. Where art thou, proud Demetrius? Speak thou now.
Robin. Here, villain; drawn and ready. Where art thou?
Lys. I will be with thee straight.
Robin. Follow me, then,
To plainer ground.
[*Exit Lysander, as following the voice.*

Reënter Demetrius.

Dem. Lysander, speak again!
Thou runaway, thou coward, art thou fled?
Speak! In some bush? Where dost thou hide thy head?
Robin. Thou coward, art thou bragging to the stars,
Telling the bushes that thou look'st for wars,
And wilt not come? Come, recreant, come, thou child;
I'll whip thee with a rod. He is defiled
That draws a sword on thee.
Dem. Yea, art thou there?
Robin. Follow my voice. We'll try no manhood here. [*Exeunt.*

Reënter Lysander.

Lys. He goes before me and still dares me on.
When I come where he calls, then he is gone.
The villain is much lighter-heeled than I;
I followed fast, but faster he did fly,
That fallen am I in dark, uneven way,
And here will rest me. Come, thou gentle day! [*Lies down.*
For if but once thou show me thy gray light,
I'll find Demetrius and revenge this spite. [*Sleeps.*

Reënter Robin Goodfellow and Demetrius.

Robin. Ho, ho, ho! Coward, why com'st thou not?
Dem. Abide me, if thou dar'st; for well I wot
Thou runn'st before me, shifting every place,
And dar'st not stand, nor look me in the face.
Where art thou now?
Robin. Come hither; I am here.

---

392. **Neptune**, the sea-god. 402. **drawn**, with sword drawn.

412. **We'll try no manhood here**, we'll not fight here. 422. **wot**, know.

Dem. Nay, then, thou mock'st me. Thou shalt buy this dear,
If ever I thy face by daylight see.
Now, go thy way. Faintness constraineth me
To measure out my length on this cold bed.
By day's approach look to be visited. [*Lies down and sleeps.*

Reënter Helena.

Hel. O weary night, O long and tedious night,
Abate thy hours! Shine, comforts, from the east,
That I may back to Athens by daylight,
From these that my poor company detest;
And sleep, that sometimes shuts up sorrow's eye,
Steal me away from mine own company. [*Lies down and sleeps.*
Robin. Yet but three? Come one more;
Two of both kinds makes up four;
Here she comes, curst and sad;
Cupid is a knavish lad,
Thus to make poor females mad.

Reënter Hermia.

Her. Never so weary, never so in woe,
Bedabbled with the dew and torn with briers,
I can no further crawl, no further go;
My legs can keep no pace with my desires.
Here will I rest me till the break of day.
Heavens shield Lysander, if they mean a fray! [*Lies down and sleeps.*
Puck. On the ground
Sleep sound;
I'll apply
To your eye,
Gentle lover, remedy.
[*Squeezing the juice on Lysander's eyes.*]
When thou wak'st,
Thou tak'st
True delight
In the sight
Of thy former lady's eye;
And the country proverb known,
That every man should take his own,
In your waking shall be shown:
Jack shall have Jill;
Nought shall go ill;
The man shall have his mare again, and all shall be well. [*Exit.*

"ON THE GROUND SLEEP SOUND"

ACT IV

SCENE I. *The same, Lysander, Demetrius, Helena, and Hermia, lying asleep. Enter Titania and Bottom; Peaseblossom, Cobweb, Moth, Mustardseed, and other Fairies attending Oberon behind, unseen.*

Tita. Come, sit thee down upon this flowery bed,
While I thy amiable cheeks do coy,
And stick muskroses in thy sleek, smooth head,
And kiss thy fair, large ears, my gentle joy.

Bot. Where's Peaseblossom?

Peas. Ready.

Bot. Scratch my head, Peaseblossom. Where's Mounsieur Cobweb?

Cob. Ready.

Bot. Mounsieur Cobweb, good mounsieur, get you your weapons in your hand, and kill me a red-hippe humble-bee on the top of a thistle; and, good mounsieur, bring me the honey-bag. Do not fret yourself too much in the action, mounsieur; and, good mounsieur, have a care the honey-bag break not; I would loath to have you overflown with a honey-bag, signior. Where's Mounsieur Mustardseed?

Mus. Ready.

Bot. Give me your neaf, Mounsieur Mustardseed. Pray you, leave your courtsey, good mounsieur.

Mus. What's your will?

Bot. Nothing, good mounsieur, but to help Cavalery Cobweb to scratch. I must to the barber's, mounsieur; for methinks I am marvelous hairy about the face; and I am such a tender ass, if my hair do but tickle me, I must scratch.

Tita. What, wilt thou hear some music, my sweet love?

Bot. I have a reasonable good ear in music. Let's have the tongs and the bones.

Music. Tongs. Rural music.

Tita. Or say, sweet love, what thou desir'st to eat.

Bot. Truly, a peck of provender; I could munch your good dry oats. Methinks I have a great desire to a bottle of hay. Good hay, sweet hay, hath no fellow.

Tita. I have a venturous fairy that shall seek
The squirrel's hoard, and fetch thee new nuts.

Bot. I had rather have a handful or two of dried peas. But, I pray you, let none of your people stir me; I have an exposition of sleep come upon me.

Tita. Sleep thou, and I will wind thee in my arms.
Fairies, be gone, and be all ways away.
[*Exeunt fairies.*
So doth the woodbine the sweet honeysuckle
Gently entwist; the female ivy so
Enrings the barky fingers of the elm.
Oh, how I love thee; how I dote on thee! [*They sleep.*

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Obe. [*Advancing*] Welcome, good Robin.
See'st thou this sweet sight?
Her dotage now I do begin to pity;

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2. **amiable,** lovely. **coy,** caress. 8. **Mounsieur,** Mr. 19. **overflown,** drenched. 23. **neaf,** fist. 24. **leave your courtesy,** don't bother about bowing to me, etc. 28. **Cavalery,** cavalier. Note that Bottom is confused in the names of the fairies.

37. **tongs,** struck by an iron key. 40. **provender,** food for animals, such as hay and oats. 42. **bottle,** bundle. 50. **exposition.** Bottom means *disposition.*

For, meeting her of late behind the wood,
Seeking sweet favors for this hateful fool,
I did upbraid her and fall out with her;
For she his hairy temples then had rounded
With coronet of fresh and fragrant flowers;
And that same dew, which sometime on the buds
Was wont to swell like round and orient pearls,
Stood now within the pretty flowerets' eyes
Like tears that did their own disgrace bewail.
When I had at my pleasure taunted her
And she in mild terms begged my patience,
I then did ask of her her changeling child;
Which straight she gave me, and her fairy sent
To bear him to my bower in fairyland.
And, now I have the boy, I will undo
This hateful imperfection of her eyes;
And, gentle Puck, take this transformé d scalp
From off the head of this Athenian swain,
That he, awaking when the other do,
May all to Athens back again repair,
And think no more of this night's accidents
But as the fierce vexation of a dream.
But first I will release the Fairy Queen.
[*Touching her eyes.*
Be as thou wast wont to be;
See as thou wast wont to see:
Dian's bud o'er Cupid's flower
Hath such force and blessed power.
Now, my Titania; wake you, my sweet Queen.
Tita. My Oberon! what visions have I seen!
Methought I was enamored of an ass.
Obe. There lies your love.
Tita. How came these things to pass?
Oh, how mine eyes do loathe his visage now!
Obe. Silence awhile. Robin, take off this head.
Titania, music call; and strike more dead
Than common sleep of all these five the sense.
Tita. Music, ho! music, such as charmeth sleep. [*Music, still.*
Robin. Now, when thou wak'st, with thine own fool's eyes peep.
Obe. Sound, music! Come, my Queen, take hands with me,
And rock the ground whereon these sleepers be.
Now thou and I are new in amity
And will tomorrow midnight solemnly
Dance in Duke Theseus' house triumphantly
And bless it to all fair prosperity.
There shall the pairs of faithful lovers be
Wedded, with Theseus, all in jollity.
Robin. Fairy King, attend, and mark;
I do hear the morning lark.
Obe. Then, my Queen, in silence sad
Trip we after the night's shade.
We the globe can compass soon,
Swifter than the wandering moon.
Tita. Come, my lord, and in our flight
Tell me how it came this night
That I sleeping here was found
With these mortals on the ground.
[*Exeunt. Horns winded within.*

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61. **favors**, presents. 66. **orient**, bright, rich. 85. **Dian's bud**, Diana's flower, which counteracts the power of the other flower.

95. **five**, the four lovers and Bottom.

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Egeus, and all his train.

The. Go, one of you, find out the forester,
For now our observation is performed;
And since we have the vaward of the day,
My love shall hear the music of my hounds.
Uncouple in the western valley, let them go.
Dispatch, I say, and find the forester.
[*Exit an attendant.*
We will, fair Queen, up to the mountain's top
And mark the musical confusion
Of hounds and echo in conjunction.

Hip. I was with Hercules and Cadmus once,
When in a wood of Crete they bayed the bear
With hounds of Sparta. Never did I hear
Such gallant chiding; for, besides the groves,
The skies, the fountains, every region near,
Seemed all one mutual cry. I never heard
So musical a discord, such sweet thunder.

The. My hounds are bred out of the Spartan kind,
So flewed, so sanded; and their heads are hung
With ears that sweep away the morning dew;
Crook-kneed, and dewlapped like Thessalian bulls;
Slow in pursuit, but matched in mouth like bells,
Each under each. A cry more tunable
Was never hollaed to, nor cheered with horn,
In Crete, in Sparta, nor in Thessaly.
Judge when you hear. But, soft! what nymphs are these?

Ege. My lord, this is my daughter here asleep,
And this, Lysander; this Demetrius is;
This Helena, old Nedar's Helena.
I wonder of their being here together.

The. No doubt they rose up early to observe
The rite of May, and, hearing our intent,
Came here in grace of our solemnity.
But speak, Egeus; is not this the day
That Hermia should give answer to her choice?

Ege. It is, my lord.

The. Go, bid the huntsmen wake them with their horns.

Horns and shout within. Lys., Dem., Hel., and Her. wake and start up.

Good-morrow, friends. Saint Valentine is past;
Begin these wood-birds but to couple now?

Lys. Pardon, my lord.

The. I pray you all, stand up.
I know you two are rival enemies;
How comes this gentle concord in the world,
That hatred is so far from jealousy,
To sleep by hate, and fear no enmity?

Lys. My lord, I shall reply amazedly,
Half sleep, half waking; but as yet, I swear,
I cannot truly say how I came here.

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117. **observation**, May-day ceremony. 118. **vaward**, first part. 120. **Uncouple.** Hounds were leashed in couples. 125. **Hercules and Cadmus**, characters famous in mythology. 126. **Crete**, an island in the Mediterranean. 127. **hounds of Sparta** (a Grecian city), dogs celebrated for their swiftness and keenness of scent. 133. **flewed**, with large, hanging chaps (flesh over jaws). **sanded**, sandy in color. 135. **dewlapped**, with the flesh under the neck hanging low.

137. **Each under each**, of different notes. 152. **is past.** It was supposed that birds began to choose their mates on St. Valentine's day. 160. **sleep**, asleep.

But, as I think, for truly would I speak,
And now I do bethink me, so it is—
I came with Hermia hither. Our intent
Was to be gone from Athens, where we might,
Without the peril of the Athenian law—

Ege. Enough, enough, my lord; you have enough.
I beg the law, the law upon his head.
They would have stolen away; they would, Demetrius,
Thereby to have defeated you and me,
You of your wife, and me of my consent,
Of my consent that she should be your wife.

Dem. My lord, fair Helen told me of their stealth,
Of this their purpose hither to this wood;
And I in fury hither followed them,
Fair Helena in fancy following me.
But, my good lord, I wot not by what power—
But by some power it is—my love to Hermia,
Melted as is the snow, seems to me now
As the remembrance of an idle gaud
Which in my childhood I did dote upon;
And all the faith, the virtue of my heart,
The object and the pleasure of mine eye,
Is only Helena. To her, my lord,
Was I betrothed ere I saw Hermia;
But like a sickness did I loathe this food;
But, as in health, come to my natural taste,
Now I do wish it, love it, long for it,
And will for evermore be true to it.

The. Fair lovers, you are fortunately met;
Of this discourse we more will hear anon.
Egeus, I will overbear your will;
For in the temple, by and by, with us
These couples shall eternally be knit.
And, for the morning now is something worn,
Our purposed hunting shall be set aside.
Away with us to Athens; three and three,
We'll hold a feast in great solemnity.
Come, Hippolyta.
[*Exeunt The., Hip., Ege., and train.*

Dem. These things seem small and undistinguishable,
Like far-off mountains turnéd into clouds.

Her. Methinks I see these things with parted eye,
When everything seems double.

Hel. So methinks;
And I have found Demetrius like a jewel,
Mine own, and not mine own.

Dem. Are you sure that we're awake? It seems to me
That yet we sleep, we dream. Do not you think
The Duke was here, and bid us follow him?

Her. Yea; and my father.

Hel. And Hippolyta.

Lys. And he did bid us follow to the temple.

Dem. Why, then, we are awake. Let's follow him;
And by the way let us recount our dreams. [*Exeunt lovers.*

Bot. [*Awaking*] When my cue comes, call me, and I will answer. My

---

167. **have enough,** have heard enough to convict him.
176. **fancy,** love. 177. **wot,** know. 180. **gaud,** trifle.

next is, "Most fair Pyramus." Heigh-ho! Peter Quince! Flute, the bellows-mender! Snout, the tinker! Starveling! God's my life, stolen hence, and left me asleep! I have had a most rare vision. I have had a dream, past the wit of man to say what dream it was. Man is but an ass, if he go about to expound this dream. Methought I was—there is no man can tell what. Methought I was—and methought I had—but man is but a patched fool, if he will offer to say what methought I had. The eye of man hath not heard, the ear of man hath not seen, man's hand is not able to taste, his tongue to conceive, nor his heart to report, what my dream was. I will get Peter Quince to write a ballad of this dream. It shall be called Bottom's Dream, because it hath no bottom; and I will sing it in the latter end of a play, before the Duke; peradventure, to make it the more gracious I shall sing it at her death. [*Exit.*

SCENE II. *Athens. Quince's house.*

Enter Quince, Flute, Snout, and Starveling.

Quin. Have you sent to Bottom's house? Is he come home yet?

Star. He cannot be heard of. Out of doubt he is transported.

Flu. If he comes not, then the play is marred. It goes not forward, doth it?

Quin. It is not possible. You have not a man in all Athens able to discharge Pyramus but he.

Flu. No, he hath simply the best wit of any handicraft man in Athens.

Enter Snug.

Snug. Masters, the Duke is coming from the temple, and there is two or three lords and ladies more married. If our sport had gone forward, we had all been made men.

Flu. O sweet bully Bottom! Thus hath he lost sixpence a day during his life; he could not have 'scaped sixpence a day. An the Duke had not given him sixpence a day for playing Pyramus, I'll be hanged. He would have deserved it. Sixpence a day in Pyramus, or nothing.

Enter Bottom.

Bot. Where are these lads? Where are these hearts?

Quin. Bottom! O most courageous day! O most happy hour!

Bot. Masters, I am to discourse wonders, but ask me not what; for if I tell you, I am no true Athenian. I will tell you everything, right as it fell out.

Quin. Let us hear, sweet Bottom.

Bot. Not a word of me. All that I will tell you is that the Duke hath dined. Get your apparel together, good strings to your beards, new ribbons to your pumps; meet presently at the palace; every man look o'er his part; for the short and the long is, our play is preferred. In any case, let Thisby have clean linen; and let not him that plays the lion pare his nails, for they shall hang out for the lion's claws. And, most dear actors, eat no onions nor garlic, for we are to utter sweet breath; and I do not doubt but to hear them say it is a sweet comedy. No more words; away! go, away! [*Exeunt.*

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225. **patched.** The court jester, or fool, was dressed in a garment made of various-colored patches. 238. **her,** Thisbe's.

Scene II. 4. **transported,** transformed. 9. **discharge,** act.

21. **An,** if. 39. **good strings,** to tie on the false beards. 43. **preferred,** offered for approval.

ACT V

SCENE I. *Athens. Palace of Theseus.*

Enter Theseus, Hippolyta, Philostrate, Lords, and Attendants.

Hip. 'Tis strange, my Theseus, that these lovers speak of.
The. More strange than true; I never may believe
These antique fables, nor these fairy toys.
Lovers and madmen have such seething brains,
Such shaping fantasies, that apprehend
More than cool reason ever comprehends.
The lunatic, the lover, and the poet
Are of imagination all compact.
One sees more devils than vast hell can hold;
That is the madman. The lover, all as frantic,
Sees Helen's beauty in a brow of Egypt.
The poet's eyes, in a fine frenzy rolling,
Doth glance from heaven to earth, from earth to heaven;
And as imagination bodies forth
The forms of things unknown, the poet's pen
Turns them to shapes and gives to airy nothing
A local habitation and a name.
Such tricks hath strong imagination
That, if it would but apprehend some joy,
It comprehends some bringer of that joy;
Or in the night, imagining some fear,
How easy is a bush supposed a bear!
Hip. But all the story of the night told over,
And all their minds transfigured so together,
More witnesseth than fancy's images,
And grows to something of great constancy;
But, howsoever, strange and admirable.

Enter lovers, Lysander, Demetrius, Hermia, and Helena.

The. Here come the lovers, full of joy and mirth.
Joy, gentle friends! joy and fresh days of love
Accompany your hearts!
Lys. More than to us
Wait in your royal walks, your board, your bed!
The. Come now; what masks, what dances shall we have,
To wear away this long age of three hours
Between our after-supper and bed-time?
Where is our usual manager of mirth?
What revels are in hand? Is there no play
To ease the anguish of a torturing hour?
Call Philostrate.
Phil. Here, mighty Theseus.
The. Say, what abridgment have you for this evening?
What mask? what music? How shall we beguile
The lazy time, if not with some delight?
Phil. There is a brief how many sports are ripe.

---

5. **shaping fantasies**, creative imaginations. 8. **compact**, composed. 11. **Helen**, the fair Helen of Troy, whose beauty caused the Trojan War. **brow of Egypt**, a dark-skinned Egyptian woman. 21. **some fear**, something fearful.

26. **constancy**, consistency. 32. **masks**, entertainments in which actors wear masks. 39. **abridgment**, something to make the time pass quickly. 42. **brief**, list. **ripe**, ready.

Make choice of which your Highness will see first. [*Giving a paper.*
The. [*Reads.*] "The battle with the Centaurs, to be sung
By an Athenian eunuch to the harp."
We'll none of that; that have I told my love,
In glory of my kinsman Hercules.
"The riot of the tipsy Bacchanals,
Tearing the Thracian singer in their rage."
That is an old device; and it was played
When I from Thebes came last a conqueror.
"The thrice three Muses mourning for the death
Of Learning, late deceased in beggary."
That is some satire, keen and critical,
Not sorting with a nuptial ceremony.
"A tedious brief scene of young Pyramus
And his love Thisbe; very tragical mirth."
Merry and tragical! Tedious and brief!
That is, hot ice and wondrous strange snow.
How shall we find the concord of this discord?
Phil. A play there is, my lord, some ten words long,
Which is as brief as I have known a play;
But by ten words, my lord, it is too long,
Which makes it tedious; for in all the play
There is not one word apt, one player fitted.
And tragical, my noble lord, it is;
For Pyramus therein doth kill himself.
Which, when I saw rehearsed, I must confess,
Made mine eyes water; but more merry tears
The passion of loud laughter never shed.
The. What are they that do play it?
Phil. Hard-handed men that work in Athens here,
Which never labored in their minds till now,
And now have toiled their unbreathed memories
With this same play, against your nuptial.
The. And we will hear it.
Phil. No, my noble lord;
It is not for you. I have heard it over,
And it is nothing, nothing in the world;
Unless you can find sport in their intents,
Extremely stretched and conned with cruel pain,
To do you service.
The. I will hear that play;
For never anything can be amiss
When simpleness and duty tender it.
Go, bring them in; and take your places, ladies. [*Exit Philostrate.*
Hip. I love not to see wretchedness o'ercharged,
And duty in his service persisting.
The. Why, gentle sweet, you shall see no such thing.
Hip. He says they can do nothing in this kind.
The. The kinder we, to give them thanks for nothing.
Our sport shall be to take what they mistake;
And what poor duty cannot do, noble respect
Takes it in might, not merit.
Where I have come, great clerks have purposed
To greet me with premeditated welcomes;

---

55. **sorting with**, fitting for.

74. **unbreathed**, unpracticed. 80. **conned**, learned. 85. **o'ercharged**, made worse. 88. **in this kind**, at this sort of business (acting). 93. **clerks**, scholars.

Where I have seen them shiver and look pale,
Make periods in the midst of sentences,
Throttle their practiced accent in their fears,
And in conclusion dumbly have broke off,
Not paying me a welcome. Trust me, sweet;
Out of this silence yet I picked a welcome;
And in the modesty of fearful duty
I read as much as from the rattling tongue
Of saucy and audacious eloquence.
Love, therefore, and tongue-tied simplicity
In least speak most, to my capacity.

Reënter Philostrate.

Phil. So please your Grace, the Prologue is addressed.
The. Let him approach.
[*Flourish of trumpets.*

Enter Quince for the Prologue.

Pro. If we offend, it is with our good will.
That you should think we come not to offend,
But with good will. To show our simple skill,
That is the true beginning of our end.
Consider then we come but in despite.
We do not come as minding to content you,
Our true intent is. All for your delight
We are not here. That you should here repent you,
The actors are at hand, and by their show
You shall know all that you are like to know.

The. This fellow doth not stand upon points.

Lys. He hath rid his prologue like a rough colt; he knows not the stop. A good moral, my lord; it is not enough to speak, but to speak true.

Hip. Indeed he hath played on this prologue like a child on a recorder; a sound, but not in government.

The. His speech was like a tangled chain; nothing impaired, but all disordered. Who is next?

Enter with a trumpet before them, Pyramus and Thisbe, Wall, Moonshine, and Lion.

Pro. Gentles, perchance you wonder at this show;
But wonder on, till truth make all things plain.
This man is Pyramus, if you would know;
This beauteous lady Thisby is certain.
This man, with lime and rough-cast, doth present
Wall, that vile Wall which did these lovers sunder;
And through Wall's chink, poor souls, they are content
To whisper. At the which let no man wonder.
This man with lantern, dog, and bush of thorn
Presenteth Moonshine; for, if you will know,
By moonshine did these lovers think no scorn
To meet at Ninus' tomb, there, there to woo.
This grisly beast, which Lion hight by name,
The trusty Thisby, coming first by night,

---

96. **Make periods**, come to a stop. 101. **fearful**, awe-struck. 105. **to my capacity**, in my opinion. 108-117. Note Quince's blunders of punctuation. 113. **minding**, intending.

118. **stand upon points**, observe his marks of punctuation. 125. **recorder**, a kind of flute. 126. **in government**, under control. 142. **grisly**, fearsome. **hight**, is called.

Did scare away, or rather did affright;
And, as she fled, her mantle she did fall,
Which Lion vile with bloody mouth did stain.
Anon comes Pyramus, sweet youth and tall,
And finds his trusty Thisby's mantle slain;
Whereat, with blade, with bloody, blameful blade,
He bravely broached his boiling, bloody breast;
And Thisby, tarrying in mulberry shade,
His dagger drew, and died. For all the rest,
Let Lion, Moonshine, Wall, and lovers twain
At large discourse, while here they do remain.
[*Exeunt Prologue, Thisbe, Lion, and Moonshine.*

The. I wonder if the lion be to speak.

Dem. No wonder, my lord; one lion may, when many asses do.

Wall. In this same interlude it doth befall
That I, one Snout by name, present a wall;
And such a wall, as I would have you think,
That had in it a crannied hole or chink,
Through which the lovers, Pyramus and Thisby,
Did whisper often very secretly.
This loam, this rough-cast, and this stone doth show
That I am that same wall; the truth is so;
And this the cranny is, right and sinister,
Through which the fearful lovers are to whisper.

The. Would you desire lime and hair to speak better?

Dem. It is the wittiest partition that ever I heard discourse, my lord.

Enter Pyramus.

The. Pyramus draws near the wall. Silence!

Pyr. O grim-looked night! O night with hue so black!
O night, which ever art when day is not!
O night, O night! alack, alack, alack,
I fear my Thisby's promise is forgot!
And thou, O wall, O sweet, O lovely wall,
That stand'st between her father's ground and mine!
Thou wall, O wall, O sweet and lovely wall,
Show me thy chink, to blink through with mine eyne!
[*Wall holds up his fingers.*
Thanks, courteous wall; Jove shield thee well for this!
But what see I? No Thisby do I see.
O wicked wall, through whom I see no bliss!
Cursed be thy stones for thus deceiving me!

The. The wall, methinks, being sensible, should curse again.

Pyr. No, in truth, sir, he should not. "Deceiving me" is Thisby's cue. She is to enter now, and I am to spy her through the wall. You shall see it will fall pat as I told you. Yonder she comes.

Enter Thisbe.

This. O wall, full often hast thou heard my moans,
For parting my fair Pyramus and me!
My cherry lips have often kissed thy stones,

---

145. **fall,** let fall. 147. **tall,** valiant. 150. **broached,** pierced. 166. **sinister,** left.

185. **sensible,** possessing senses.

Thy stones with lime and hair knit up in thee.

Pyr. I see a voice! Now will I to the chink,
To spy an I can hear my Thisby's face.
Thisby!

This. My love thou art, my love I think.

Pyr. Think what thou wilt, I am thy lover's grace;
And, like Limander, am I trusty still.

This. And I like Helen, till the Fates me kill.

Pyr. Not Shafalus to Procus was so true.

This. As Shafalus to Procus, I to you.

Pyr. O kiss me through the hole of this vile wall!

This. I kiss the wall's hole, not your lips at all.

Pyr. Wilt thou at Ninny's tomb meet me straightway?

This. 'Tide life, 'tide death, I come without delay.

[*Exeunt Pyramus and Thisbe.*

Wall. Thus have I, Wall, my part dischargéd so;
And, being done, thus Wall away doth go. [*Exit.*]

The. Now is the moon used between the two neighbors.

Dem. No remedy, my lord, when walls are so willful to hear without warning.

Hip. This is the silliest stuff that ever I heard.

The. The best in this kind are but shadows; and the worst are no worse, if imagination amend them.

Hip. It must be your imagination then, and not theirs.

The. If we imagine no worse of them than they of themselves, they may pass for excellent men. Here come two noble beasts in, a man and a lion.

Enter Lion and Moonshine.

Lion. You, ladies, you, whose gentle hearts do fear
The smallest monstrous mouse that creeps on floor
May now perchance both quake and tremble here
When lion rough in wildest rage doth roar.
Then know that I, one Snug the joiner, am
A lion fell, nor else no lion's dam;
For, if I should as lion come in strife
Into this place, 't were pity on my life.

The. A very gentle beast, and of good conscience.

Dem. The very best at a beast, my lord, that e'er I saw.

Lys. This lion is a very fox for his valor.

The. True; and a goose for his discretion.

Dem. Not so, my lord, for his valor cannot carry his discretion, and the fox carries the goose.

The. His discretion, I am sure, cannot carry his valor; for the goose carries not the fox. It is well; leave it to his discretion, and let us hearken to the moon.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornéd moon present—

Dem. He should have worn the horns on his head.

The. He is no crescent, and his horns are invisible within the circumference.

Moon. This lantern doth the hornéd moon present;

---

201. **Limander**, Bottom's mistake for *Leander*. 202. **Helen**, Flute's mistake for *Hero*. 208. **'Tide life, etc.**, whatever may happen.

232. **fell**, skin.

Myself the man i' the moon do seem to be.

The. This is the greatest error of all the rest. The man should be put into the lantern. How is it else the man i' the moon?

Dem. He dares not come there for the candle; for, you see, it is already in snuff.

Hip. I am aweary of this moon. Would he would change!

The. It appears, by his small light of discretion, that he is in the wane, but yet, in courtesy, in all reason, we must stay the time.

Lys. Proceed, Moon.

Moon. All that I have to say, is, to tell you that the lantern is the moon; I, the man i' the moon; this thorn-bush, my thorn-bush; and this dog, my dog.

Dem. Why, all these should be in the lantern; for all these are in the moon. But, silence! here comes Thisbe.

Enter Thisbe.

This. This is old Ninny's tomb. Where is my love?

Lion. [*Roaring*] Oh——

[*Thisbe runs off.*

Dem. Well roared, Lion.

The. Well run, Thisbe.

Hip. Well shone, Moon. Truly, the moon shines with a good grace.

[*Lion shakes Thisbe's mantle, and exit.*]

The. Well moused, Lion.

Dem. And then came Pyramus.

Lys. And so the lion vanished.

Enter Pyramus.

Pyr. Sweet Moon, I thank thee for thy sunny beams;
I thank thee, Moon, for shining now so bright;
For, by thy gracious, golden glittering gleams,
I trust to take of truest Thisby sight.
But stay, O spite!
But mark, poor knight,
What dreadful dole is here!
Eyes, do you see?
How can it be?
O dainty duck! O dear!
Thy mantle good,
What, stained with blood!
Approach, ye Furies fell!
O Fates, come, come,
Cut thread and thrum;
Quail, crush, conclude, and quell!

The. This passion, and the death of a dear friend, would go near to make a man look sad.

Hip. Beshrew my heart, but I pity the man.

Pyr. O wherefore, Nature, didst thou lions frame?
Since lion vile hath here deflowered my dear;
Which is—no, no—which was the fairest dame
That lived, that loved, that liked, that looked with cheer.
Come tears, confound;
Out, sword, and wound
The pap of Pyramus;
Ay, that left pap,
Where heart doth hop.
[*Stabs himself.*
Thus die I, thus, thus, thus.
Now am I dead;
Now am I fled;
My soul is in the sky.
Tongue, lose thy light;
Moon, take thy flight. [*Exit Moonshine.*

---

265. **in snuff,** burned out. 288. **moused.** Thisbe's mantle is shaken by the lion as a mouse is shaken by a cat.

297. **dole,** grief. 304. **Fates,** who cut the thread of life. 305. **Cut thread and thrum,** end life. 313. **deflowered,** killed. 318. **pap,** breast.

Now die, die, die, die, die. [*Dies.*

Dem. No die, but an ace, for him; for he is but one.

Lys. Less than an ace, man, for he is dead; he is nothing.

The. With the help of a surgeon he might yet recover, and yet prove an ass.

Hip. How chance Moonshine is gone before Thisbe comes back and finds her lover?

Reënter Thisbe.

The. She will find him by starlight. Here she comes; and her passion ends the play.

Hip. Methinks she should not use a long one for such a Pyramus. I hope she will be brief.

Dem. A mote will turn the balance, which Pyramus, which Thisbe, is the better; he for a man, God warrant us; she for a woman, God bless us.

Lys. She hath spied him already with those sweet eyes.

Dem. And thus she moans, videlicet.

This. Asleep, my love?
What, dead, my dove?
O Pyramus, arise!
Speak, speak! Quite dumb?
Dead, dead? A tomb
Must cover thy sweet eyes.
These lily lips,
This cherry nose,
These yellow cowslip cheeks,
Are gone, are gone!
Lovers, make moan.
His eyes were green as leeks.
O Sisters Three,
Come, come to me,
With hands as pale as milk;
Lay them in gore,
Since you have shore
With shears his thread of silk.
Tongue, not a word!
Come, trusty sword;
Come, blade, my breast imbrue;
And, farewell, friends; [*Stabs herself.*
Thus Thisby ends.
Adieu, adieu, adieu. [*Dies.*

The. Moonshine and Lion are left to bury the dead.

Dem. Ay, and Wall, too.

Bot. [*Starting up.*] No, I assure you; the wall is down that parted their fathers. Will it please you to see the epilogue, or to hear a Bergomask dance between two of our company?

The. No epilogue, I pray you; for your play needs no excuse. Never excuse; for when the players are all dead, there need none be blamed. Marry, if he that writ it had played Pyramus and hanged himself in Thisbe's garter, it would have been a fine tragedy; and so it is, truly; and very notably discharged. But come, your Bergomask; let your epilogue alone. [*A dance.*]
The iron tongue of midnight hath told twelve.
Lovers, to bed; 'tis almost fairy time.
I fear we shall out-sleep the coming morn
As much as we this night have overwatched.
This palpable-gross play hath well beguiled
The heavy gait of night. Sweet friends, to bed.
A fortnight hold we this solemnity
In nightly revels and new jollity.
[*Exeunt.*

Enter Robin Goodfellow.

Robin. Now the hungry lion roars,
And the wolf behowls the moon;

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338. **passion**, violent sorrow. 343. **mote**, small thing. 344. **which**, etc., whether Pyramus or Thisbe is the better. 349. **videlicet** (vĭ-dĕl′ĭ-sĕt), as follows. 362. **Sisters Three**, the Fates, who cut the thread of life. 366. **shore**, shorn.

370. **imbrue**, stain with blood. 380. **Bergomask** (bûr′gō-mȧsk), a country dance. 389. **discharged**, performed. 395. **overwatched**, stayed up too late.

Whilst the heavy plowman snores,
All with weary task fordone.
Now the wasted brands do glow,
Whilst the screech owl, screeching loud,
Puts the wretch that lies in woe
In remembrance of a shroud.
Now it is the time of night
That the graves, all gaping wide,
Everyone lets forth his sprite,
In the church-way paths to glide.
And we fairies, that do run
By the triple Hecate's team
From the presence of the sun,
Following darkness like a dream,
Now are frolic. Not a mouse
Shall disturb this hallowed house.
I am sent with broom before,
To sweep the dust behind the door.

Enter Oberon, Titania, and their train.

Obe. Through the house give glimmering light
By the dead and drowsy fire;
Every elf and fairy sprite
Hop as light as bird from brier;
And this ditty, after me,
Sing, and dance it trippingly.
Tita. First, rehearse your song by rote,
To each word a warbling note.
Hand in hand, with fairy grace,
Will we sing, and bless this place.
[*Song and dance.*
Obe. Now, until the break of day,
Through this house each fairy stray.
To the best bride-bed will we,
Which by us shall blesséd be;
And the issue there create
Ever shall be fortunate.
So shall all the couples three
Ever true in loving be;
And the blots of Nature's hand
Shall not in their issue stand;
Never mole, harelip, nor scar,
Nor mark prodigious, such as are
Despiséd in nativity,
Shall upon their children be.
With this field-dew consecrate,
Every fairy take his gait,
And each several chamber bless,
Through this palace, with sweet peace;
And the owner of it blest
Ever shall in safety rest.
Trip away; make no stay;
Meet me all by break of day.
[*Exeunt Oberon, Titania, and train.*
Robin. If we shadows have offended,
Think but this, and all is mended,
That we have but slumbered here
While these visions did appear.
And this weak and idle theme,
No more yielding but a dream,
Gentles, do not reprehend.
If you pardon, we will mend.
And, as I am an honest Puck,
If we have unearnéd luck
Now, to 'scape the serpent's tongue,
We will make amends ere long;
Else the Puck a liar call.
So, good-night unto you all.
Give me your hands if we be friends,
And Robin shall restore amends.
[*Exit.*

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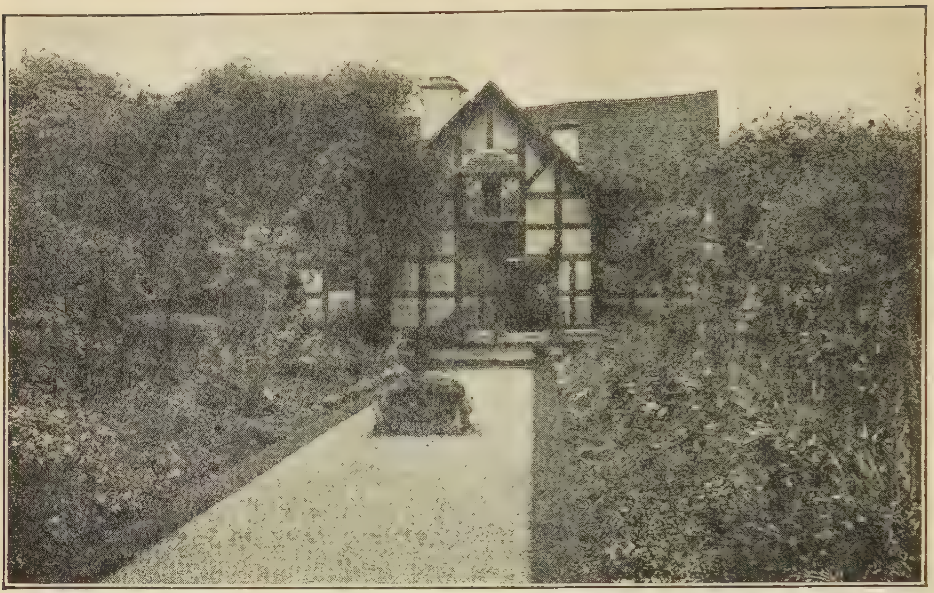
403. **fordone**, exhausted. 413. **triple Hecate** (hĕk'ȧt), a goddess shown with three bodies, because she was a divinity in heaven, on earth, and in the lower regions.

441. **prodigious**, horrible. 445. **gait**, way. 461. **unearnéd luck**, undeserved good fortune. 462. **serpent's tongue**, hiss of disapproval. 466. **hands**, applause. 467. **restore amends**, return your favors.



Courtesy of London Midland and Scottish Railway

THE GARDEN OF SHAKESPEARE'S HOUSE AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 70.

The Drama

A Midsummer Night's Dream was written by Shakespeare to be played by actors upon a stage. Such a composition is called a *drama*. The ancient Greeks, as well as the Hindus and the Chinese, had their drama, which developed chiefly from their observance of religious rites. During the Middle Ages stories from the Bible were often presented in connection with church festivals, at first by the clergy and later by the tradespeople. Here and there even in the old Biblical plays, a writer, or more likely an actor, would venture away from the story and put in little humorous scenes, to keep alive the interest. From these simple beginnings gradually developed *comedy*—a form of drama intended to amuse.

During Queen Elizabeth's reign (1558-1603), love for pageants and merry-making made theater-going the fashion, and the drama flourished. Strolling players roamed over England, theatrical companies were formed, and theaters were built. One of these, the Globe, a summer theater, was made especially famous by Shakespeare and his associates. The summer theaters were for daylight performances in the open air, with perhaps a roof over the stage or over the boxes and the galleries around the pit. Spectators were allowed to sit on the stage and mingle with the actors. The female characters in a play were taken by boys. There was only the rudest scenery, or none at all—a change of scene being indicated by printed signs. Because of this lack of scenery, actors were compelled to rely for their effects upon the lines and the acting. This is one of the reasons why the plays of Shakespeare have been read and played, studied and discussed, more than the works of any other writer.

How To Read This Play

A good way to read *A Midsummer Night's Dream* is to plunge right in and read on until the story wholly absorbs your interest. The English of Shakespeare's time will seem strange to you at first, but do not allow the Elizabethan phrases to take your attention away from the players and the play. You will catch their meaning as you read along and get more and more into the spirit of the story. Since these phrases are not in common use today, it would hardly be worth your while to dwell upon them here; you are expected to read the comedy for the fun there is in it, and not as a study of words. However, you will no doubt come upon words and phrases, the meaning of which you cannot sense from the context; such words you will find explained in the footnotes. "The play's the thing"—so give free rein to your imagination, and in your mind's eye see the characters act their parts upon the stage as you read scene after scene.

You will probably read most of the play silently, but certain speeches are well worth reading aloud in class, on account of their beauty of thought or language, or their fun. Many of these are noted in *Questions and Topics* under the different acts and scenes in which they occur (pages 297-298).

Some of the scenes may be dramatized and, if played with spirit, will furnish good entertainment, particularly Act I, scene 2; Act III, scene 1; and part of Act V, scene 1.

Some of the lyrics in *A Midsummer Night's Dream* have been set to music, notably "Over Hill, Over Dale" and Titania's lullaby. Mendelssohn's music for this play is especially beautiful. Interest and pleasure will be added to your reading of the drama by the use of phonograph records of the music which has been written for this play.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

Act I, Scene 1. 1. The play opens with a scene in which Theseus and Hippolyta discuss their approaching marriage, which is only four days off; what does Theseus ask Philostrate to do for the wedding feast? (Theseus was one of the greatest of legendary Greek heroes. He sailed with the Argonauts in search of the Golden Fleece, killed the Minotaur, and after conquering the Amazons, a nation of women warriors in Asia Minor, married their queen, Hippolyta.) In what words does Theseus refer to his victory over the Amazons?

2. What complaint did Egeus make to the Duke? What was the Duke's decision?

3. How did Lysander plan to find safety for Hermia and himself? To whom was their plan told? What pretty custom that "does observance" to May has come down to us? What is the story of the Queen of Carthage and the false Trojan? What Greek gods and goddesses are referred to in this scene? Which of the characters in this scene do you like best? Why?

Class Reading. Theseus to Hippolyta, page 254, lines 16 to 19; Egeus to Theseus, page 254, lines 22 to 45; Lysander to Egeus, page 255, lines 99 to 110; Lysander to Hermia, page 256, line 157, to page 257, line 168; Hermia to Helena, page 258, lines 214 to 223.

Scene 2. 1. Notice how the change to prose makes the conversation of the tradespeople seem matter-of-fact and without imagination; how does this affect the comedy of the play?

2. For whose pleasure is the play to be given? What is the name of the play? Who are the men who plan to give the play? What qualifications have they for this work? What do you think of their preparations? What chance is there that the play will be a success?

3. Who is most prominent among the actors? Why? Ercles, or Hercules, was the hero of many plays before Shakespeare wrote. Why do you think Bottom wanted to act the part of Hercules? What part of this scene seems most ridiculous? Is a "lamentable comedy" possible? What do you think Shakespeare had seen or heard that caused him to write this scene?

Act II, Scene 1. 1. Notice how the meter adds lightness and delicacy to the fairies' speech; what do we learn from the conversation between the fairy and Robin?

2. What is the cause of the quarrel between Oberon and Titania? What does Titania say has happened as a result of the quarrel between Oberon and herself?

3. What flower does Oberon send Robin to find? What magic was in this flower? By what means does Oberon expect to gain possession of the boy? What does Oberon tell Robin to do with the juice of the flower? What does he hope to accomplish by this means? What is the myth of Apollo and Daphne? What does Oberon command Robin to do with the flower? Who is the "disdainful youth" in line 241, page 266?

Class Reading. 1. Fairies' song, Act II, page 260, lines 2 to 15; Robin to a fairy, page 261, lines 18 to 31; Oberon and Robin, page 264, lines 141 to 173; Oberon to Robin, page 265, line 229, to page 266, line 247.

Scene 2. 1. What does Oberon do? Who is the Athenian youth that Robin finds? What does Robin do? How do Demetrius and Helena happen to be in the wood? What happens when Lysander awakes? How does Helena regard Lysander's suit? What was Hermia's dream?

Class Reading. Fairies' song, page 266, lines 9 to 24; Oberon squeezing flower on Titania's eyelids, page 266, lines 27-34; Robin throwing charm on Lysander's eyes, page 267, lines 43 to 60.

Act III, Scene 1. 1. How do the men rehearsing for the play show their lack of imagination? How does their lack of humor show? What do you think is the funniest part of the rehearsal? Whom does Puck refer to as "hempen homespuns"?

2. What trick does Puck play upon Bottom? How does Titania show the effect of the magic flower juice? Notice the contrast between Bottom's matter-of-fact prose speech and the fairies' tripping verse.

Class Reading. Puck (Robin) to Bottom, page 270, lines 131 to 136; Titania, Bottom, and Fairies, page 271, line 158, to page 272, line 229.

Scene 2. 1. What words show Puck's (Robin's) opinion of Bottom? Of what does Hermia accuse Demetrius? How does Oberon attempt to set right the mistake made by Puck? What is the result? How does Helena interpret the actions of Demetrius, Lysander, and Hermia?

2. How does Oberon again show his good-will to mortals? What does Puck do to Lysander? What part of the night's work do you think Puck would most enjoy?

Class Reading. Puck (Robin) to Oberon, page 272, line 6, to page 273, line 34; Oberon casting a spell upon Demetrius, page 274, lines 102 to 109; Helena and Hermia, page 276, line 191, to page 278, line 244; Helena to Hermia, page 279, lines 306 to 317; Oberon to Puck, page 280, lines 354 to 377. Puck squeezing juice on Lysander's eyes, page 282, lines 448 to 463.

Act IV, Scene 1. 1. How does Oberon release Titania from the spell of the magic flower? What feeling does she have for Bottom when she wakes? How do the fairy king and queen plan to celebrate their reconciliation?

2. For what purpose have Theseus and Hippolyta come out so early? What confession does Lysander make to the Duke? What confession does Demetrius make? What decision does Theseus render? What are Bottom's thoughts when he awakes?

Class Reading. Oberon, releasing the fairy queen from the spell, page 283, line 57, to page 284, line 87; Oberon, Puck, and Titania, page 284, lines 98 to 115; Theseus, Lysander, Egeus, and Demetrius, page 285, line 154, to page 286, line 198; Bottom's awaking, page 286, line 212, to page 287, line 238.

Scene 2. **Class Reading.** Bottom's advice to the actors, page 287, lines 36 to 52.

Act V, Scene 1. 1. How does Theseus regard the stories of the strange doings of the night? Who is the Helen to whose beauty he refers?

2. How does Philostrate explain that a play may be brief and yet be tedious? How does he explain the "tragical mirth"? In what words does he tell that this is the first intellectual effort of the players? For what purpose have they prepared it?

3. In what beautiful words does Theseus explain why the performance will be pleasing to him? How does he explain to Hippolyta that they must show their courtesy and appreciation by taking the will for the deed? What do the remarks of the auditors add to this scene of the play?

4. Why have the fairies come to the palace? How does the poet make you feel the lightness of the fairies' movements?

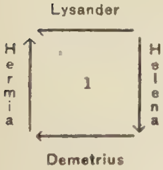
5. To whom do the four lovers owe their peace and happiness? Was Oberon seeking their happiness or his own at first? Why does the appearance of the fairies for the closing scene of the play seem so fitting?

Class Reading. "Lovers" etc., page 288, lines 4 to 22; Theseus's appreciation, page 289, lines 81 to 84; Quince's prologue, page 290, lines 108 to 117; Puck's epilogue, page 294, line 400, to page 295, line 419.

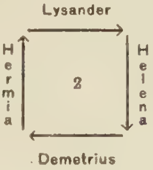
Suggested Problems. 1. The squares which you see below will help to make clear the changing attitudes of Lysander and Demetrius in their affection for Hermia and Helena. The arrows in 1 and 2 indicate the direction of the lovers' affections in Act II, scenes 1 and 2, respectively. Copy these four diagrams on the blackboard or in your notebooks, and indicate by similar use of arrows the directions of the lovers' affections in 3, from your reading of Act III, scene 2, and in 4, from your reading of Act IV, scene 1. Notice that in 1 both the men are in love with Hermia; what does 3 reveal? How do you account for the apparent steadfastness of Hermia and Helena?

2. In *A Midsummer Night's Dream* there are four story-plots woven skillfully together into a single unit. In the diagram at the right the circles represent the four story-plots, and the ellipses the connecting links between the plots. In the diagram, 1 represents the story of Theseus and Hippolyta; 2, the story of the lovers; 3, the story of the fairies; and 4, the story of the tradespeople. Copy this diagram on the blackboard or in your notebooks and write in each circle the names of the characters in the story represented by the circle. Egeus's complaint to Theseus against Hermia, shown in the diagram by *a*, is the connecting link between story-plot 1 and 2; Robin and the magic juice of the flower form the link connecting story-plots 2 and 3, shown in the diagram by *b*. What is the link connecting story-plots 3 and 4? Story-plots 4 and 1? Notice how cleverly the characters of all the story-plots are brought together in the last scene.

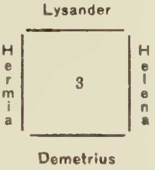
Act II. Scene 1



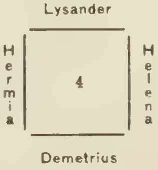
Act II. Scene 2

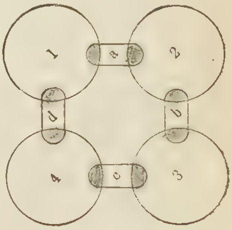


Act III. Scene 2



Act IV. Scene 1





THE WORLD OF ADVENTURE

A Backward Look

In A Forward Look, page 145, you learned that the basis of all literature is adventure, and that adventures when treated with imagination give us literature; what three types of adventure stories are mentioned? What selection in this group is based upon a real happening? Sir Walter Scott took an incident from an old border ballad and gave us the poem "Lochinvar"; what other poem or story in Part II is based upon a legend? A third type of adventure story is one in which the events are purely imaginary. Such a story Shakespeare created in *A Midsummer Night's Dream;* what other stories in Part II narrate events that never actually happened?

No doubt you are training your imagination, as you read, to picture the events until you can see the stories *in action,* as if they were little dramas being enacted by players before your eyes; which selections in Part II were you able to visualize most vividly? Discuss in class the advantages and disadvantages of "your own private motion picture show," about which you read on page 145, as compared with a regular "movie."

What did you learn in Part II about ballads? How does a folk ballad differ from a ballad like "The Highwayman"? "John Gilpin" and "The Leap of Roushan Beg" are both modern ballads; which one of these resembles the folk ballad more closely in rime, meter, and directness? Which of the ballads in Part II would you select as best suited for a public reading? What ballads have you heard on the phonograph? What ballads have you heard sung by a good singer over the radio?

What did you learn about the structure and the characteristics of the short story that will increase your interest in reading short stories? What library reading have you done in connection with Part II? In your current magazine reading what ballads and adventure stories have you read? What newspaper item have you read recently that would furnish the plot for an interesting short story? What recent daring exploits would make fine subjects for stirring ballads? Mention some especially interesting stories of adventure that you read in the preceding book of this series. Mention some of the ballads. What did you learn about the drama and the Elizabethan theater?

What progress have you made in the use of the library catalogue and of *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature?* Which book review gave you the most pleasure? Which one gave you the most interesting information? What did you learn about public health from book reviews in connection with "The Masque of the Red Death"? Whose two-minute talk on one of the suggested theme topics in Part II gave the most useful information? Which one was made interesting by illustrative material, such as pictures, sketches, cartoons, and objects?

What progress in silent reading have you made since you began this book? Compare your record for speed and comprehension with the standard for eighth-grade pupils. What material did you find in Part II suitable for an interesting Christmas entertainment? Which "Suggested Problem" gave you the greatest pleasure in working out its details? Which one was the most profitable?

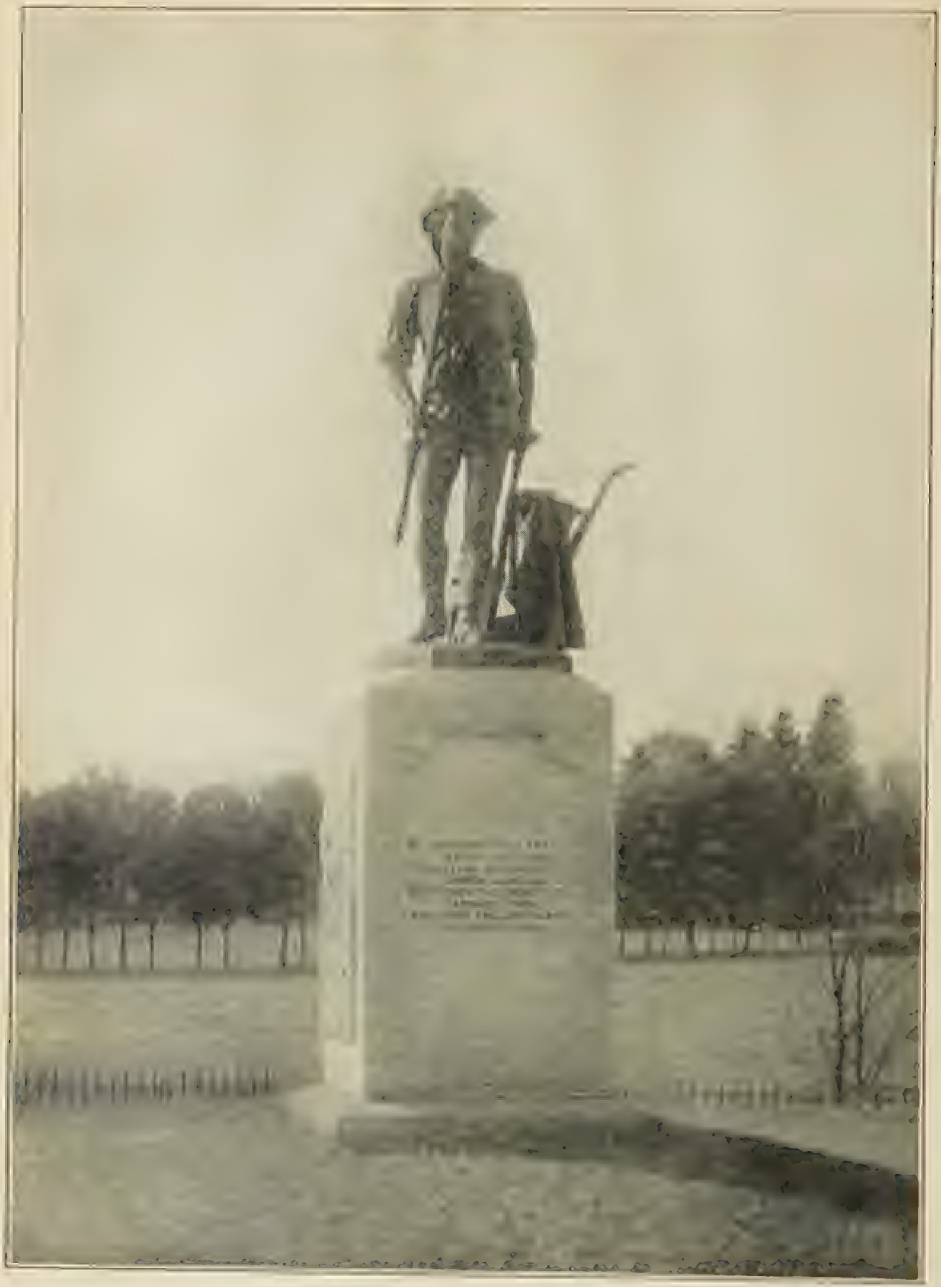
Which poet represented in Part II is living? What newspaper or magazine references to this poet have you read? From the "Contents," page 5, notice the authors represented in Part II; classify them as to the countries to which they belong. Tell any other interesting facts about their lives which you can recall without referring to the biographies.

What new words have you added to your vocabulary through your reading of Part II? How many new words, on an average, do you consciously add to your vocabulary in a month? Who in the class shows the most marked improvement in reading poetry aloud? Is there anyone in the class who might qualify, because of a well-controlled voice and fine understanding and feeling, to read in an Oxford poetry-reading contest, such as is described on page 194?

PART III

FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

America! America!
God shed His grace on thee,
And crown thy good with brotherhood
From sea to shining sea.
—Katharine Lee Bates.



D. C. French

THE MINUTEMAN OF CONCORD

FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

A Forward Look

Among all the emotions that men feel in their best moments, none are more filled with good than those connected with love of home and country and with those ideals of service and coöperation without which no free country can long endure. The growth, through many centuries, of this love of country and freedom that has made self-government possible is the most important fact in modern history. The growth has been slow—discouragingly slow. But there have been great moments in the history of the nations when vast multitudes of men have been swept by powerful emotions drawing them on to some new advance toward freedom. Out of these emotions, at these dramatic moments in history, have come poems and prose that have inspired men to deeds of patriotism and service for others.

It is, then, with literature as a means of expressing the loftiest ideals of liberty and service that the selections in this part of our book have to do. There are four groups. In the first are some records of the growth of the "Eternal Spirit of Freedom." This spirit of freedom is born of the feeling that men have the right, as our Declaration of Independence states it, to "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness."

The next unit in this part of your book, called "America's Experiment in Democracy," shows you something of America's service to the spirit of freedom. During the Revolution, many of the colonists had no idea of setting up a new and independent form of government; they intended only to put an end to the oppression of George III. But others, more far-sighted, saw that at last there had come the opportunity to set up a government in which the people themselves should be the rulers.

When at last the ties binding the colonists to the mother country were cut loose, the "Great American Experiment," came into being. It was an "experiment," because it was based on the idea that a nation made up of men from all parts of the world, living in a territory of vast extent, might, through representatives chosen by all its citizens, determine its own plan of government. Nowhere else had the idea that men should govern themselves been tried out on such a vast scale. The older governments of Europe thought such an experiment would surely fail. They wanted it to fail, for with its success no throne would be secure.

Read, then, in this light the selections which show something of the nature of this experiment in self-government. It is an experiment that has met every test, thus far. It has brought about more liberal government even in the older European countries. It has become a beacon for the inspiration of the oppressed, wherever they live.

The last sections called, "Citizenship and Service" and "Ideals and Creeds," round out the story of freedom and patriotism. First is the *passionate desire for liberty*, growing up in the old world and in America in times past. Next is the *American idea of free government*—that is, the idea of a government controlled by all the people, and obeyed by all the people. And last is the *spirit of service*, of brotherhood, of coöperation of all for the good of all, without which no free government can endure.

There is no more important subject than this for you to study. It is something to be *studied*, that you may know that free government is not merely a method of electing presidents and legislatures. It is something for you to *see in imagination*, that you may realize what it has cost, and that you may know, also, that we must guard it and carry it on farther in each generation. And it is something that you must *feel*—ideals and emotions that will so control you that you will do your part to preserve what our forefathers have won for us. The responsibility rests on you, boys and girls, who are now preparing not merely for happy and successful lives in free America, but for carrying on the great tradition of liberty and service.

THE AMERICAN BOY

Theodore Roosevelt

What we have a right to expect from the American boy is that he shall turn out to be a good American man. Now, the chances are strong that he won't be much of a man unless he is a good deal of a boy. He must not be a coward or weakling, a bully, a shirk, or a prig. He must work hard and play hard. He must be clean-minded and clean-lived, and be able to hold his own under all circumstances and against all comers. It is only on these conditions that he will grow into the kind of man of whom America can really be proud.

THE ETERNAL SPIRIT OF FREEDOM

THE GRAY CHAMPION ✓

Nathaniel Hawthorne

There was once a time when New England groaned under the actual pressure of heavier wrongs than those threatened ones which brought on the Revolution. James II, the bigoted successor of Charles the Voluptuous, had annulled the charters of all the colonies, and sent a harsh and unprincipled soldier to take away our liberties and endanger our religion. The administration of Sir Edmund Andros lacked scarcely a single characteristic of tyranny: a Governor and Council holding office from the King and wholly independent of the country; laws made and taxes levied without concurrence of the people, immediate or by their representatives; the rights of private citizens violated, and the titles of all landed property declared void; the voice of complaint stifled by restrictions on the press; and, finally, disaffection overawed by the first band of mercenary troops that ever marched on our free soil. For two years our ancestors were kept in sullen submission by that filial love which had invariably secured their allegiance to the mother country, whether its head chanced to be a Parliament, Protector, or Monarch. Till these evil times, however, such allegiance had been merely nominal, and the colonists had ruled themselves, enjoying far more freedom than is even yet the privilege of the native subjects of Great Britain.

At length a rumor reached our shores that the Prince of Orange had ventured on an enterprise the success of which would be the triumph of civil and religious rights and the salvation of New England. It was but a doubtful whisper; it might be false, or the attempt might fail; and, in either case, the man that stirred against King James would lose his head. Still, the intelligence produced a marked effect. The people smiled mysteriously in the streets, and threw bold glances at their oppressors; while, far and wide,

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23. **disaffection**, hostility. 24. **mercenary** (mûr'sē̇-nȧ̆-rĭ), hired.

39. **Prince of Orange**, a Holland nobleman who became William III of England on the expulsion of James II (line 5).

there was a subdued and silent agitation, as if the slightest signal would rouse the whole land from its sluggish despondency. Aware of their danger, the rulers resolved to avert it by an imposing display of strength, and perhaps to confirm their despotism by yet harsher measures. One afternoon in April, 1689, Sir Edmund Andros and his favorite councilors, being warm with wine, assembled the redcoats of the Governor's Guard, and made their appearance in the streets of Boston. The sun was near setting when the march commenced.

The roll of the drum, at that unquiet crisis, seemed to go through the streets, less as the martial music of the soldiers than as a muster-call to the inhabitants themselves. A multitude, by various avenues, assembled in King Street, which was destined to be the scene, nearly a century afterwards, of another encounter between the troops of Britain and a people struggling against her tyranny. Though more than sixty years had elapsed since the Pilgrims came, this crowd of their descendants still showed the strong and somber features of their character, perhaps more strikingly in such a stern emergency than on happier occasions. There was the sober garb, the general severity of mien, the gloomy but undismayed expression, the Scriptural forms of speech, and the confidence in Heaven's blessing on a righteous cause, which would have marked a band of the original Puritans when threatened by some peril of the wilderness. Indeed, it was not yet time for the old spirit to be extinct, since there were men in the street, that day, who had worshiped there beneath the trees, before a house was reared to the God for whom they had become exiles. Old soldiers of the Parliament were here, too, smiling grimly at the thought that their aged arms might strike another blow against the house of Stuart. Here, also, were the veterans of King Philip's War, who had burned villages and slaughtered young and old, with pious fierceness, while the godly souls throughout the land were helping them with prayer. Several ministers were scattered among the crowd, which, unlike all other mobs, regarded them with such reverence as if there were sanctity in their very garments. These holy men exerted their influence to quiet the people, but not to disperse them. Meantime, the purpose of the Governor, in disturbing the peace of the town at a period when the slightest commotion might throw the country into a ferment, was almost the universal subject of inquiry, and variously explained.

"Satan will strike his master-stroke presently," cried some, "because he knoweth that his time is short. All our godly pastors are to be dragged to prison! We shall see them at a Smithfield fire in King Street!"

Hereupon the people of each parish gathered closer round their minister, who looked calmly upward and assumed a more apostolic dignity, as well befitted a candidate for the highest honor of his profession, the crown of martyrdom. It was actually fancied, at that period, that New England might have a John Rogers

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51. **house of Stuart**, to which James II belonged. 53. **King Philip's War**, in 1675-1676. Philip was an Indian chief. 77. **Smithfield**, the section of London where martyrs suffered death. 86. **John Rogers**, a religious martyr, referred to in the early *New England Primer*.

of her own, to take the place of that worthy in the Primer.

"We are all to be massacred," cried others.

Neither was this rumor wholly discredited, although the wiser class believed the Governor's object somewhat less atrocious. His predecessor under the old charter, Bradstreet, a venerable companion of the first settlers, was known to be in town. There were grounds for conjecturing that Sir Edmund Andros intended, at once, to strike terror, by a parade of military force, and to confound the opposite faction by possessing himself of their chief.

"Stand firm for the old charter, Governor!" shouted the crowd, seizing upon the idea. "The good old Governor Bradstreet!"

While this cry was at the loudest, the people were surprised by the well-known figure of Governor Bradstreet himself, a patriarch of nearly ninety, who appeared on the elevated steps of a door, and, with characteristic mildness, besought them to submit to the constituted authorities.

"My children," concluded this venerable person, "do nothing rashly. Cry not aloud, but pray for the welfare of New England, and expect patiently what the Lord will do in this matter!"

The event was soon to be decided. All this time the roll of the drum had been approaching through Cornhill, louder and deeper, till with reverberations from house to house, and the regular tramp of martial footsteps, it burst into the street. A double rank of soldiers made their appearance, occupying the whole breadth of the passage, with shouldered matchlocks, and matches burning, so as to present a row of fires in the dusk. Their steady march was like the progress of a machine, that would roll irresistibly over everything in its way. Next, moving slowly, with a confused clatter of hoofs on the pavement, rode a party of mounted gentlemen, the central figure being Sir Edmund Andros, elderly, but erect and soldier-like. Those around him were his favorite councilors, and the bitterest foes of New England. At his right hand rode Edward Randolph, our arch-enemy, that "blasted wretch," as Cotton Mather calls him, who achieved the downfall of our ancient government, and was followed with a sensible curse, through life and to his grave. On the other side was Bullivant, scattering jests and mockery as he rode along. Dudley came behind, with a downcast look, dreading, as well he might, to meet the indignant gaze of the people, who beheld him, their only countryman by birth among the oppressors of his native land. The captain of a frigate in the harbor and two or three civil officers under the Crown were also there. But the figure which most attracted the public eye, and stirred up the deepest feeling, was the Episcopal clergyman of King's Chapel, riding haughtily among the magistrates in his priestly vestments, the fitting representative of prelacy and persecution, the union of Church and State, and all those abominations which had driven the Puritans to the wilderness. Another guard of soldiers, in double rank, brought up the rear.

The whole scene was a picture of

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15. **confound**, confuse. 44. **matchlock**, gun.

60. **Cotton Mather**, early American clergyman. 63. **sensible**, causing bodily injury.

the condition of New England, and its moral, the deformity of any government that does not grow out of the nature of things and the character of the people. On one side, the religious multitude, with their sad visages and dark attire, and on the other, the group of despotic rulers, all magnificently clad, flushed with wine, proud of unjust authority, and scoffing at the universal groan. And the mercenary soldiers, waiting but the word to deluge the street with blood, showed the only means by which obedience could be secured.

"O Lord of Hosts," cried a voice among the crowd, "provide a champion for thy people!"

This ejaculation was loudly uttered, and served as a herald's cry to introduce a remarkable personage. The crowd had rolled back, and were now huddled together nearly at the extremity of the street, while the soldiers had advanced no more than a third of its length. The intervening space was empty—a paved solitude, between lofty edifices, which threw almost a twilight shadow over it. Suddenly, there was seen the figure of an ancient man, who seemed to have emerged from among the people, and was walking by himself along the center of the street, to confront the armed band. He wore the old Puritan dress, a dark cloak and a steeple-crowned hat, in the fashion of at least fifty years before, with a heavy sword upon his thigh, but a staff in his hand to assist the tremulous gait of age.

When at some distance from the multitude, the old man turned slowly round, displaying a face of antique majesty, rendered doubly venerable by the hoary beard that descended on his breast. He made a gesture at once of encouragement and warning, then turned again, and resumed his way.

"Who is this gray patriarch?" asked the young men of their sires.

"Who is this venerable brother?" asked the old men among themselves.

But none could make reply. The fathers of the people, those of fourscore years and upwards, were disturbed, deeming it strange that they should forget one of such evident authority, whom they must have known in their early days, the associate of Winthrop, and all the old councilors, giving laws, and making prayers, and leading them against the savage. The elderly men ought to have remembered him, too, with locks as gray in their youth as their own were now. And the young! How could he have passed so utterly from their memories—that hoary sire, the relic of long-departed times, whose awful benediction had surely been bestowed on their uncovered heads, in childhood?

"Whence did he come? What is his purpose? Who can this old man be?" whispered the wondering crowd.

Meanwhile, the venerable stranger, staff in hand, was pursuing his solitary walk along the center of the street. As he drew near the advancing soldiers, and as the roll of their drum came full upon his ear, the old man raised himself to a loftier mien, while the decrepitude of age seemed to fall from his shoulders, leaving him in gray but unbroken dignity. Now, he marched onward with a warrior's step, keeping time to the military

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61. **Winthrop**, first governor of the Massachusetts Colony.

music. Thus the aged form advanced on one side, and the whole parade of soldiers and magistrates on the other, till, when scarcely twenty yards remained between, the old man grasped his staff by the middle, and held it before him like a leader's truncheon.

"Stand!" cried he.

The eye, the face, and attitude of command, the solemn, yet warlike peal of that voice, fit either to rule a host in the battlefield or be raised to God in prayer, were irresistible. At the old man's word and outstretched arm, the roll of the drum was hushed at once, and the advancing line stood still. A tremulous enthusiasm seized upon the multitude. That stately form, combining the leader and the saint, so gray, so dimly seen, in such an ancient garb, could only belong to some old champion of the righteous cause, whom the oppressor's drum had summoned from his grave. They raised a shout of awe and exultation, and looked for the deliverance of New England.

The Governor, and the gentlemen of his party, perceiving themselves brought to an unexpected stand, rode hastily forward, as if they would have pressed their snorting and affrighted horses right against the hoary apparition. He, however, blenched not a step, but glancing his severe eye round the group, which half encompassed him, at last bent it sternly on Sir Edmund Andros. One would have thought that the dark old man was chief ruler there, and the Governor and Council, with soldiers at their back, representing the whole power and authority of the Crown, had no alternative but obedience.

"What does this old fellow here?" cried Edward Randolph, fiercely. "On, Sir Edmund! Bid the soldiers forward, and give the dotard the same choice that you give all his countrymen—to stand aside or be trampled on!"

"Nay, nay, let us show respect to the good grandsire," said Bullivant, laughing. "See you not, he is some old roundheaded dignitary, who hath lain asleep these thirty years, and knows nothing of the change of times? Doubtless, he thinks to put us down with a proclamation in Old Noll's name!"

"Are you mad, old man?" demanded Sir Edmund Andros, in loud and harsh tones. "How dare you stay the march of King James's Governor?"

"I have stayed the march of a king himself, ere now," replied the gray figure, with stern composure. "I am here, Sir Governor, because the cry of an oppressed people hath disturbed me in my secret place; and beseeching this favor earnestly of the Lord, it was vouchsafed me to appear once again on earth, in the good old cause of His saints. And what speak ye of James? There is no longer a tyrant on the throne of England, and by tomorrow noon his name shall be a byword in this very street, where ye would make it a word of terror. Back, thou that wast a Governor, back! With this night thy power is ended—tomorrow, the prison!—back, lest I foretell the scaffold!"

The people had been drawing nearer

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8. **truncheon**, staff of command. 35. **blenched**, drew back.

55. **roundheaded**. The Puritans wore their hair cut close in the day when long curls were the fashion. 59. **Old Noll**, nickname of Oliver Cromwell, the Puritan leader, who became Lord Protector of England after Charles I was beheaded. 64. **stay**, stop.

and nearer, and drinking in the words of their champion, who spoke in accents long disused, like one unaccustomed to converse, except with the dead of many years ago. But his voice stirred their souls. They confronted the soldiers, not wholly without arms, and ready to convert the very stones of the street into deadly weapons. Sir Edmund Andros looked at the old man; then he cast his hard and cruel eye over the multitude, and beheld them burning with that lurid wrath so difficult to kindle or to quench; and again he fixed his gaze on the aged form, which stood obscurely in an open space, where neither friend nor foe had thrust himself. What were his thoughts, he uttered no word which might discover. But whether the oppressor were overawed by the Gray Champion's look, or perceived his peril in the threatening attitude of the people, it is certain that he gave back, and ordered his soldiers to commence a slow and guarded retreat. Before another sunset, the Governor and all that rode so proudly with him were prisoners, and long ere it was known that James had abdicated, King William was proclaimed throughout New England.

But where was the Gray Champion? Some reported that when the troops had gone from King Street, and the people were thronging tumultuously in their rear, Bradstreet, the aged Governor, was seen to embrace a form more aged than his own. Others soberly affirmed that while they marveled at the venerable grandeur of his aspect, the old man had faded from their eyes, melting slowly into the hues of twilight, till, where he stood, there was an empty space. But all agreed that the hoary shape was gone. The men of that generation watched for his reappearance, in sunshine and in twilight, but never saw him more, nor knew when his funeral passed, nor where his gravestone was.

And who was the Gray Champion? Perhaps his name might be found in the records of that stern Court of Justice which passed a sentence, too mighty for the age, but glorious in all after times, for its humbling lesson to the monarch and its high example to the subject. I have heard that whenever the descendants of the Puritans are to show the spirit of their sires, the old man appears again. When eighty years had passed, he walked once more in King Street. Five years later, in the twilight of an April morning, he stood on the green, beside the meetinghouse, at Lexington, where now the obelisk of granite, with a slab of slate inlaid, commemorates the first fallen of the Revolution. And when our fathers were toiling at the breastwork on Bunker's Hill, all through that night the old warrior walked his rounds. Long, long may it be, ere he comes again! His hour is one of darkness, and adversity, and peril.

But should domestic tyranny oppress us, or should the invader's step pollute our soil, still may the Gray Champion come, for he is the type of New England's hereditary spirit, and his shadowy march, on the eve of danger, must ever be the pledge that New England's sons will vindicate their ancestry.

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70. **obelisk** (ŏb'ĕ-lĭsk), a tapering shaft, rectangular in form.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Nathaniel Hawthorne (1804-1864) was born in Salem, Massachusetts, and lived there the greater part of his life. When he was four years old his father, a shipmaster, died during a sea voyage. This had a profound effect upon the life of the little boy, since his mother thereafter dedicated her life to mourning; she not only withdrew from the outside world but lived apart from her little son and daughter. It has been said that Hawthorne became, under this environment, "a bookish child in a muffled household." When he was twelve years old he was reading Shakespeare, Milton, and the eighteenth century poets.

When Hawthorne was fifteen, the family lived for several months in a small town in Maine. There he was so happy that he later wrote of this period of his life, "There I lived like a bird of the air, so perfect was the freedom I enjoyed." He was not interested in a college career but knew that it was a necessity if he was to realize his early ambition to become an author. He was not a brilliant student and made no unusual record at Bowdoin.

For twelve years after his graduation, Hawthorne worked on his manuscripts in silence and seclusion. He gained no reputation from the publication of his earlier stories; few critics took any notice of them. It is no wonder that Hawthorne became discouraged and distrustful as to his future. He wrote to Longfellow, his college classmate, "I have made a captive of myself, and put me into a dungeon, and now I cannot find the key to let myself out—and if the door were open, I should be almost afraid to come out."

In 1837 Hawthorne had the good fortune to renew two college friendships he had enjoyed: that with Horatio Bridge, a man of great kindness and political influence, and that with Franklin Pierce, who was destined to become president of the United States. Through their influence Hawthorne was appointed to a position in the Boston customhouse, and for the first time entered into active life. The publication of his *Twice Told Tales* soon followed. In 1842 he had published four volumes of children's stories headed by *Grandfather's Chair*, after which he turned his attention to writing for grown-ups.

In 1853 Hawthorne was appointed consul at Liverpool, and lived abroad for six years. He hoped upon his return to America to enter upon the best period of his literary career, but ill-health interfered with his ambition. Hoping the mountain air would benefit him, he took a trip to the valley of the Great Stone Face. But he was destined never to arrive there; he died just at the gateway of the mountains.

At his funeral at Concord his unfinished manuscripts were laid upon his coffin, and the poet Longfellow read a poem closing with these lines:

Ah! who shall lift that wand of magic power,
And the lost clue regain,
The unfinished window in Aladdin's tower
Unfinished must remain!

Historical Note

A tradition handed down from the time of King Philip's War gave Hawthorne the suggestion for this story. In the attack made upon the village of Hadley, Massachusetts, by the Indians in 1675 a venerable man, of stately form, and with flowing white beard, suddenly appeared among the panic-stricken villagers, took command, and helped them put the savages to flight. Then he disappeared as suddenly as he had come. In their wonder, not knowing where he had come from or where he had gone, many believed he had been sent from heaven to deliver them.

The defender of the villagers was William Goffe, who had been an officer in Cromwell's army and a member of the court which condemned Charles I to death (page 309, lines 66-68). Goffe was a Puritan, a man of deep religious feeling, whose acts had been governed by the desire to secure for his countrymen their liberties. When Charles II succeeded to the English throne, Goffe fled to New England to escape the King's vengeance. Officers were sent across the ocean in pursuit of him. For this reason he lived in hiding, his name and identity being known only to friends who aided and protected him. He had many narrow escapes, but was never captured. From his hiding place he saw the Indians stealing upon the people of Hadley and went forth to battle against them. After living in exile for the rest of his life, he died about 1679.

In this story Hawthorne altered facts to suit his purpose, making the Gray Champion appear at the time of the Boston Insurrection, in 1689. In this year James II, who had succeeded his brother, Charles II, was dethroned, and fled from his kingdom, and his son-in-law, William III, Prince of Orange, was made King of England.

The Gray Champion is made to typify the Spirit of Liberty—that spirit which animated Goffe as a Puritan soldier under Cromwell and which sent the Pilgrims and Puritans forth to find a home in the New World.

Questions and Topics

1. Find the part of this story which pictures the conditions of New England under Andros; what were the wrongs from which the people suffered? Did they submit willingly to these wrongs? What rumor gave them hope of a return of "civil and religious rights"? How did this rumor affect the Governor and his councilors?

2. Why was the Guard assembled? What effect upon the people had its appearance at this time? What does Hawthorne call this scene in the street? What does he say is its "moral"?

3. Find everything given in the story that helps to account for the Champion and his sudden appearance. What great cause did he come to champion? What cause were Andros and his soldiers supporting? Who was victorious? Tell briefly the main incident. Give your opinion as to Hawthorne's purpose in writing this story.

4. Read "The Short Story," page 174, and then point out the four parts of this story. In the Forward Look, on page 303, you read about "The Eternal Spirit of Freedom"; what similar ideas do you gain from reading this story?

Class Reading. "The Pageant," by Elia W. Peattie, and "Main Street," by Hawthorne (in the *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*).

Library Reading. Other stories from *Twice-Told Tales*, such as, "The May-Pole of Merry Mount," "Legends of the Province House," "Sights from the Steeple"; "The Word of God to Leyden Came," Rankin (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "Pilgrims for Freedom" and "The Freeman's Charter," Bailey (in *Broad Stripes and Bright Stars*).

PAUL REVERE'S RIDE

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Listen, my children, and you shall hear
Of the midnight ride of Paul Revere,
On the eighteenth of April, in seventy-five—
Hardly a man is now alive
Who remembers that famous day and year.

He said to his friend: "If the British march
By land or sea from the town tonight,
Hang a lantern aloft in the belfry arch
Of the North Church tower, as a signal light—
One if by land, and two if by sea;
And I on the opposite shore will be
Ready to ride and spread the alarm
Through every Middlesex village and farm
For the country-folk to be up and to arm."
Then he said "Good-night," and with muffled oar
Silently rowed to the Charlestown shore,

Just as the moon rose over the bay,
Where, swinging wide at her moorings, lay
The *Somerset*, British man-of-war—
A phantom ship, with each mast and spar
Across the moon, like a prison bar,
And a huge black hulk, that was magnified
By its own reflection in the tide.

Meanwhile, his friend through alley and street
Wanders and watches with eager ears,
Till in the silence around him he hears
The muster of men at the barrack door,
The sound of arms, and the tramp of feet,
And the measured tread of the grenadiers
Marching down to their boats on the shore.
Then he climbed to the tower of the church,
Up the wooden stairs, with stealthy tread,
To the belfry-chamber overhead,
And startled the pigeons from their perch
On the somber rafters, that round him made
Masses and moving shapes of shade—
Up the trembling ladder, steep and tall,
To the highest window in the wall,
Where he paused to listen and look down
A moment on the roofs of the town,
And the moonlight flowing over all.

Beneath, in the churchyard, lay the dead
In their night-encampment on the hill,
Wrapped in silence so deep and still
That he could hear, like a sentinel's tread,
The watchful night-wind, as it went
Creeping along from tent to tent,
And seeming to whisper, "All is well!"
A moment only he feels the spell
Of the place and the hour, the secret dread
Of the lonely belfry and the dead;
For suddenly all his thoughts are bent
On a shadowy something far away,
Where the river widens to meet the bay—
A line of black, that bends and floats
On the rising tide, like a bridge of boats.

Meanwhile, impatient to mount and ride,
Booted and spurred, with a heavy stride,
On the opposite shore walked Paul Revere.
Now he patted his horse's side;
Now gazed at the landscape far and near;
Then impetuous stamped the earth,
And turned and tightened his saddle-girth;
But mostly he watched with eager search
The belfry-tower of the old North Church,
As it rose above the graves on the hill,
Lonely, and spectral, and somber, and still.
And lo! as he looks, on the belfry's height,
A glimmer, and then a gleam of light!
He springs to the saddle, the bridle he turns,
But lingers and gazes, till full on his sight
A second lamp in the belfry burns!

---

43. **night-encampment**, cemetery.

47. **tent to tent**, grave to grave.

The hurry of hoofs in a village street,
A shape in the moonlight, a bulk in the dark,
And beneath from the pebbles, in passing, a spark
Struck out by a steed flying fearless and fleet—
That was all! And yet, through the gloom and the light,
The fate of a nation was riding that night;
And the spark struck out by that steed, in his flight,
Kindled the land into flame with its heat.
He has left the village and mounted the steep,
And beneath him, tranquil and broad and deep,
Is the Mystic, meeting the ocean tides;
And under the alders, that skirt its edge,
Now soft on the sand, now loud on the ledge,
Is heard the tramp of the steed as he rides.

It was twelve by the village clock
When he crossed the bridge into Medford town.
He heard the crowing of the cock,
And the barking of the farmer's dog,
And felt the damp of the river-fog
That rises after the sun goes down.
It was one by the village clock
When he galloped into Lexington.
He saw the gilded weathercock
Swim in the moonlight as he passed,
And the meeting-house windows, blank and bare,
Gaze at him with a spectral glare,
As if they already stood aghast
At the bloody work they would look upon.

It was two by the village clock
When he came to the bridge in Concord town.
He heard the bleating of the flock,
And the twitter of birds among the trees,
And felt the breath of the morning breeze
Blowing over the meadows brown.
And one was safe and asleep in his bed
Who at the bridge would be first to fall,
Who that day would be lying dead,
Pierced by a British musket-ball.

You know the rest. In the books you have read
How the British regulars fired and fled,
How the farmers gave them ball for ball,
From behind each fence and farmyard wall,
Chasing the redcoats down the lane;
Then crossing the fields to emerge again
Under the trees at the turn of the road,
And only pausing to fire and load.

So through the night rode Paul Revere;
And so through the night went his cry of alarm
To every Middlesex village and farm—
A cry of defiance, and not of fear,
A voice in the darkness, a knock at the door,
And a word that shall echo forevermore!
For, borne on the night-wind of the Past,
Through all our history, to the last,

---

81. steep, slope.

125. borne on the night-wind of the past, handed down in history.

In the hour of darkness and peril and
need,
The people will waken and listen to
hear
The hurrying hoof-beats of that steed,
And the midnight message of Paul
Revere.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 188.

Questions and Topics

1. Read the poem thoughtfully and be prepared to tell the story from this outline: (*a*) understanding as to signals between Paul Revere and his friend; (*b*) the friend in Boston; (*c*) Paul Revere on the Charlestown side of the river; (*d*) the ride. What was Paul Revere's message?

2. How does Longfellow make you feel the hurry of the rider? What do you consider the most expressive line in the poem? How does the poet's prophecy at the end of the poem apply to our own country in the World War?

3. How does his poem add to your interest in the story of the Battle of Lexington in your history book? Draw a sketch showing the relative position of Boston, Charlestown, Medford, Lexington, and Concord. Suggest a series of pictures that would tell the story of this famous historic ride.

4. What famous rides did you read about in Part II of this book? Which of the poems about rides, including "Paul Revere," do you think most interesting? Why?

Class Reading. "The Reveille," Harte, and "A Troop of the Guard," Hagedorn (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

Suggested Problem. Make a study of the famous rides in history and literature. Which rides have historical significance? Which are humorous? Which rides took place in America? Which rides were written about by American authors? Find as many pictures to illustrate the rides as you can. You will find *Fifty Famous Rides and Riders* by James Baldwin a helpful reference.

Library Reading. "The Schoolmaster and the Headless Horseman," Irving (from "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"); "The Ride of the Tyrol Maid," Proctor (in the *Child-Library Readers, Book Seven*); "Kit Carson's Ride," Miller (in *Fifty Famous Rides and Riders*, Baldwin); *Paul Revere, The Torch Bearer of the Revolution*, Moses.

CONCORD HYMN

Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the
flood,
Their flag to April's breeze unfurled,
Here once the embattled farmers stood,
And fired the shot heard round the
world.

The foe long since in silence slept;
Alike the conqueror silent sleeps;
And time the ruined bridge has swept
Down the dark stream which seaward creeps.

On this green bank, by this soft stream,
We set today a votive stone,
That memory may their deed redeem,
When, like our sires, our sons are
gone.

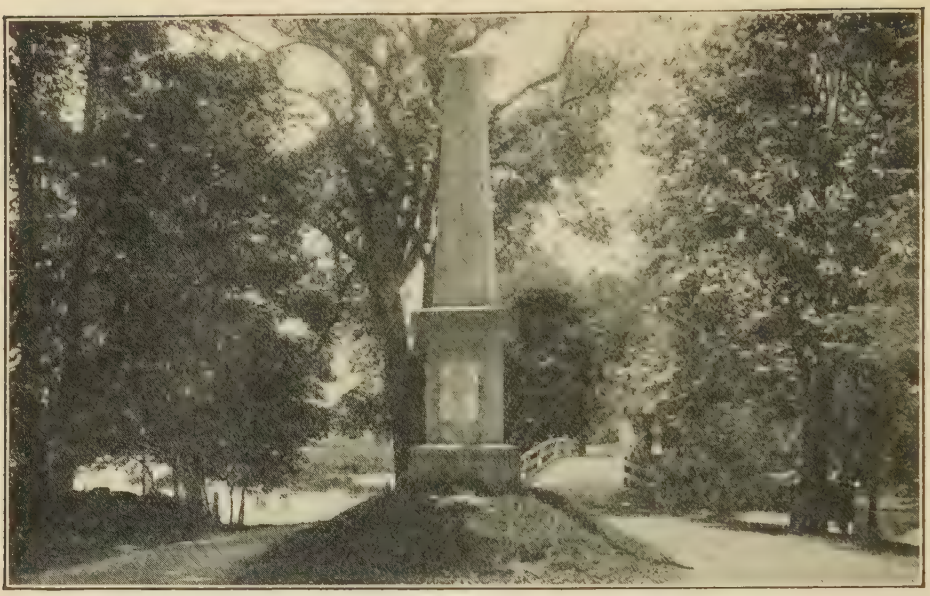
Spirit! that made those freemen dare
To die, and leave their children free,
Bid time and nature gently spare
The shaft we raise to them and Thee.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 108.

Historical Note

Emerson wrote this poem to celebrate the completion of the monument which marks the spot on which the Battle of



BATTLE MONUMENT AT CONCORD, MASSACHUSETTS

Concord was fought, April 19, 1775. This monument is the work of the American sculptor, Daniel C. French. The "Concord Hymn" was sung at the celebration, April 19, 1836.

Questions and Topics

1. In what sense was the shot "heard round the world"? What did this battle mean to the world?

2. For what purpose does the poet say the "votive stone" is being set? How does this poem help memory "to redeem the deed"? In what different ways does "memory redeem the deeds" of the World War heroes?

3. Why do we observe Memorial Day? Armistice Day? The last stanza tells us to whom the shaft was raised; which of these is the greater, the "freemen" or the "Spirit"?

Class Reading. Bring to class and read some newspaper item which shows that the spirit of freedom still lives.

Library Reading. "Ode: Sung in the Town Hall, Concord, July 4th, 1857," Emerson (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham); "The Battle of Lexington," Lanier (in *Poems of American Patriotism*, Matthews).

I HAVE A RENDEZVOUS WITH DEATH*

Alan Seeger

I have a rendezvous with Death
At some disputed barricade,
When Spring comes back with rustling shade
And apple-blossoms fill the air—
I have a rendezvous with Death
When Spring brings back blue days and fair.

It may be he shall take my hand
And lead me into his dark land
And close my eyes and quench my breath—
It may be I shall pass him still.
I have a rendezvous with Death
On some scarred slope of battered hill,
When Spring comes round again this year

---

*From *Poems*, by Alan Seeger; copyright, 1916, by Charles Scribner's Sons; used by permission of the publishers.

1. **rendezvous** (rän′dĕ-vōō), a meeting by appointment.

And the first meadow-flowers appear.
God knows 'twere better to be deep
Pillowed in silk and scented down,
Where love throbs out in blissful sleep,
Pulse nigh to pulse, and breath to breath,
Where hushed awakenings are dear . . .
But I've a rendezvous with Death
At midnight in some flaming town,
When Spring trips north again this year;
And I to my pledged word am true—
I shall not fail that rendezvous.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Alan Seeger (1888-1916) was an American poet who greatly admired French art and literature. In 1912 he went to Paris to study and write. He was visiting in London when the World War broke out, but returned to Paris immediately and joined the Foreign Legion to fight for France. This poem was written from the trenches during the winter, while Seeger was waiting for the renewal of active warfare in the spring. The poet took part in the battle of Champagne and was killed in action, July, 1916, in the attack on the village of Belloy-en-Santerre.

Questions and Topics

1. This poem expresses a young man's generous consecration of himself to death while love of life is keen; which lines bring out this thought most beautifully?

2. Notice how the beautiful descriptions of nature, contrasted with the grim determination to keep the rendezvous, emphasize the joy of life and of living, and make the keeping of the pledge the more heroic; find lines that bring out sharply this contrast.

3. How does this poem show that the spirit of liberty was the same in the World War as it was in the days of Paul Revere?

Library Reading. *Poems*, Alan Seeger; "Men Who March Away," Hardy (in *Poems Of The Great War*, Cunliffe); "The Spires of Oxford," Letts (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "All the Hills and Vales Among," Sorley, "Before Action," Hodgson (in *A Treasury of War Poetry*, Clarke).

ROUGE BOUQUET

Joyce Kilmer

In a wood they call the Rouge Bouquet
There is a new-made grave today,
Built by never a spade nor pick,
Yet covered with earth ten meters thick.
There lie many fighting men,
  Dead in their youthful prime;
Never to laugh nor love again
  Nor taste the summertime.
For Death came flying through the air
And stopped his flight at the dugout stair,
Touched his prey and left them there,
  Clay to clay.
He hid their bodies stealthily
In the soil of the land they sought to free,
  And fled away.
Now over the grave abrupt and clear
  Three volleys ring;
And perhaps their brave young spirits hear
  The bugle sing:
"Go to sleep!
Go to sleep!
Slumber well where the shell screamed and fell.
Let your rifles rest on the muddy floor;
You will not need them any more.
Danger's past;
Now at last,
Go to sleep!"

---

1. **Rouge Bouquet** (ro͞ozh-bo͞o-kā′). 4. **meter**, about three and one fourth feet. 10. **dugout**, a shelter dug out on a hillside.

There is on earth no worthier grave
To hold the bodies of the brave
Than this place of pain and pride
Where they nobly fought and nobly died.
Never fear but in the skies
  Saints and angels stand
Smiling with their holy eyes
  On this new-come band.
St. Michael's sword darts through the air
And touches the aureole on his hair,
As he sees them stand saluting there,
  His stalwart sons;
And Patrick, Brigid, Columkill
Rejoice that in veins of warriors still
  The Gael's blood runs.
And up to heaven's doorway floats,
From the wood called Rouge Bouquet,
A delicate cloud of bugle-notes
  That softly say:
"Farewell!
Farewell!
Comrades true, born anew, peace to you!
Your souls shall be where the heroes are;
And your memory shine like the morning-star.
Brave and dear,
Shield us here.
Farewell!"

36. **St. Michael**, a warrior angel. 40. **Patrick, Brigid, Columkill**, saints of Ireland. 42. **Gael's blood**, fighting blood of the brave Irishmen of old.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Joyce Kilmer (1886-1918) was a native of New Brunswick, New Jersey. He taught for a short time, having succeeded Arthur Guiterman in the School of Journalism, New York University. He was most at home, however, as an editor and held various positions on some of the leading American periodicals. His poetry reveals a buoyant, lovable, and chivalrous personality.

Joyce Kilmer was one of the first Americans to offer his services to his country when the United States entered the World War. His position in the Intelligence Department of the army led him close to danger, for one of his duties was to precede the troops before an attack and find out the positions of the enemies' guns. After serving through almost all of the siege of the Marne, he was killed in action July 30, 1918. He was the first American man of letters to be killed in the war.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Where did these fighting men meet death? How does the refrain resemble "taps"? Notice how painstakingly the poet worked out exactly the same riming-scheme in the two stanzas; what interesting fact do you note in the twenty-second line of each stanza? What part of "taps" do these lines imitate?

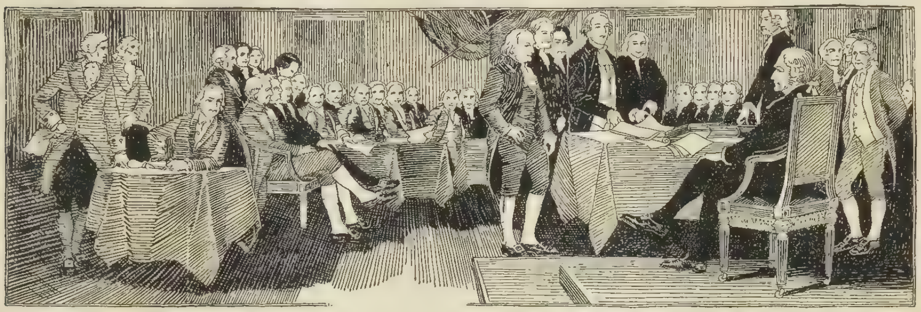
2. Why does the poet say, "There is no worthier grave"? Notice that this group of selections is called "The Eternal Spirit of Freedom"; what famous struggles for liberty are represented in the group? What other soldier-poet have you come to know in this book? Do you know of any others?

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "Main Street"; "Roofs"; "The Snowman in the Yard"; "Trees"; "To a Blackbird and His Mate Who Died in the Spring"; "Dave Lilly," Joyce Kilmer (in *Poems, Essays, and Letters*, Volume I). *The Bookman*, October, 1918, has a portrait of Joyce Kilmer; try to get a copy to show your classmates.

Suggested Problem. The selections in this group are only a few out of many such stories and poems that express the eternal spirit of freedom. Be prepared to contribute to a program of additional selections found in your outside reading.

Library Reading. "In Flanders Fields," McCrae (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "How Sleep the Brave," de la Mare, "The Hell-Gate of Soissons," Kaufman (in *Poems of the Great War*, Cunliffe); "Three Hills," Owen (in *A Book of Verse of the Great War*, Wheeler).

AMERICA'S EXPERIMENT IN DEMOCRACY



LIBERTY AND UNION

(From FAREWELL ADDRESS)

GEORGE WASHINGTON

Friends and Fellow-Citizens:

The period for a new election of a citizen, to administer the executive government of the United States, being not far distant, and the time actually arrived when your thoughts must be employed in designating the person who is to be clothed with that important trust, it appears to me proper, especially as it may conduce to a more distinct expression of the public voice, that I should now apprise you of the resolution I have formed, to decline being considered among the number of those out of whom a choice is to be made. . . .

The unity of government, which constitutes you one people, is also now dear to you. It is justly so; for it is a main pillar in the edifice of your real independence — the support of your tranquillity at home and your peace abroad, of your safety, of your prosperity, of that very liberty which you so highly prize.

But it is easy to foresee that, from different causes and from different quarters, much pains will be taken, many artifices employed, to weaken in your minds the conviction of this truth; as this is the point in your political fortress against which the batteries of internal and external enemies will be most constantly and actively, though often covertly and insidiously, directed—it is of infinite moment that you should properly estimate the immense value of your national union to your collective and individual happiness; that you should cherish a cordial, habitual, and immovable attachment to it; accustoming yourself to think and speak of it as of the palladium of your political safety and prosperity; watching for its preservation with jealous anxiety; discountenancing whatever may suggest even a suspicion that it can, in any event, be abandoned; and indignantly frowning upon the first dawning of every attempt to alienate any portion

44. **palladium** (pă-lā′dĭ-ŭm), protection.

of our country from the rest, or to enfeeble the sacred ties which now link together the various parts.

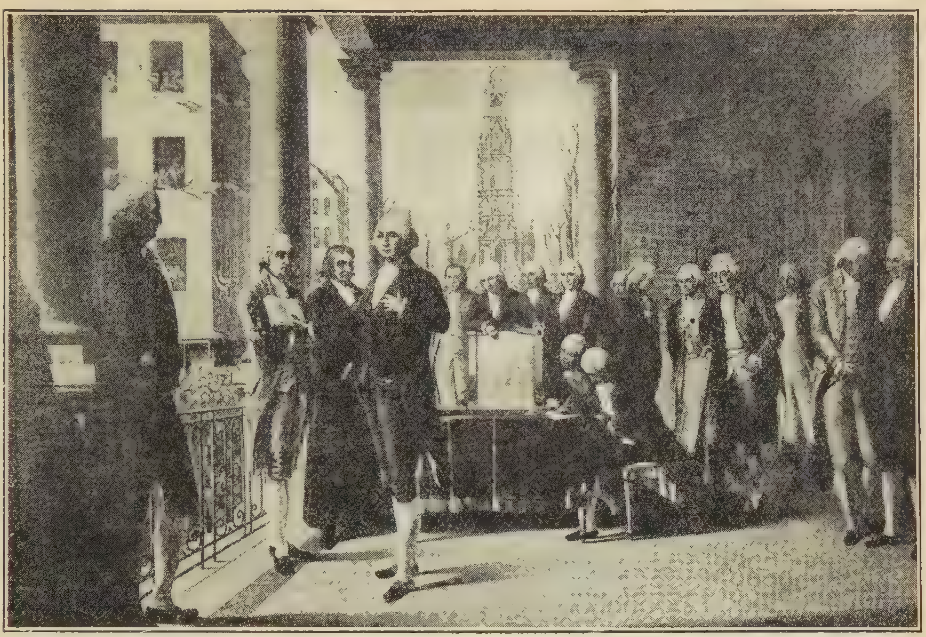
For this you have every inducement of sympathy and interest. Citizens, by birth or choice, of a common country, that country has a right to concentrate your affections. The name of American, which belongs to you, in your national capacity, must always exalt the just pride of patriotism more than any appellation derived from local discriminations. You have in a common cause fought and triumphed together; the independence and liberty you possess are the work of joint counsels and joint efforts, of common dangers, sufferings, and successes.

To the efficacy and permanency of your union a government for the whole is indispensable. No alliances, however strict, between the parts can be an adequate substitute; they must inevitably experience the infractions and interruptions which all alliances in all times have experienced. Sensible of this momentous truth, you have improved upon your first essay, by the adoption of a Constitution of Government better calculated than your former for an intimate union, and for the efficacious management of your common concerns.

This government, the offspring of our own choice, uninfluenced and unawed, adopted upon full investigation and mature deliberation, completely free in its principles, in the distribution of its powers, uniting security with energy, and containing within itself a provision for its own amendment, has a just claim to your confidence and your support. Respect for its authority, compliance with its laws, acquiescence in its measures, are duties enjoined by the fundamental maxims of true liberty. The basis of our political systems is the right of the people to make and to alter their Constitution of Government; but the Constitution which at any time exists, till changed by an explicit and authentic act of the whole people, is sacredly obligatory upon all. The very idea of the power and the right of the people to establish government presupposes the duty of every individual to obey the established government.

In all the changes to which you may be invited, remember that time and habit are at least as necessary to fix the true character of governments as of other human institutions; that experience is the surest standard by which to test the real tendency of the existing constitution of a country; that facility in changes, upon the credit of mere hypothesis and opinion, exposes to perpetual change, from the endless variety of hypothesis and opinion. And remember especially that for the efficient management of your common interest, in a country so extensive as ours, a government of as much vigor as is consistent with the perfect security of liberty is indispensable. Liberty itself will find in such a government, with powers properly distributed and adjusted, its surest guardian. It is, indeed, little else than a name where the government is too feeble to withstand the enterprises of faction, to confine each member of society within the limits prescribed by the laws, and to maintain all in the secure and tranquil enjoyment of the rights of person and property.

If, in the opinion of the people, the distribution or modification of the con-



Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

WASHINGTON'S FIRST INAUGURATION IN NEW YORK, 1789

stitutional powers be in any particular wrong, let it be corrected by an amendment in the way which the Constitution designates. But let there be no change by usurpation; for, though this, in one instance, may be the instrument of good, it is the customary weapon by which free governments are destroyed. The precedent must always greatly overbalance in permanent evil any partial or transient benefit, which the use can at any time yield.

Of all the dispositions and habits which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports. In vain would that man claim the tribute of patriotism, who should labor to subvert these great pillars of human happiness, these firmest props of the duties of men and citizens. The mere politician, equally with the pious man, ought to respect and to cherish them. A volume could not trace all their connections with private and public felicity. . . . .

It is substantially true that virtue or morality is a necessary spring of popular government. The rule, indeed, extends with more or less force to every species of free government. Who, that is a sincere friend to it, can look with indifference upon attempts to shake the foundation of the fabric? Promote then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened. . . . .

Observe good faith and justice toward all nations; cultivate peace and harmony with all: religion and morality enjoin this conduct; and can it be that good policy does not equally enjoin it? It will be worthy of a free, enlightened, and, at no distant period, a great nation to give to mankind the magnanimous and too novel example of a people always guided by an exalted justice and benevolence.

In the execution of such a plan, nothing is more essential than that permanent, inveterate antipathies against particular nations, and passionate attachments for others, should be excluded; and that, in place of them, just and amicable feelings toward all should be cultivated. The nation which indulges toward another an habitual hatred, or an habitual fondness, is in some degree a slave. . .

In offering to you, my countrymen, these counsels of an old and affectionate friend, I dare not hope they will make the strong and lasting impression I could wish; that they will control the usual current of the passions, or prevent our nation from running the course which has hitherto marked the destiny of nations. But, if I may even flatter myself that they may be productive of some partial benefit, some occasional good; that they may now and then recur to moderate the fury of party spirit, to warn against the mischiefs of foreign intrigue, to guard against the impostures of pretended patriotism; this hope will be a full recompense for the solicitude for your welfare, by which they have been dictated.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note

George Washington (1732-1799) took the oath of office as first President of the United States in 1789, having been unanimously chosen, under the new Constitution, to fill that office. He was reëlected, and served until 1797. Though urged to accept the nomination for a third term, he declined, and retired from public life to Mount Vernon, his estate in Virginia. In his "Farewell Address to the People of the United States," he impresses upon the nation the political principles which he regarded as fundamental and which had governed the policy of his administration. In Washington's day the Atlantic Ocean was a barrier between the old world and the new, and America was practically isolated; but the steamship, the cable, and the wireless have annihilated distance, and whether we wish it or not, we are forced to play our part in world-affairs.

Questions and Topics

1. Explain the occasion of this address.
2. Picture to yourself our country in Washington's time with reference to the extent of territory, the cities, and the means of transportation and communication; why is our unity of government even more remarkable than it was in 1797?
3. In the Forward Look on page 303 you found a definition of the *American idea of free government;* what advice given on page 320 shows that Washington had the same view of a successful democracy? What does Washington regard as the "firmest props of the duties of men and citizens"?
4. Why did Washington consider education so necessary in a democracy?
5. What means of changing the Constitution does the Constitution itself provide for? What great changes have been made by amendments? How many amendments have been made since the Constitution was adopted?

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. The relations of the United States to Cuba. 2. Our relations to Porto Rico. 3. Our relations to the Philippines. 4. Our relations to Hawaii.

Library Reading. "The Things That Are More Excellent," Watson (in *One Hundred and One Famous Poems*, Cook); "The Twenty-second of February," Bryant (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); *George Washington*, Hart (in *Reading with a Purpose* Series, American Library Association).

THE AMERICAN EXPERIMENT

Daniel Webster

It was the extraordinary fortune of Washington that, having been intrusted in revolutionary times with the supreme military command, and having fulfilled that trust with equal renown for wisdom and for valor, he should be placed at the head of the first government in which an attempt was to be made on a large scale to rear the fabric of social order on the basis of a written constitution and of a pure representative principle. A government was to be established, without a throne, without an aristocracy, without castes, orders, or privileges; and this government, instead of being a democracy existing and acting within the walls of a single city, was to be extended over a vast country of different climates, interests, and habits, and of various communions of our common Christian faith. The experiment certainly was entirely new. A popular government of this extent, it was evident, could be framed only by carrying into full effect the principle of representation or of delegated power; and the world was to see whether society could, by the strength of this principle, maintain its own peace and good government, carry forward its own great interests, and conduct itself to political renown and glory.

At the period of the birth of Washington there existed in Europe no political liberty in large communities except in the provinces of Holland, and except that England herself had set a great example, so far as it went, by her glorious Revolution of 1688. Everywhere else despotic power was predominant, and the feudal or military principle held the mass of mankind in hopeless bondage. One-half of Europe was crushed beneath the Bourbon scepter, and no conception of political liberty, no hope even of religious toleration, existed among that nation which was America's first ally. The king was the state, the king was the country, the king was all. There was one king, with power not derived from his people, and too high to be questioned, and the rest were all subjects, with no political right but obedience. All above was intangible power; all below was quiet subjection. A recent occurrence in the French chamber shows us how public opinion on these subjects is changed. A minister had spoken of the "king's subjects." "There are no subjects," exclaimed hundreds of voices at once, "in a country where the people make the king!"

Gentlemen, the spirit of human liberty and of free government, nurtured and grown into strength and beauty in America, has stretched its course into the midst of the nations. Like an emanation from Heaven, it has gone forth, and it will not return void. It must change, it is fast changing, the face of the earth. Our great, our high duty is to show, in our own example, that this spirit is a spirit of health as well as a spirit of power; that its benignity is as great as its strength; that its efficiency to secure

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15. **castes**, divisions of society—based on wealth and occupation.

45. **Bourbon** (bo͞or′bŭn), a French family, members of which became rulers of France, Spain, and Naples. 48. **that nation**, France.

individual rights, social relations, and moral order, is equal to the irresistible force with which it prostrates principalities and powers. The world, at this moment, is regarding us with a willing, but something of a fearful admiration. Its deep and awful anxiety is to learn whether free states may be stable as well as free; whether popular power may be trusted as well as feared; in short, whether wise, regular, and virtuous self-government is a vision for the contemplation of theorists, or a truth established, illustrated, and brought into practice in the country of Washington.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Daniel Webster (1782-1852) stands out as America's foremost orator. His eloquence, his clear thinking, and the force of his personality made him equally great, whether answering an opponent in the Senate or delivering less passionate orations on anniversary occasions. He was the champion of the idea of complete union among the states. His service in the Senate, representing not only the people of Massachusetts but all who believed with him in "Liberty and Union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and his service as Secretary of State in President Tyler's cabinet, made him one of America's great statesmen.

Questions and Topics

1. This selection is taken from an address, "The Character of Washington," delivered at a public dinner in Washington, D. C., on February 22, 1832, the centennial of Washington's birthday; why was a discussion of the "American Experiment" especially appropriate on such an occasion?

2. How does Daniel Webster in the first paragraph define this experiment? Explain the two distinctive features of the experiment. Why was the use of "the principle of representation" so necessary in the American experiment in free government?

3. In the second paragraph Webster reviews the situation with reference to political liberty in Europe; what change in France within the century does he note? Can you mention any like changes in Europe since Webster's time?

4. In the last paragraph what prophecy does Webster make? To what extent has this prophecy come true?

5. Read again what is said in the first paragraph of the Forward Look on page 303 about the "Great American Experiment"; what similar ideas do you get from the first paragraphs of Webster's address? Find in the last paragraph lines that you think aptly express America's situation in the world today.

Library Reading. "Unmanifest Destiny," Hovey (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "America," Dobell (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume II, Markham); "The Present Crisis," Lowell (in *One Hundred and One Famous Poems*, Cook).

THE POOR VOTER ON ELECTION DAY

John Greenleaf Whittier

The proudest now is but my peer,
  The highest not more high;
Today, of all the weary year,
  A king of men am I.
Today, alike are great and small,
  The nameless and the known.
My palace is the people's hall;
  The ballot box my throne!

Who serves today upon the list
  Besides the served shall stand;
Alike the brown and wrinkled fist,
  The gloved and dainty hand!
The rich is level with the poor;
  The weak is strong today;
And sleekest broadcloth counts no more
  Than homespun frock of gray.
Today let pomp and vain pretense
  My stubborn right abide;

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1. **peer**, equal. 9. **list**, of voters.

I set a plain man's common sense
Against the pedant's pride.
Today shall simple manhood try
The strength of gold and land;
The wide world has not wealth to buy
The power in my right hand!

While there's a grief to seek redress,
Or balance to adjust,
Where weighs our living manhood less
Than Mammon's vilest dust—
While there's a right to need my vote,
A wrong to sweep away,
Up! clouted knee and ragged coat!
A man's a man today!

18. **My stubborn right abide,** acknowledge my power today. 20. **pedant** (pĕd′nt), one who lays too much stress on book learning. 21. **try the strength of gold,** test the real power of wealth. 28. **Mammon,** the god of riches. 31. **clouted,** patched.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 107.

Questions and Topics

1. What does the poor voter mean when he says, "Today a king of men am I"? What sentence in the Declaration of Independence does the poem help to make clear? Explain each of the comparisons found in the second and third stanzas of the poem.

2. Why is it so important in a democracy that there be no "slackers" among the citizens entitled to vote? In some communities voters are "tagged" at the polls in order to make conspicuous and ashamed those who have not voted; what is the situation in an ideal community? In a democracy why is voting on election day a citizen's duty?

Class Reading. Bring to class and read editorials that urge reforms in some of the things that Whittier calls "wrongs to sweep away."

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. A good citizen always votes on election day. 2. Extension of suffrage through amendments to the Constitution. 3. What proportion of the citizens in your community vote at elections?

Debate. Resolved: that habitual non-voters should lose their right to vote.

Library Reading. "The Common Street," Cone (in *New Voices*, Wilkinson); "Riches," Loveman (in *High Tide*, Richards).

WASHINGTON STANDS ALONE*

Calvin Coolidge

. . . Washington has come to be known to the public almost exclusively as the Virginia colonel who accompanied the unfortunate expedition of General Braddock, as the commander-in-chief of the Continental Army during the Revolutionary War, as the first President of the United States, and as the master of the beautiful estate at Mount Vernon. This general estimate is based to a large extent on the command he held in time of war and the public office he held in time of peace. A recital of his courage and patriotism, his loyalty and devotion, his self-sacrifice, his refusal to be king, will always arouse the imagination and inspire the soul of everyone who loves his country. Nothing can detract from the exalted place which this record entitles him to hold. But he has an appeal even broader than this, which today is equally valuable to the people of the United States. Not many of our citizens are to be called on to take high commands or to hold high public office. We are all necessarily engaged in the ordinary affairs of life. As a valuable example to youth and to maturity, the experience of Washington in these directions is worthy of much more attention than it has received.

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*From an address delivered before the Congress of the United States, February 22, 1927.

We all share in the benefits which accrued from the independence he won and the free republic he did so much to establish. We need a diligent comprehension and understanding of the great principles of government which he wrought out, but we shall also secure a wide, practical advantage if we go beyond this record, already so eloquently expounded, and consider him also as a man of affairs. It was in this field that he developed that executive ability which he later displayed in the camp and in the council chamber.

It ought always to be an inspiration to the young people of the country to know that from earliest youth Washington showed a disposition to make the most of his opportunities. He was diligently industrious—a most admirable and desirable, if seemingly uninteresting, trait. His father, who had been educated in England, died when his son was eleven years old. His mother had but moderate educational advantages. There were no great incentives to learning in Virginia in 1732, and the facilities for acquiring knowledge were still meager. The boy might well have grown up with very little education, but his eager mind and indomitable will led him to acquire learning and information despite the handicaps surrounding him.

His formal schooling, which was of a rather primitive character, ended at the age of thirteen. His copy and exercise books, still in existence, contain forms of bills, receipts, and like documents, showing he had devoted considerable time to that branch of his studies. He was preparing himself to be a practical business man. When his regular instruction ended, his education was just beginning. It continued up to his death, December 14, 1799. If ever there was a self-made man, it was George Washington. Through all his later years he was constantly absorbing knowledge from contact with men, from reading whenever time and facilities permitted, and from a wide correspondence.

When sixteen he became a surveyor, and for four years earned a living and much experience in that calling. Although considerable has been written about it, not many people think of our first President as an agriculturist. He prepared a treatise on this subject. Those who have studied this phase of his life tell us he was probably the most successful owner and director of an agricultural estate in his day. A visitor in 1785 declared "Washington's greatest pride was to be thought the first farmer in America." . . .

He always had a great affection for Mount Vernon. He increased his land holdings from 2500 to over 8000 acres, 3200 of which he had under cultivation at one time.

His estate was managed in a thoroughly businesslike fashion. He kept a very careful set of account books for it, as he did for his other enterprises. Overseers made weekly statements showing just how long each laborer had been employed, what crops had been planted or gathered. While he was absent, reports were sent to him, and he replied in long letters of instruction, displaying wonderful familiarity with details. He was one of the first converts to the benefits of scientific fertilization and to the rotation of crops, for that purpose making elaborate tables covering five-year periods. He overlooked no detail in carrying on his farm according to the practice of those days, producing on the premises most of the things needed there, even to shoes and textiles. He began the daily round of his fields at sunrise, and often removed his coat and helped his men in the work of the day. . . .

He was engaged in many business enterprises. That of the Dismal Swamp, comprising drainage and lumber operations south of Norfolk, was handled efficiently by Washington for five years subsequent to 1763. In addition to his land holdings, wisely chosen, the rise in value of which accounted in no small degree for his fortune, Washington participated in a number of real estate and transportation companies. As a private citizen he was constantly on the outlook for sound investments and for ways to increase his capital. In the purchase of frontier lands and in the promotion of plans for the building up and development of new parts of the country he was performing important public service. . . .

After thirteen years of effort Washington forced the British Government to give to the Virginia veterans of the French and Indian wars the 200,000 acres of western lands promised by the governor of that colony. His management and distribution of these bounties were carried out in an eminently efficient and satisfactory manner. He acquired two large farms in Maryland. During a trip in New York State, in 1783, he saw the possibilities of a waterway from the sea to the Great Lakes by way of the Hudson River and the Mohawk Valley—the present route of a great barge canal. Because of his business vision he joined with General Clinton in the purchase of 6000 acres near Utica.

To Washington, the man of affairs, we owe our national banks, for had he followed the advice of other leaders, great but less enlightened on matters of finance, the plans of Alexander Hamilton would not have been realized. As a result of the war, the country was deeply in debt and had no credit, but the solution of our financial difficulties suggested by the first Secretary of the Treasury was opposed by those from rural communities. They argued that the large commercial cities would dominate to the detriment of other parts of the country. Both Jefferson, Secretary of State, and Randolph, Attorney General, in writing opposed the incorporation by Congress of a national bank. They were joined by Madison and Monroe. All argued against the constitutionality of this proposition. Hamilton answered their arguments fully in his famous opinion. But had the President not been a man of affairs, had he not been for many years a large holder of stock in the Bank of England, coming from the estate of Daniel Parke Custis, he might have yielded to the opposition. Because he knew something about bank accounts and bank credits the

3. **rotation of crops**, promoting the fertility of the soil by planting different crops on the same piece of ground before again planting the original crop. 16. **Dismal Swamp**, in parts of Virginia and North Carolina.

52. **General Clinton**, governor of New York. 58. **Alexander Hamilton**, Secretary of the Treasury, 1789-1795.

bill was signed and the foundation of our financial system laid. . . .

After his retirement from the presidency in March, 1797, Washington spent more than two and a half happy years at Mount Vernon. In his last summer he made a will, one of the most remarkable documents of its kind of which we have record. Again he showed his versatility in disposing of his many properties under a variety of bequests and conditions without legal advice. It has been called an autobiographic will—it shows in its manifold provisions his charitable thoughtfulness for his dependents and his solicitude for the future welfare of his country.

As President he was always an exponent of sound and honest public finance. He advocated the payment of our debts in full to holders of record, and the assumption by the nation of the debts incurred by the various states to carry on the Revolution. His support of financial integrity, because it was morally right, strengthened the Union.

This practical ability and interest in broad and general affairs made him one of the first to realize that the future of the American empire lay in the regions beyond the Alleghenies in the territory of the Ohio and the Mississippi. Because of this belief, he is said to have been the moving spirit in the first plans for the organization of our public lands. His association with the West may have started in the period 1749-1751, when he assisted his brother Lawrence in his various business enterprises, among them the Ohio Company, which had a grant of 500,000 acres of land on the east side of the Ohio River. The French having driven out the early British settlers who had started a fort where Pittsburgh now stands, Washington, at the age of twenty-one, volunteered to head an expedition for its recovery. The comprehensive report of this young man was considered of enough importance to be sent from London to all the European capitals, by way of justifying Great Britain in making war upon France. In 1763 he organized the Mississippi Company to take the place of the Ohio Company, which was one of the casualties of the war. He applied for a grant of 1,000,000 acres of land, though he did not receive it. But he made his own investments so that in the schedule of his property attached to his will we find western lands appraised at over $400,000—along the Ohio, the Great Kanawha, in western Pennsylvania, in Kentucky, and in the Northwest Territory.

Having a vision of what the West meant in the future prosperity of the new Republic, Washington in 1784 journeyed out into the wilds. His diary of the trip is filled with interest and enthusiasm over the possibilities of that region. Hulbert, who has made a study of it, calls him our first expansionist, the originator of the idea of possessing the West through commercial relations. "It was a pioneer idea, instinct with genius," this author writes, "and Washington's advocacy of it marks him as the first commercial American, the first man typical of the America that was to be." Due to his investments, he became the president of the James River Company and of the Potomac River Company, organized in 1785 to look into the possibility of opening navigation through to the West. To the

Potomac Company, which involved the first interstate-commerce negotiations in this country, he devoted four years of service. It has been thought that these negotiations entered into by Washington led up almost directly to the calling of the Constitutional Convention. They revealed clearly the difficulty under the Articles of Confederation of accomplishing anything involving the welfare of all the states and showed the need of a more strongly centralized National Government. His ability as a business man was the strong support of his statesmanship. It made his political ideas intensely practical.

Washington's Atlantic-Mississippi waterway plan was never carried out. But his advocacy of it without doubt had much to do with preventing a break in the Union, which threatened serious consequences. The people of western North Carolina, now Tennessee, shut off from the east by mountains, had no outlet to the sea other than the Mississippi; and Spain, controlling the mouth of this river, levied heavy tribute on all commerce passing through it. Disappointed at the inability of the National Government to get concessions from Spain, they, in 1784, established a separate state and started negotiations for an association with that foreign country. This action was rescinded after Washington put forth his waterway plan.

That he should have been responsible in large measure for the opening of the West and for calling attention to the commercial advantages the country might derive therefrom is by no means the least of his benefactions to the nation. He demonstrated that those who develop our resources, whether along agricultural, commercial, and industrial lines, or in any other field of endeavor, are entitled to the approval, rather than the censure of their countrymen.

Washington was a builder—a creator. He had a national mind. He was constantly warning his countrymen of the danger of settling problems in accordance with sectional interests. His ideas in regard to the opening of our western territory were thought out primarily for the benefit of the nation. It has been said that he would have been "the greatest man in America had there been no Revolutionary War."

He was largely instrumental in selecting the site for our National Capital, influenced in no small degree by his vision of the commercial possibilities of this locality. It included his plan of the waterway to the West, through the Potomac, the Monongahela, and the Ohio Rivers, which he used to speak of as "the channel of commerce to the extensive and valuable trade of a rising empire." He, of course, could not foresee the development of railway transportation and the great ocean-going vessels, because of which the seat of our government became separated from active contact with commerce and was left to develop as the cultural and intellectual center of the Nation. Due to the genius of L'Enfant, the great engineer, this city from the first has had a magnificent plan of development. Its adoption was due in no small degree to the engineering foresight and executive ability of Washington. By 1932 we shall have made

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82. **L'Enfant** (lŏn-fŏn'), the planner of Washington, D. C., under the direction of Washington.

Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT, WASHINGTON, D. C.

much progress toward perfecting the ideal city planned by him in the closing days of the eighteenth century.

Washington had the ability to translate ideals into the practical affairs of life. He was interested in what he believed contributed to the betterment of everyday existence. Perhaps because he realized the deficiency of his own early education, he was solicitous to provide liberal facilities for the youth of the future. Because as a man of affairs he knew the everyday uses of learning, in an early message to the Congress and in his will he sought methods for the establishment of a national university. Even in his Farewell Address we find this exhortation:

"Promote, then, as an object of primary importance, institutions for the general diffusion of knowledge. In proportion as the structure of a government gives force to public opinion, it is essential that public opinion should be enlightened."

He desired his system of education to be thoroughly American and thoroughly national. It was to support the people in a knowledge of their rights, in the creation of a republican spirit, and in the maintenance of the Union.

It was with the same clear vision that he looked upon religion. For him there was little in it of emotionalism. He placed it on a firmer, more secure foundation, and stated the benefits which would accrue to his country as the results of faith in spiritual things. He recognized that religion was the main support of free institutions. . . .

Without bigotry, without intolerance, he appeals to the highest spiritual nature of mankind. His genius has filled the earth. He has been recognized abroad as "the greatest man of our own or any age." He loved his fellow men. He loved his country. . . .

He was an idealist in the sense that he had a very high standard of private and public honor. He was a prophet to the extent of being able to forecast with remarkable vision the growth of the Nation he founded and the changing conditions which it would meet. But essentially he was a very practical man. He analyzed the problems before him with a clear intellect. Having a thorough understanding, he attacked them with courage and energy, with patience and persistence. He brought things to pass. When Patrick Henry was asked in 1774 who he thought was the greatest man in the Continental Congress he replied:

"If you speak of eloquence, Mr. Rutledge, of South Carolina, is by far the greatest orator; but if you speak of solid information and sound judgment, Colonel Washington is unquestionably the greatest man on that floor."

His accomplishments were great because of an efficiency which marked his every act and a sublime, compelling faith in the ultimate triumph of the right. As we study his daily life, as we read his letters, his diaries, his state papers, we come to realize more and more his wisdom, his energy, and his efficiency. He had the moral efficiency of an abiding religious faith, emphasizing the importance of the spiritual side of man, the social efficiency shown by his interest in his fellow men, and in his realization of the inherent strength of a people united by a sense of equality and freedom, the business efficiency of a man of affairs, of the owner and manager of large properties, the governmental efficiency of the head of a new nation, who, taking an untried political system, made it operate successfully, of a leader able to adapt the relations of the government to the people. He understood how to translate political theory into a workable scheme of government. . . .

It is a mark of a great man that he surrounds himself by great men. Washington placed in the most important positions in his Cabinet, Jefferson, with his advocacy of the utmost degree of local self-government and of state rights, and Hamilton, whose theories of a strong national government led him to advocate the appointment of state governors by the President. Either theory carried to the extreme soon would have brought disaster to what has proved the most successful experiment in liberty under proper governmental restraint in the history of the world.

It is due to his memory that we guard the sovereign rights of the individual states under our Constitution with the same solicitude that we maintain the authority of the Federal Government in all matters vital to our continued national existence.

Such is the background of a man performing the ordinary duties of life. As it was George Washington, of course he performed them extraordinarily well. The principles which he adopted in his early youth and maintained throughout his years are the source of all true greatness. Unless we understand this side of him we shall fail in our comprehension of his true character. It was because of this training that he was able to assume the leadership of an almost impossible cause, carry it on through a long period of discouragement and defeat, and bring it to a successful conclusion. In advance of all others, he saw that war was coming. With an army that was never large and constantly shifting, poorly supported by a confederation inexperienced, inefficient, and lacking in almost all the essential elements of a government, he was victorious over the armies of seasoned troops commanded by Howe, Burgoyne, Clinton, and Cornwallis, supported by one of the most stable and solid of governments, possessed of enormous revenue and ample credit, representing the first military power of the world.

As an example of generalship, extending over a series of years from the siege of Boston to the fall of Yorktown, the Commander-in-Chief of the Continental Armies holds a position that is unrivaled in the history of warfare. He never wavered, he never faltered from the day he modestly undertook the tremendous task of leading a revolution to the day when with equal modesty he surrendered his commission to the representatives of the independent Colonies. He triumphed over a people in the height of their glory who had acknowledged no victor for seven hundred years.

Washington has come to personify the American Republic. He presided over the convention that framed our Constitution. The weight of his great name was the deciding factor in securing its adoption by the States. These results could never have been secured had it not been recognized that he would be the first President. When we realize what it meant to take thirteen distracted Colonies, impoverished, envious, and hostile, and weld them into an orderly federation under the authority of a central government, we can form some estimate of the influence of this great man. But when we go further and remember that the Government which he did so much to bring into being not only did not falter when he retired from its administration, but, withstanding every assault, has constantly grown stronger with the passage of time and been found adequate to meet the needs of nearly 120,000,000 people occupying half a continent and constituting the greatest power the world has ever known, we can judge something of the breadth and soundness of his statesmanship.

We have seen many soldiers who have left behind them little but the memory of their conflicts, but among all the victors the power to establish among a great people a form of self-government which the test of experience has shown will endure was bestowed upon Washington, and Washington alone. Many others have been able to destroy. He was able to construct. That he had around him many great minds does not detract from his glory. His was the directing spirit without which there would have been no independence, no Union, no Constitution, and no Republic. His ways were the ways of truth. He built for eternity. His influence grows. His stature increases with the increasing years. In wisdom of action, in purity of character, he stands alone. We can not yet estimate him. We can only indicate our reverence for him and thank the Divine Providence which sent him to serve and inspire his fellow men.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Explanatory Note

Calvin Coolidge (1872-1933) thirtieth president of the United States, was born in Plymouth, Vermont. He received his education at Amherst College and later studied law in Northampton, Massachusetts, where he began to practice in 1897. He served as lieutenant-governor and governor of Massachusetts, from which position he was elected vice-president of the United States.

On the death of President Harding, Calvin Coolidge became President. The oath of office was administered by his father, a notary public, at his paternal home in Plymouth, Vermont, on the third of August, 1923.

President Coolidge made this Address before the Congress, sitting in joint session in the House of Representatives, February 22, 1927. The president said, "On the twenty-second day of February, 1932, America will celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the birth of George Washington.

"Wherever there are those who love ordered liberty, they may well join in the observance of this event. Although he belongs to us, yet by being a great American he became a great world figure. It is but natural that here under the shadow of the stately monument rising to his memory, in the Capital City bearing his name, the country made independent by his military genius, and the Republic established by his statesmanship, should begin preparations to proclaim the immortal honor in which we hold the Father of our Country.

"In recognition of the importance of this coming anniversary, more than two years ago the Congress passed a joint resolution establishing a commission, which was directed to have this address made to the American people reminding them of the reason and purpose for holding the coming celebration."

Questions and Topics

1. President Coolidge says, "Washington from earliest youth showed a disposition to make the most of his opportunities"; in what ways is this quality shown?

2. The President thinks it important for us "to consider Washington as a man of affairs"; what ability did Washington gain from his business experiences? Mention some of his business connections.

3. What land holdings at Mount Vernon had Washington? Show that he managed his estate in a businesslike manner.

4. Washington has been called "our first expansionist" because he originated the idea of possessing the West through commercial relations; what shows that Washington had faith in this pioneer idea?

5. What principles adopted by Washington in his youth and maintained throughout his life are regarded by Mr. Coolidge as "the source of all true greatness"? In what things does the President say that "Washington stands alone"?

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." 2. "The power to establish among a great people a form of self-government which the test of experience has shown will endure was bestowed upon Washington, and Washington alone." 3. Washington's part in gaining our inheritance of freedom. 4. Washington's part in establishing a self-governing republic.

Library Reading. "George Washington," Holland (in *Historic Boyhoods*); "The Home of the First Farmer of America" (with illustrations), Shoults (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1928); "Young Washington," Guiterman (in *I Sing the Pioneer*); "The Character of Washington," Jefferson (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "The Message of Washington," Cleveland (in *Democracy Today*, Gauss); "The Ghost That Haunted Wall Street," Bailey (in *Broad Stripes and Bright Stars*, Chapter X).

GETTYSBURG ADDRESS

Abraham Lincoln

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great civil war; testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we cannot dedicate—we cannot consecrate—we cannot hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here have consecrated it far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note

Abraham Lincoln (1809-1865), the sixteenth President of the United States, was born on a farm near Hodgensville, Kentucky. When he was seven years old, the Lincoln family moved to Indiana, and in 1830 to Illinois. Lincoln's boyhood was full of hardships and privation. He was able to attend school only a few months altogether, but he had a small number of good books, which he read again and again. By hard struggles he educated himself, became a lawyer, a member of Congress, and in 1860 was elected President. He was assassinated by an actor named Booth, April 14, 1865. There are many memorials to Lincoln: the farm where he was born was presented to the nation in 1916; the Abraham Lincoln Memorial in Washington, D.C., stands in Potomac Park, near the shore of the Potomac River; there is a beautiful monument in Springfield, Illinois, where he is buried; a national highway crossing the continent from east to west has been named the Lincoln Highway; one of the most famous statues of Lincoln is the one made by Saint Gaudens, which stands in Lincoln Park, Chicago.

After the battle was fought at Gettysburg, Pennsylvania, on July 1-2, 1863, the battleground became a national cemetery in which thousands of soldiers from the north and south were buried. On November 19, 1863, a large crowd of people met there to dedicate the ground. Lincoln was asked to be present and to say a few words at the dedication. Contrary to his prediction in the Address, the world *has* "noted and remembered" what he said on that occasion. Like all his writings, the Address shows intense thought and feeling expressed in simple words. Edward Everett, who delivered the oration of the day, wrote to Lincoln, "I should be glad if I could flatter myself that I came as near the central idea of the occasion in two hours as you did in two minutes."

Questions and Topics

1. "Four score and seven years"; to what date and event does this refer? Read the words which tell you that Lincoln was un-

conscious of the fact that he was able to produce a literary masterpiece.

2. Do you think that the prophecy, "the world will little note nor long remember" the words uttered on that occasion, has been fulfilled? What parts of the speech are most frequently quoted?

3. Locate on a map of the United States the battle ground at Gettysburg. A section of this region has now become a national park.

4. In a speech delivered in Independence Hall in 1861, just before he became President, Lincoln said, "I have never had a feeling, politically, that did not spring from the sentiments embodied in the Declaration of Independence . . . It was not the mere matter of the separation of the colonies from the motherland, but that sentiment in the Declaration of Independence which gave liberty, not alone to the people of this country but, I hope, to the world, for all future time"; what is the sentence in the Declaration of Independence to which Lincoln refers? Memorize the address.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "Abraham Lincoln," Stoddard (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*).

Magazine Reading. You will be interested in seeing the established version of the "Gettysburg Address." Draw from the library and bring to class "Lincoln's Gettysburg Address," *The Century*, for February, 1894; note Lincoln's handwriting; compare the three versions of the address: Lincoln's first draft, the Associated Press report, and Lincoln's revised autograph copy. Show the accepted version to the class.

Library Reading. "The Dead," Brooke (in *A Book of Verse of the Great War*, Wheeler); "Abraham Lincoln at Gettysburg," Mason (in *Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book*); "The Heritage of Noble Lives," Roosevelt (in *American Ideals and Other Essays*, Chapter I).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Woodrow Wilson

No more significant memorial could have been presented to the nation than this. It expresses so much of what is singular and noteworthy in the history of the country; it suggests so many of the things that we prize most highly in our life and in our system of government. How eloquent this little house within this shrine is of the vigor of democracy! There is nowhere in the land any home so remote, so humble, that it may not contain the power of mind and heart and conscience to which nations yield and history submits its processes. Nature pays no tribute to aristocracy, subscribes to no creed of caste, renders fealty to no monarch or master of any name or kind. Genius is no snob. It does not run after titles or seek by preference the high circles of society. It affects humble company as well as great. It pays no special tribute to universities or learned societies or conventional standards of greatness, but serenely chooses its own comrades, its own haunts, its own cradle even, and its own life of adventure and of training. Here is proof of it. This little hut was the cradle of one of the great sons of men, a man of singular, delightful, vital genius who presently emerged upon the great stage of the nation's history, gaunt, shy, ungainly, but dominant and majestic, a natural ruler of men,

1. **memorial.** See Explanatory note, page 338. 14. **submits its processes**, depends upon for its development. 17. **caste**, social distinction.

21. **affects**, likes.

himself inevitably the central figure of the great plot. No man can explain this, but every man can see how it demonstrates the vigor of democracy, where every door is open, in every hamlet and countryside, in city and wilderness alike, for the ruler to emerge when he will and claim his leadership in the free life. Such are the authentic proofs of the validity and vitality of democracy.

Here, no less, hides the mystery of democracy. Who shall guess this secret of nature and providence and a free polity? Whatever the vigor and vitality of the stock from which he sprang, its mere vigor and soundness do not explain where this man got his great heart that seemed to comprehend all mankind in its catholic and benignant sympathy, the mind that sat enthroned behind those brooding, melancholy eyes, whose vision swept many an horizon which those about him dreamed not of—that mind that comprehended what it had never seen, and understood the language of affairs with the ready ease of one to the manner born—or that nature which seemed in its varied richness to be the familiar of men of every way of life. This is the sacred mystery of democracy; that its richest fruits spring up out of soils which no man has prepared and in circumstances amidst which they are the least expected. This is a place alike of mystery and of reassurance.

It is likely that in a society ordered otherwise than our own Lincoln could not have found himself or the path of fame and power upon which he walked serenely to his death. In this place it is right that we should remind ourselves of the solid and striking facts upon which our faith in democracy is founded. Many another man besides Lincoln has served the nation in its highest places of counsel and of action whose origins were as humble as his. Though the greatest example of the universal energy, richness, stimulation, and force of democracy, he is only one example among many. The permeating and all-pervasive virtue of the freedom which challenges us in America to make the most of every gift and power we possess, every page of our history serves to emphasize and illustrate. Standing here in this place, it seems almost the whole of the stirring story.

Here Lincoln had his beginnings. Here the end and consummation of that great life seem remote and a bit incredible. And yet there was no break anywhere between beginning and end, no lack of natural sequence anywhere. Nothing really incredible happened. Lincoln was unaffectedly as much at home in the White House as he was here. Do you share with me the feeling, I wonder, that he was permanently at home nowhere? It seems to me that in the case of a man—I would rather say of a spirit—like Lincoln the question *where* he was is of little significance, that it is always *what* he was that really arrests our thought and takes hold of our imagination. It is the spirit always that is sovereign. Lincoln, like the rest of us, was put through the discipline of the world—a very rough and exacting discipline for him, an indispensable discipline for every man who would know what he is about in the midst of the world's affairs; but his spirit got only its schooling there. It did not derive its character or its vision from the experiences which brought it to its

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2. **great plot**, profound events. 20. **catholic**, universal. 28. **to the manner born**, as if born to fill that very place in life. 31. **familiar of men**, companion of people.

full revelation. The test of every American must always be, not where he is, but what he is. That, also, is of the essence of democracy, and is the moral of which this place is most gravely expressive.

We would like to think of men like Lincoln and Washington as typical Americans, but no man can be typical who is so unusual as these great men were. It was typical of American life that it should produce such men with supreme indifference as to the manner in which it produced them, and as readily here in this hut as amidst the little circle of cultivated gentlemen to whom Virginia owed so much in leadership and example. And Lincoln and Washington were typical Americans in the use they made of their genius. But there will be few such men at best, and we will not look into the mystery of how and why they come. We will only keep the door open for them always, and a hearty welcome—after we have recognized them.

I have read many biographies of Lincoln; I have sought out with the greatest interest the many intimate stories that are told of him, the narratives of near-by friends, the sketches at close quarters, in which those who had the privilege of being associated with him have tried to depict for us the very man himself "in his habit as he lived"; but I have nowhere found a real intimate of Lincoln's. I nowhere get the impression in any narrative or reminiscence that the writer had in fact penetrated to the heart of his mystery, or that any man could penetrate to the heart of it. That brooding spirit had no real familiars. I get the impression that it never spoke out in complete self-revelation, and that it could not reveal itself completely to anyone. It was a very lonely spirit that looked out from underneath those shaggy brows and comprehended men without fully communing with them, as if, in spite of all its genial efforts at comradeship, it dwelt apart, saw its visions of duty where no man looked on. There is a very holy and very terrible isolation for the conscience of every man who seeks to read the destiny in affairs for others as well as for himself, for a nation as well as for individuals. That privacy no man can intrude upon. That lonely search of the spirit for the right perhaps no man can assist. This strange child of the cabin kept company with invisible things, was born into no intimacy but that of his own silently assembling and deploying thoughts.

I have come here today, not to utter a eulogy on Lincoln; he stands in need of none, but to endeavor to interpret the meaning of this gift to the nation of the place of his birth and origin. Is not this an altar upon which we may forever keep alive the vestal fire of democracy as upon a shrine at which some of the deepest and most sacred hopes of mankind may from age to age be rekindled? For these hopes must constantly be rekindled and only those who live can rekindle them. The only stuff that can retain the life-giving heat is the stuff of living hearts. And the hopes of mankind cannot be kept alive by words merely, by constitutions and doctrines of right and codes of liberty. The object of democracy is to transmute these into the life and action of society, the self-denial and self-sacrifice of heroic men and women willing to make their lives an embodiment of right and service and enlightened purpose. The commands

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56. **read the destiny**, etc., judge what are the best courses to follow, for the general good. 65. **deploying**, enlarging.

of democracy are as imperative as its privileges and opportunities are wide and generous. Its compulsion is upon us. It will be great and lift a great light for the guidance of the nations only if we are great and carry that light high for the guidance of our own feet. We are not worthy to stand here unless we ourselves be in deed and in truth real democrats and servants of mankind, ready to give our very lives for the freedom and justice and spiritual exaltation of the great nation which shelters and nurtures us.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Thomas Woodrow Wilson (1856-1924), twenty-eighth President of the United States, was born in Staunton, Virginia. His father was a Scotch-Irish Presbyterian minister and his mother was the daughter of a clergyman of the same faith. Wilson entered Princeton University in 1875 and was called "Tom" until he was graduated, in 1879, when he dropped his first name and was known thereafter as Woodrow Wilson. In college he was known as a man of strong character, and he showed a great enthusiasm for outdoor sports. He also sang in the glee club and became one of the leading debaters for Princeton.

After a brief attempt to practice law, in Atlanta, Georgia, Woodrow Wilson decided to pursue the study of government and history at Johns Hopkins University, where he received the degree of Ph.D. in 1886. He began his teaching career at Bryn Mawr College as associate professor of History and Political Economy. After three years he took a similar position at Wesleyan University, in Connecticut. He entered the faculty of Princeton University as a professor in 1890, and in 1902 was made president of that institution.

Both as professor and president at Princeton, Wilson displayed great interest in the political questions of the day, and through his articles and addresses he speedily won for himself a national reputation. In 1910 he was elected governor of New Jersey, from which position he was elected to the Presidency of the United States, in 1912, and reëlected four years later. Wilson served as President of his country throughout the difficult period of the World War.

Wilson was, above all presidents who preceded him, preëminently a man of letters. He had a wide and profound acquaintance with literature. The bibliography of his published writings and addresses contains some three hundred entries, which have chiefly to do with the governmental problems of the people.

A very fitting tribute to Wilson, man of letters, was written by John H. Finley:

"Woodrow Wilson will be remembered long after his name becomes but one of a hundred or hundreds in the lengthening list of Presidents' names, as the author of words upon which the nation hung—words that caused the millions to pause in their fighting and which became the basis of the parley of peace—words which framed a covenant for the 'enduring' peace of the world. They are only words, but they carry an exalted hope of humanity and must some day find their guerdon in deed."

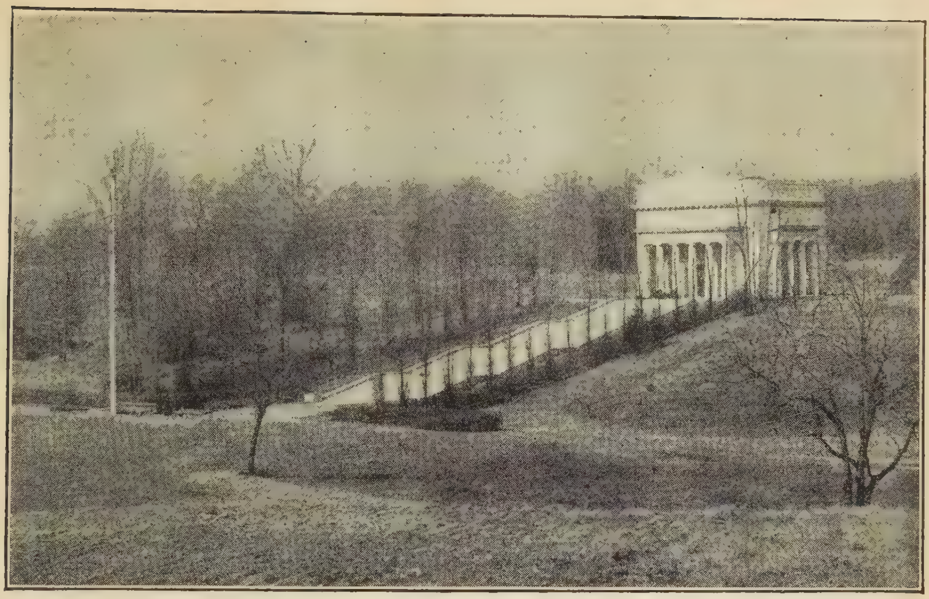
Explanatory Note

This address was delivered September 4, 1916, by Mr. Wilson when the Lincoln birthplace farm near Hodgensville, Kentucky, was presented to the nation and accepted by the War Department. By popular subscription the log cabin itself was inclosed in an imposing granite memorial building, shown in the picture on page 339.

Questions and Topics

1. How does Lincoln's life demonstrate "the vigor of democracy"? Discuss, "Genius is no snob." What sentence in the second paragraph describes Lincoln? What do you think of this sentence as an example of saying much in a few words?

2. What are some of the "mysteries of democracy" which Lincoln's life expressed?



From the original owned by Chicago Historical Society

THE LINCOLN MEMORIAL AT HODGENSVILLE

How do your school and other democratic institutions help you "to make the most of every gift and power you possess"? What is the "test of every American"? In what way were Washington and Lincoln typical Americans?

3. In what way might "this cabin keep alive the hopes of mankind" even better than "constitutions, doctrines of right, and codes of liberty"? What is your opinion of people who are willing to enjoy the privileges of the society to which they belong, but are not willing to share its duties? What is expected of "real democrats"?

4. Which sentence best visualizes for you the occasion—the cabin and the crowds listening to the President? Be prepared to read to the class a sentence selected because it seemed especially significant to you.

Class Reading. See *Collier's* for September 9, 1916, for an illustrated description of the acceptance of the memorial.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. Other great Americans of humble origin. 2. The best "intimate" story I know about Lincoln.

Suggested Problem. Arrange a program for the celebration of Lincoln's Birthday, in your school. (*a*) You may have a bulletin board exhibit of Lincoln pictures; (*b*) talks about some prominent Lincoln Memorials, such as The Lincoln Memorial at Washington, D.C., The Nancy Hanks Memorial, The Home of Lincoln at Springfield, Illinois, The Hodgensville Farm, Kentucky; (*c*) famous statues of Lincoln, such as, St. Gaudens's, Lincoln Park, Chicago; Statue in Lincoln Memorial, Washington, D.C., by Daniel Chester French; (*d*) appreciations of Lincoln, such as, "O Captain! My Captain!" Whitman; "Lincoln, the Man of the People," Markham; (*e*) sayings of Lincoln, such as the following, "Let us have faith that right makes might." "The face of an old friend is like a ray of sunshine through dark and gloomy clouds." "All that I am and all that I ever hope to be I owe to my angel mother." "I do the very best I know how; the very best I can; and I mean to keep doing so until the end." From your collected material you may arrange a program for the celebration to which you may wish to invite your parents.

Library Reading. *Abraham Lincoln*, Sandburg; *He Knew Lincoln*, Tarbell; *Boy's Life of Lincoln*, Nicolay; "Abraham Lincoln," Holland (in *Historic Boyhoods*); "Abraham Lincoln," Stoddard (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*).

OUR RESPONSIBILITIES AS A NATION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

No people on earth have more cause to be thankful than ours, and this is said reverently, in no spirit of boastfulness in our own strength, but with gratitude to the Giver of Good, who has blessed us with the conditions which have enabled us to achieve so large a measure of well-being and of happiness. To us as a people it has been granted to lay the foundations of our national life in a new continent. We are the heirs of the ages, and yet we have had to pay few of the penalties which in old countries are exacted by the dead hand of a bygone civilization. We have not been obliged to fight for our existence against any alien race; and yet our life has called for the vigor and effort without which the manlier and hardier virtues wither away. Under such conditions it would be our own fault if we failed; and the success which we have had in the past, the success which we confidently believe the future will bring, should cause in us no feeling of vainglory, but rather a deep and abiding realization of all that life has offered us; a full acknowledgment of the responsibility which is ours; and a fixed determination to show that under a free government a mighty people can thrive best, alike as regards the things of the body and the things of the soul.

Much has been given to us, and much will rightfully be expected from us. We have duties to others and duties to ourselves; and we can shirk neither. We have become a great nation, forced by the fact of its greatness into relations with the other nations of the earth; and we must behave as beseems a people with such responsibilities. Toward all other nations, large and small, our attitude must be one of cordial and sincere friendship. We must show not only in our words but in our deeds that we are earnestly desirous of securing their good will by acting toward them in a spirit of just and generous recognition of all their rights. But justice and generosity in a nation, as in an individual, count most when shown not by the weak but by the strong. While ever careful to refrain from wronging others, we must be no less insistent that we are not wronged ourselves. We wish righteousness. We wish it because we think it is right and not because we are afraid. No weak nation that acts manfully and justly should ever have cause to fear us, and no strong power should ever be able to single us out as a subject for insolent aggression.

Our relations with the other Powers of the world are important; but still more important are our relations among ourselves. Such growth in wealth, in population, and in power as this nation has seen during the century and a quarter of its national life is inevitably accompanied by a like growth in the problems which are ever before every nation that rises to greatness. Power invariably means both responsibility and danger. Our forefathers faced certain perils which we have outgrown. We now face other perils, the very existence of which it was impossible that they should foresee. Modern life is both complex and intense, and the tremendous changes wrought by the extraordinary industrial development of the last half century are felt in every fiber of our social and political being. Never before have men tried so vast and formidable an experiment as that of administering the affairs of a continent under the form of a democratic republic. The conditions which have told for our marvelous material well-being, which have developed to a very high degree our energy, self-reliance, and individual initiative, have also brought the care and anxiety inseparable from the accumulation of great wealth in industrial centers. Upon the success of our experiment much depends, not only as regards our own welfare, but as regards the welfare of mankind. If we fail, the cause of free self-government throughout the world will rock to its foundations; and therefore our responsibility is heavy, to ourselves, to the world as it is today, and to the generations yet unborn. There is no good reason why we should fear the future, but there is every reason why we should face it seriously, neither hiding from ourselves the gravity of the problems before us nor fearing to approach these problems with the unbending, unflinching purpose to solve them aright.

Yet, after all, though the problems are new, though the tasks set before us differ from the tasks set before our fathers who founded and preserved this Republic, the spirit in which these tasks must be undertaken and these problems faced, if our duty is to be well done, remains essentially unchanged. We know that self-government is difficult. We know that no people needs such high traits of character as that people which seeks to govern its affairs aright through the freely expressed will of the freemen who compose it. But we have faith that we shall not prove false to the memories of the men of the mighty past. They did their work; they left us the splendid heritage we now enjoy. We in our turn have an assured confidence that we shall be able to leave this heritage unwasted and enlarged to our children and our children's children. To do so we must show, not merely in great crises, but in the everyday affairs of life, the qualities of practical intelligence, of courage, of hardihood and endurance, and above all the power of devotion to a lofty ideal, which made great the men who founded this Republic in the days of Washington, which made great the men who preserved this Republic in the days of Abraham Lincoln.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Theodore Roosevelt (1858-1919), born in New York City, became the twenty-sixth president of the United States. As a child, Roosevelt was frail of body, but when he was about fourteen he resolved through sheer will power and perseverance to become as strong and active physically as some of his favorite heroes. By regular exercise, boxing, and out-of-door life he laid the foundations of the endurance and skill that later made him the hardy rancher, the fearless Rough Rider, and the successful hunter of big game.

Roosevelt was always interested in natural history, and at the age of fourteen, when he accompanied his father on a trip to the Nile River, he made a collection of the Egyptian birds to be found in the Nile valley. This collection is now in the Smithsonian Museum, Washington, D. C.

When Roosevelt was a young man he lived for two years as a ranchman in North Dakota, taking his part in the round-ups and sharing all the other activities and hardships of a cattle range.

Roosevelt was at all times a valiant fighter for what he thought was right. During the time of his service as Police Commissioner in New York City he raised the police force to a high degree of efficiency and faithfulness to duty. The policemen supported him loyally because "he always stuck to the man who proved he was trying to do his job."

From 1901-1909 Roosevelt was President of the United States. At the end of that time he conducted an expedition to Africa, for the purpose of making a collection of tropical animals and plants. The party, including expert naturalists, remained in the wilderness for a year and returned with a valuable collection of specimens, now available for study in the Smithsonian Museum, Washington, D. C. During his lifetime Roosevelt wrote more than twenty-five books, on the varied subjects of natural science, hunting, and history.

Throughout life Mr. Roosevelt lived up to his splendid message to the boys and girls of America—"In life, as in a football game, the principle to follow is: Hit the line hard; don't foul and don't shirk, but hit the line hard!"

Questions and Topics

1. What reasons does the author give for saying that we should realize and appreciate "all that life has offered us"? In what spirit should we contemplate our nation's achievements?

2. Why does the author say "much is expected of us"? What should be our attitude toward other nations in our dealings with them?

3. Make a list of the main reasons given by Roosevelt for the statement that our relations among ourselves are even more important than are our relations with other nations. What dangers to self-government does he mention? What evidence have you observed that tends to confirm the author's statement that self-government is difficult?

4. What qualities in the citizen's everyday life does Roosevelt mention as essential to the preservation of a democratic republic? Compare these with the qualities of Washington in the selection, "Washington Stands Alone."

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. My responsibility to my nation. 2. Colonel Charles A. Lindbergh, a messenger of good will for the United States.

Library Reading. "National Duties," Roosevelt (in *The Strenuous Life*, Chapter XVII); "American Ideals" and "True Americanism," Roosevelt (in *American Ideals and Other Essays*, Chapters I and II); "The Citizen," Dwyer (in *Americans All*, Heydrick).

THE AMERICAN FLAG

Joseph Rodman Drake

When Freedom, from her mountain height,
Unfurled her standard to the air,
She tore the azure robe of night,
And set the stars of glory there;
She mingled with its gorgeous dyes
The milky baldric of the skies,
And striped its pure celestial white
With streakings of the morning light;
Then, from his mansion in the sun,

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3. **azure** (ăzh'ûr), clear blue.

6. **milky baldric**, the Milky Way in the heavens.

She called her eagle-bearer down,
And gave into his mighty hand
The symbol of her chosen land!

Majestic monarch of the cloud,
Who rear'st aloft thy regal form,
To hear the tempest-trumpings loud,
And see the lightning lances driven,
When strive the warriors of the storm,
And rolls the thunder-drum of heaven—
Child of the sun! to thee 'tis given
To guard the banner of the free,
To hover in the sulphur smoke,
To ward away the battle-stroke,
And bid its blendings shine afar,
Like rainbows on the cloud of war,
The harbingers of victory!

Flag of the brave! thy folds shall fly,
The sign of hope and triumph high,
When speaks the signal trumpet tone,
And the long line comes gleaming on,
Ere yet the life-blood, warm and wet,
Has dimmed the glistening bayonet,
Each soldier's eye shall brightly turn
To where thy sky-born glories burn;
And as his springing steps advance,
Catch war and vengeance from the glance.
And when the cannon's mouthings loud,
Heave in wild wreaths the battle shroud,
And gory sabers rise and fall,
Like shoots of flame on midnight's pall;
Then shall thy meteor glances glow,
And cowering foes shall sink below
Each gallant arm that strikes beneath
That awful messenger of death.

Flag of the seas! on ocean's wave
Thy stars shall glitter o'er the brave;
When death, careering on the gale,
Sweeps darkly round the bellied sail,
And frighted waves rush wildly back
Before the broadside's reeling rack,
Each dying wanderer of the sea
Shall look at once to heaven and thee,
And smile to see thy splendors fly
In triumph o'er his closing eye.

Flag of the free heart's hope and home!
By angel hands to valor given;
Thy stars have lit the welkin dome,
And all thy hues were born in heaven.
Forever float that standard sheet!
Where breathes the foe but falls before us,
With Freedom's soil beneath our feet,
And Freedom's banner streaming o'er us?

49. **broadside's reeling rack,** ship's destruction. 56. **welkin dome,** heavens.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Joseph Rodman Drake (1795-1820), whose name is inseparably associated with that of his friend, Fitz-Greene Halleck, was an American poet. These two able poets together contributed a series of forty poems to the *New York Evening Post.* Among them was "The American Flag," the last four lines of which were written by Halleck, to replace those written by Drake:

"As fixed as yonder orb divine,
That saw thy bannered blaze unfurled,
Shall thy proud stars resplendent shine,
The guard and glory of the world."

Drake was a youth of many graces of both mind and body, who wrote verses as a bird sings—for the pure joy of it. His career was cut short by death when he was only twenty-five years old. Of him Halleck wrote:

"None knew thee but to love thee,
Nor named thee but to praise."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Of what is the American flag a symbol? Who is represented as making a flag? How is it made? What flag is it?

2. What reasons can you see for choosing the eagle as bearer of this flag? What events does the poet picture in which the flag has a part? List all of the different names the poet gives to the flag; which of these do you like best? Can you give other names that are sometimes applied to our flag?

3. What feeling caused this poem to be written? Which lines are most stirring? Which stanza do you like best?

Class Reading. Bring to class and read your favorite poem on the American flag.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. How to behave toward our flag (see *Little Book of the Flag*, Tappan; *The Etiquette of the Stars and Stripes*, Ide). 2. The history of the American flag (see *The True Story of The American Flag*, Fow; *Story of The American Flag*, Fallows; *Our Flag: Its History and What It Represents*, Bowson). 3. Flag signals. 4. A Flag Day celebration I have seen or taken part in.

Suggested Problem. Prepare a Flag Day celebration for your room. You may enjoy a play or pageant on the flags of all nations. (*The National Geographic Magazine*, October, 1927, is devoted entirely to this subject.) Write essays on the meaning of the American flag; the correct display of the Stars and Stripes; what we owe to our country's flag. Quotations, poems, songs, pictures, and anecdotes about the flag will be useful in the arrangement of your program.

Library Reading. "Makers of the Flag," Lane, "The American Flag," Beecher (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); *Famous Flags of America*, Hughes; "One Flag, or Two," Bailey (in *Broad Stripes and Bright Stars*).

CITIZENSHIP AND SERVICE

YOU ARE THE HOPE OF THE WORLD

Hermann Hagedorn

Girls and boys of America, you are the hope of the world.

Why?

Because the world is sick to death of war, and the world kings favor war and democracies abhor war, and because the United States is the most powerful democracy in the world, and because, when Europe's present leaders are dead, you girls and boys of ten, twelve, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, seventeen, will be governing the United States, and therefore, if you wish, leading the world! Be clear about this. The world looks to you in hope because you are the logical heirs of the present generation of leaders. If you have the gumption and the go, the knowledge, the vision, and the largeness of heart to accept that inheritance, you will have it in your power to determine the course of the world's history for centuries to come!

The world asks you to think. It doesn't ask you to stand on a street corner and wave the flag; it doesn't ask you to enlist. The world asks you to sit down and think about your country.

Democracy isn't a success, Young America. Not yet. But it isn't a failure, either. Not yet. It's just a gorgeous experiment, that you and I and Tom and Mary and Jane and Betty and Larry and Jack and Susan and Bill could make a success that would shake the world, if we'd only make up our minds to take democracy as seriously as we take, say, baseball—or crêpe de Chine.

We know what America stands for; we know what America is. Golden girls and boys, have you ever thought what America might be?

We're wasteful—look at our forests, look at the youth in our slums!

We're materialistic—look at the faces in our cities, look how hard we are to arouse in defense of a principle, look how quickly, after our moment of exaltation and sacrifice, we drop back into the sordid round of getting and spending!

We're improvident, blindly careless of everything beyond the present hour—we never prepare!

As citizens we are indifferent—we will endure in our government every form of extravagance, inefficiency, and corruption conceivable rather than jump into the midst of the mess and help to clean it up.

"We know all these things," you say, a little wearily. "But what can we do?"

You? You can do everything. Your elders are busy, and many of them are stodgy; and they are accustomed to waste and corruption and muddling, and many are afraid of change, any change, and resent as an imposition any attempt to make them think. Thinking is more laborious than digging trenches after you're forty, especially when you're out of training; and many of our elders are. But you, Young America, are not. Thinking to you isn't a chore; it is an adventure! Your minds are like a fresh horse, crazy to take six bars. You are the hope of the world, because you have enthusiasm and ginger, because you feel, and you haven't yet forgotten how to think.

What can you do?

You know what the men and women of your country did to defend American principles abroad. Let it be your part to find out what your city, your state, your nation are doing for the welfare of their citizens and the upholding of American principles at home.

You can do more. You must do more. You, the girls and boys of America, must create a new standard of values for your generation. For a century, men the world over, but especially here in our United States, have bowed to material success as to the greatest god they knew. We have exalted the man with money as we have exalted no other type in American life. We have praised his virtues and ignored his vices, we have listened to him as we never would to a saint in glory, when he told us the stages of his progress toward success; we have pointed to him as a shining example of the best to which a youth might aspire.

He who has dollars, we said, has success; he who has not dollars, has not success. It is the first duty of man to be successful, we said. Therefore, get dollars!

The youth of America has obeyed that insistent mandate, generation after generation; and in countless hearts, aspirations for something higher than dollar-chasing have been sternly crushed in order that the golden quest should be unimpeded; and men have made unbelievable fortunes; and the glamour of their achievement has made other men everywhere a little greedier, a little more ruthless, a little more jealous of their own, a little more envious of others, impatient of law, intolerant of opposition, scornful of all things that cannot be clutched with hands.

We have been taught that success can be written only in figures; and a few men have gathered in the dollars of the many, and, in consequence, we have slums and child labor and strikes and starvation and bomb outrages and the rumblings of revolution. No reform that social theorists can devise can sweep those offspring of our god, Success, for long out of our national life.

As long as the gathering of dollars is regarded as the highest form of victorious effort, we shall have inequality, injustice, bitterness, and class strife. If we are ever to be free of them, we must have a new standard of success. We must learn that success consists not in what we have but in what we are, not in what we hold in our pockets but in what we hold in our heads and our hearts, not in our skill to buy low and sell high, but in our ability greatly to dream, to build, to battle, to kindle, to serve.

Young America, it must be your business in these years to raise this new standard before the eyes of your fellow-citizens, your aim to give them a new ideal of what constitutes success; for without such a new standard, without such a new ideal, all that you do for citizenship and democracy will be only a stopgap that will hold the floods of corruption back here or there for a year or for ten years only to release them at last in increased volume.

Our present ideal of success is based on selfish, individualistic enterprise and greed.

How can that harmonize with democracy, whose essence is service?

The answer is simple. It cannot harmonize with it; it never has, it never will. In every village, town, and state, greed and selfish enterprise—the qualities that make for "success" as we know it—are the inveterate enemies of democratic institutions.

If you want dollars above all, do not talk of citizenship and democracy.

But if you want democracy above all, know that success in life lies not in the accumulation of unnecessary bonds and houses, but in service, in knowledge, and in the appreciation of beauty.

If you want honestly to help your country, set about now to give her a notion of what makes real success.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Hermann Hagedorn (1882-), a native of New York, and a graduate of Harvard University, is an author and social worker. For several years he taught English at Harvard University. He has written a number of books and plays. One of his most recent volumes is *Boy's Life of Theodore Roosevelt*. The selection given here is taken from Hagedorn's book for American boys and girls, *You Are The Hope of The World*.

Questions and Topics

1. How does the author believe America and the world may be saved? How does your school train you for your duties as a citizen in a democracy? What do *you* think America stands for?

2. Contrast the picture of what America is with the author's idea of what it might be. To what evidence of indifference, extravagance, inefficiency, and corruption does the author refer? Which of these shortcomings have you noticed in your community?

3. What efforts are you or your school making to overcome the waste referred to by Hagedorn? What new standard of values must you, "boys and girls of America," create? What does the author believe to be the big task you are destined to perform if America is to become a truly great nation?

4. What objection does Hagedorn have to what he considers the present standard of success? How does the author tell you you may "honestly help your country"?

Class Reading. Other passages from *You Are The Hope Of The World.*

Newspaper Reading. Bring to class and read the best editorial you can find urging some needed improvement in citizenship.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. A school experiment in self-government.

2. Things in my school that tend to make pupils social, that is, to develop in them a spirit of coöperation (team work) and service (helpfulness to others). 3. How a school by its organization and discipline may help to realize a true democracy. 4. A report on the George Junior Republic (*The Junior Republic*, George). 5. How a school composed of many nationalities typifies our republic. 6. How the presence of different nationalities in a school helps the students to become more intelligent, more sympathetic, more tolerant, and more democratic. 7. How the Boy Scouts, the Camp Fire Girls, the Girl Scouts, and similar organizations promote the spirit of democracy. 8. Book reviews of *The Promised Land*, Antin; *How The Other Half Lives*, Riis; *From Alien To Citizen*, Steiner.

Suggested Problem. Write out a list of things you can do to make your town or neighborhood a better community. (*The Delineator* for March, 1920, contains suggestions for community improvements.) Keep a record for a week of the particular thing you have done each day, such as helping to beautify your school grounds or your home, picking up waste paper, etc. Or make a program for a "Good Health Day" discussion.

Library Reading. "The American Boy," Roosevelt (in *The Strenuous Life*, Chapter X); "You and Your America," Hawthorne (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "Stretch Out Your Hand," Robinson (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Child's Heritage," Neihardt (in *New Voices*, Wilkinson).

PATRIOTISM BEGINS IN THE HOME

Henry W. Grady

The germ of the best patriotism is in the love that a man has for the home he inhabits, for the soil he tills, for the trees that give him shade, and the hills that stand in his pathway.

I teach my son to love Georgia—to love the soil that he stands on—the broad acres that hold her substance, the dimpling valleys in which her beauty rests, the forests that sing her songs of lullaby and of praise, and the brooks that run with her rippling laughter. The love of home—deep-rooted and abiding—that blurs the eyes of the dying soldier with the vision of an old homestead amid green fields and clustering trees—that follows the busy man through the clamoring world, and at last draws his tired feet from the highway and leads him through shady lanes and well-remembered paths until he gathers up the broken threads of his life—this, lodged in the heart of the citizen, is the saving principle of our government.

We note the barracks of our standing army with their rolling drums and their fluttering flags as points of strength and protection. But the citizen standing in the doorway of his home, contented on his threshold, his family gathered about his hearthstone while the evening of a well-spent day closes in scenes and sounds that are dearest—*he* shall save the Republic when the drumtap is futile, and the barracks are exhausted.

This love shall not be pent up or provincial. The home should be consecrated to humanity, and from its rooftree should fly the flag of the Republic. Every simple fruit gathered there, every sacrifice endured, and every victory won should bring better joy and inspiration in the knowledge that it will deepen the glory of our Republic and widen the harvest of humanity.

Exalt the citizen. As the state is the unit of the government, he is the unit of the state. Teach him that his home is his castle, and his sovereignty rests beneath his hat. Make him self-respecting, self-reliant, and responsible. Let him lean on the state for nothing that his own arm can do, and on the government for nothing that his state can do. Let him cultivate independence to the point of sacrifice, and learn that humble things with unbartered liberty are better than splendors bought with its price. Let him neither surrender his individuality to government nor merge it with the mob.

Let him ever stand upright and fearless, a freeman born of freemen, sturdy in his own strength, dowering his family in the sweat of his brow, loving to his state, loyal to his Republic, earnest in his allegiance wherever it rests, but building his altar in the midst of his household gods and shrining in his own heart the uttermost temple of its liberty.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Henry W. Grady (1851-1889) was born in Athens, Georgia. He was graduated from the University of Georgia and studied at the University of Virginia. At an early age Grady became editor of the Rome *Courier* and later established the Atlanta *Herald*. In 1882 he became part owner and managing editor of the Atlanta *Constitution*, one of the great newspapers of the South. He was an eloquent speaker, and was widely known and admired for his broad sympathies and kindliness.

Questions and Topics

1. What does the author consider "the germ of the best patriotism"? The love of home forms the basis for the love of the homeland; why does the author regard this as "the saving principle of our government"?
2. Which do you believe is of more importance in saving the Republic, the patriotic citizen, or the drum-beat, the flag, and the barracks? Give reasons for your answer.
3. How may you "deepen the glory of the Republic" by rendering service to those in your home? What ways to exalt the citizen are suggested by the author in the last paragraph?
4. Give in your own words the relation in America between the home and the homeland, as the author sees it. Do you believe this selection is suitable to be included in a group of readings called "Citizenship and Service"? Why?

THE MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY

Edward Everett Hale

I suppose very few casual readers of the *New York Herald* of August 13, 1863, observed, in an obscure corner, among the "Deaths," the announcement—

"Nolan. Died on board U. S. corvette *Levant*, Lat. 2° 11′ S., Long. 131° W., on the 11th of May, Philip Nolan."

I happened to observe it, because I was stranded at the old Mission House in Mackinac, waiting for a Lake Superior steamer which did not choose to come, and I was devouring to the very stubble all the current literature I could get hold of, even down to the deaths and marriages in the *Herald*. My memory for names and people is good, and the reader will see, as he goes on, that I had reason enough to remember Philip Nolan. There are hundreds of readers who would have paused at that announcement, if the officer of the *Levant* who reported it had chosen to make it thus: "Died, May 11th, The Man Without a Country." For it was as "The Man Without a Country" that poor Philip Nolan had generally been known by the officers who had him in charge during some fifty years, as, indeed, by all the men who sailed under them. I dare say there is many a man who has taken wine with him once a fortnight, in a three years' cruise, who never knew that his name was "Nolan," or whether the poor wretch had any name at all.

There can now be no possible harm in telling this poor creature's story. Reason enough there has been till now, ever since Madison's administration went out in 1817, for very strict secrecy, the secrecy of honor itself, among the gentlemen of the navy who have had Nolan in successive charge. And certainly it speaks well for the *esprit de corps* of the profession, and the personal honor of its members, that to the press this man's story has been wholly unknown—and, I think, to the country at large also. I have reason to think, from some investigations I made in the Naval Archives when I was attached to the Bureau of Construction, that every official report relating to him was burned when Ross burned the public buildings at Wash-

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48. **esprit de corps** (ĕs'prē'dĕ kŏr'), spirit of working together. 58. **burned**, etc., in the War of 1812.

ington. One of the Tuckers, or possibly one of the Watsons, had Nolan in charge at the end of the war; and when, on returning from his cruise, he reported at Washington to one of the Crowninshields—who was in the Navy Department when he came home—he found that the Department ignored the whole business. Whether they really knew nothing about it, or whether it was a *Non mi ricordo*, determined on as a piece of policy, I do not know. But this I do know, that since 1817, and possibly before, no naval officer has mentioned Nolan in his report of a cruise.

But, as I say, there is no need for secrecy any longer. And now the poor creature is dead, it seems to me worth while to tell a little of his story, by way of showing young Americans of today what it is to be A Man Without a Country.

Philip Nolan was as fine a young officer as there was in the "Legion of the West," as the Western division of our army was then called. When Aaron Burr made his first dashing expedition down to New Orleans in 1805, at Fort Massac, or somewhere above on the river, he met, as the devil would have it, this gay, dashing, bright young fellow; at some dinner party, I think. Burr marked him, talked to him, walked with him, took him a day or two's voyage in his flatboat, and, in short, fascinated him. For the next year, barrack-life was very tame to poor Nolan. He occasionally availed himself of the permission the great man had given him to write to him. Long, high-worded, stilted letters the poor boy wrote and rewrote and copied. But never a line did he have in reply from the gay deceiver. The other boys in the garrison sneered at him because he sacrificed in this unrequited affection for a politician the time which they devoted to Monongahela, sledge, and high-low-jack. Bourbon, euchre, and poker were still unknown. But one day Nolan had his revenge. This time Burr came down the river, not as an attorney seeking a place for his office, but as a disguised conqueror. He had defeated I know not how many district attorneys; he had dined at I know not how many public dinners; he had been heralded in I know not how many *Weekly Arguses*, and it was rumored that he had an army behind him and an empire before him. It was a great day—his arrival—to poor Nolan. Burr had not been at the fort an hour before he sent for him. That evening he asked Nolan to take him out in his skiff to show him a canebrake or a cottonwood tree, as he said—really to seduce him; and by the time the sail was over, Nolan was enlisted body and soul. From that time, though he did not yet know it, he lived as A MAN WITHOUT A COUNTRY.

What Burr meant to do I know no more than you, dear reader. It is none of our business just now. Only, when the grand catastrophe came, and Jefferson and the House of Virginia of that day undertook to break on the wheel all the possible Clarences of the then House of York, by the great treason trial at Richmond, some of the lesser fry in that distant Mississippi Valley, which was farther from us than

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11. **Non mi ricordo**, I do not remember. 28. **Aaron Burr.** He attempted to found a republic in the southwest, with New Orleans for its capital. He was indicted for treason in 1807, but acquitted.

50. **Monongahela**, etc., card games.

Puget's Sound is today, introduced the like novelty on their provincial stage; and, to while away the monotony of the summer at Fort Adams, got up, for *spectacles*, a string of courts-martial on the officers there. One and another of the colonels and majors were tried, and, to fill out the list, little Nolan, against whom, Heaven knows, there was evidence enough—that he was sick of the service, had been willing to be false to it, and would have obeyed any order to march anywhither with anyone who would follow him had the order only been signed, "By command of His Exc. A. Burr." The courts dragged on. The big flies escaped—rightly, for all I know. Nolan was proved guilty enough, as I say; yet you and I would never have heard of him, reader, but that, when the president of the court asked him at the close whether he wished to say anything to show that he always had been faithful to the United States, he cried out, in a fit of frenzy—

"D—n the United States! I wish I may never hear of the United States again!"

I suppose he did not know how the words shocked old Colonel Morgan, who was holding the court. Half the officers who sat in it had served through the Revolution, and their lives, not to say their necks, had been risked for the very idea which he so cavalierly cursed in his madness. He, on his part, had grown up in the West of those days, in the midst of "Spanish plot," "Orleans plot," and all the rest. He had been educated on a plantation where the finest company was a Spanish officer or a French merchant from Orleans. His education, such as it was, had been perfected in commercial expeditions to Vera Cruz, and I think he told me his father once hired an Englishman to be a private tutor for a winter on the plantation. He had spent half his youth with an older brother, hunting horses in Texas; and, in a word, to him "United States" was scarcely a reality. Yet he had been fed by "United States" for all the years since he had been in the army. He had sworn on his faith as a Christian to be true to "United States." It was "United States" which gave him the uniform he wore, and the sword by his side. Nay, my poor Nolan, it was only because "United States" had picked you out first as one of her own confidential men of honor that "A. Burr" cared for you a straw more than for the flatboat men who sailed his ark for him. I do not excuse Nolan; I only explain to the reader why he damned his country, and wished he might never hear her name again.

He never did hear her name but once again. From that moment, September 23, 1807, till the day he died, May 11, 1863, he never heard her name again. For that half century and more he was a man without a country.

Old Morgan, as I said, was terribly shocked. If Nolan had compared George Washington to Benedict Arnold, or had cried, "God save King George," Morgan would not have felt worse. He called the court into his private room, and returned in fifteen minutes, with a face like a sheet, to say—

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39. **Spanish plot**, etc. After the Revolutionary War, there were several plots of the settlers to gain possession of the mouth of the Mississippi, then held by Spain.

80. **Benedict Arnold**, a traitor to the United States during the Revolutionary War.

"Prisoner, hear the sentence of the Court! The Court decides, subject to the approval of the President, that you never hear the name of the United States again."

Nolan laughed. But nobody else laughed. Old Morgan was too solemn, and the whole room was hushed dead as night for a minute. Even Nolan lost his swagger in a moment. Then Morgan added—

"Mr. Marshal, take the prisoner to Orleans in an armed boat, and deliver him to the naval commander there."

The marshal gave his orders, and the prisoner was taken out of court.

"Mr. Marshal," continued old Morgan, "see that no one mentions the United States to the prisoner. Mr. Marshal, make my respects to Lieutenant Mitchell at Orleans, and request him to order that no one shall mention the United States to the prisoner while he is on board ship. You will receive your written orders from the officer on duty here this evening. The Court is adjourned without day."

I have always supposed that Colonel Morgan himself took the proceedings of the court to Washington City, and explained them to Mr. Jefferson. Certain it is that the President approved them—certain, that is, if I may believe the men who say they have seen his signature. Before the *Nautilus* got round from New Orleans to the northern Atlantic coast with the prisoner on board, the sentence had been approved, and he was a man without a country.

The plan then adopted was substantially the same which was necessarily followed ever after. Perhaps it was suggested by the necessity of sending him by water from Fort Adams and Orleans. The Secretary of the Navy—it must have been the first Crowninshield, though he is a man I do not remember—was requested to put Nolan on board a government vessel bound on a long cruise, and to direct that he should be only so far confined there as to make it certain that he never saw or heard of the country. We had few long cruises then, and the navy was very much out of favor; and as almost all of this story is traditional, as I have explained, I do not know certainly what his first cruise was. But the commander to whom he was entrusted—perhaps it was Tingey or Shaw, though I think it was one of the younger men—we are all old enough now—regulated the etiquette and the precautions of the affair, and according to his scheme they were carried out, I suppose, till Nolan died.

When I was second officer of the *Intrepid*, some thirty years after, I saw the original paper of instructions. I have been sorry ever since that I did not copy the whole of it. It ran, however, much in this way:

"WASHINGTON (with a date, which must have been late in 1807)

"Sir—you will receive from Lieutenant Neale the person of Philip Nolan, late lieutenant in the United States army.

"This person on his trial by court-martial expressed, with an oath, the wish that he might 'never hear of the United States again.'

"The Court sentenced him to have his wish fulfilled.

"For the present, the execution of the order is entrusted by the President to this Department.

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27. **without day**, without appointing a day on which to assemble again.

"You will take the prisoner on board your ship, and keep him with such precautions as shall prevent his escape.

"You will provide him with such quarters, rations, and clothing as would be proper for an officer of his late rank, if he were a passenger on your vessel on the business of his Government.

"The gentlemen on board will make any arrangements agreeable to themselves regarding his society. He is to be exposed to no indignity of any kind, nor is he ever unnecessarily to be reminded that he is a prisoner.

"But under no circumstances is he ever to hear of his country or to see any information regarding it; and you will specially caution all the officers under your command to take care that, in the various indulgences which may be granted, this rule, in which his punishment is involved, shall not be broken.

"It is the intention of the Government that he shall never again see the country which he has disowned. Before the end of your cruise you will receive orders which will give effect to this intention. Respectfully yours,

"W. SOUTHARD,

For the Secretary of the Navy."

If I had only preserved the whole of this paper, there would be no break in the beginning of my sketch of this story. For Captain Shaw, if it was he, handed it to his successor in the charge, and he to his, and I suppose the commander of the *Levant* has it today as his authority for keeping this man in this mild custody.

The rule adopted on board the ships on which I have met "the man without a country" was, I think, transmitted from the beginning. No mess liked to have him permanently, because his presence cut off all talk of home or of the prospects of return, of politics or letters, of peace or of war—cut off more than half the talk men like to have at sea. But it was always thought too hard that he should never meet the rest of us, except to touch hats, and we finally sank into one system. He was not permitted to talk with the men, unless an officer was by. With officers he had unrestrained intercourse, as far as they and he chose. But he grew shy, though he had favorites; I was one. Then the captain always asked him to dinner on Monday. Every mess in succession took up the invitation in its turn. According to the size of the ship, you had him at your mess more or less often at dinner. His breakfast he ate in his own stateroom—he always had a stateroom—which was where a sentinel or somebody on the watch could see the door. And whatever else he ate or drank, he ate or drank alone. Sometimes, when the marines or sailors had any special jollification, they were permitted to invite "Plain-Buttons," as they called him. Then Nolan was sent with some officer, and the men were forbidden to speak of home while he was there. I believe the theory was that the sight of his punishment did them good. They called him "Plain-Buttons," because, while he always chose to wear a regulation army uniform, he was not permitted to wear the army button, for the reason that it bore either the initials or the insignia of the country he had disowned.

I remember, soon after I joined the navy, I was on shore with some of the older officers from our ship and from the *Brandywine*, which we had met at

Alexandria. We had leave to make a party and go up to Cairo and the Pyramids. As we jogged along (you went on donkeys then), some of the gentlemen (we boys called them "Dons," but the phrase was long since changed) fell to talking about Nolan, and someone told the system which was adopted from the first about his books and other reading. As he was almost never permitted to go on shore, even though the vessel lay in port for months, his time at the best hung heavy; and everybody was permitted to lend him books, if they were not published in America and made no allusion to it. These were common enough in the old days, when people in the other hemisphere talked of the United States as little as we do of Paraguay. He had almost all the foreign papers that came into the ship, sooner or later; only somebody must go over them first, and cut out any advertisement or stray paragraph that alluded to America. This was a little cruel sometimes, when the back of what was cut out might be as innocent as Hesiod. Right in the midst of one of Napoleon's battles, or one of Canning's speeches, poor Nolan would find a great hole, because on the back of the page of that paper there had been an advertisement of a packet for New York, or a scrap from the President's message. I say this was the first time I ever heard of this plan, which afterwards I had enough and more than enough to do with. I remember it, because poor Phillips, who was of the party, as soon as the allusion to reading was made, told a story of something which happened at the Cape of Good Hope on Nolan's first voyage; and it is the only thing I ever knew of that voyage. They had touched at the Cape, and had done the civil thing with the English Admiral and the fleet, and then, leaving for a long cruise up the Indian Ocean, Phillips had borrowed a lot of English books from an officer, which, in those days, as indeed in these, was quite a windfall. Among them, as the Devil would order, was *The Lay of the Last Minstrel,* which they had all of them heard of, but which most of them had never seen. I think it could not have been published long. Well, nobody thought there could be any risk of anything national in that, though Phillips swore old Shaw had cut out *The Tempest* from Shakespeare before he let Nolan have it, because he said "the Bermudas ought to be ours, and, by Jove, should be one day." So Nolan was permitted to join the circle one afternoon when a lot of them sat on deck smoking and reading aloud. People do not do such things so often now; but when I was young we got rid of a great deal of time so. Well, so it happened that in his turn Nolan took the book and read to the others; and he read very well, as I know. Nobody in the circle knew a line of the poem, only it was all magic and Border chivalry, and was ten thousand years ago. Poor Nolan read steadily through the fifth canto, stopped a minute and drank something, and then began, without a thought of what was coming,

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,

It seems impossible to us that anybody

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29. **Hesiod,** a Greek poet. 30. **Canning,** an English statesman. 34. **packet,** a mail boat.

55. **The Lay of the Last Minstrel,** a poem by Sir Walter Scott.

ever heard this for the first time; but all these fellows did then, and poor Nolan himself went on, still unconsciously or mechanically,

This is my own, my native land!

Then they all saw something was to pay; but he expected to get through, I suppose, turned a little pale, but plunged on—

Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand?—
If such there breathe, go, mark him well—

By this time the men were all beside themselves, wishing there was any way to make him turn over two pages; but he had not quite presence of mind for that; he gagged a little, colored crimson, and staggered on:

For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High though his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim,
Despite these titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentered all in self—

and here the poor fellow choked, could not go on, but started up, swung the book into the sea, vanished into his stateroom, "And by Jove," said Phillips, "we did not see him for two months again. And I had to make up some beggarly story to that English surgeon why I did not return his Walter Scott to him."

That story shows about the time when Nolan's braggadocio must have broken down. At first, they said, he took a very high tone, considered his imprisonment a mere farce, affected to enjoy the voyage, and all that; but Phillips said that after he came out of his stateroom he never was the same man again. He never read aloud again, unless it was the Bible or Shakespeare, or something else he was sure of. But it was not that merely. He never entered in with the other young men exactly as a companion again. He was always shy afterwards, when I knew him—very seldom spoke, unless he was spoken to, except to a very few friends. He lighted up occasionally—I remember late in his life hearing him fairly eloquent on something which had been suggested to him by one of Fléchier's sermons—but generally he had the nervous, tired look of a heart-wounded man.

When Captain Shaw was coming home—if, as I say, it was Shaw—rather to the surprise of everybody they made one of the Windward Islands, and lay off and on for nearly a week. The boys said the officers were sick of salt junk and meant to have turtle soup before they came home. But after several days the *Warren* came to the same rendezvous; they exchanged signals; she sent to Phillips and these homeward-bound men letters and papers, and told them she was outward-bound, perhaps to the Mediterranean, and took poor Nolan and his traps on the boat back to try his second cruise. He looked very blank when he was told to get ready to join her. He had known enough of the signs of the sky to know that till that moment he was going "home." But this was a distinct evidence of something he had not thought of, perhaps—that there was no going home for him, even to a prison. And this was the first of some twenty such transfers, which brought him sooner or later into half our best vessels, but which kept him

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61. **Windward Islands**, a part of the West India islands.

all his life at least some hundred miles from the country he had hoped he might never hear of again.

It may have been on that second cruise—it was once when he was up the Mediterranean—that Mrs. Graff, the celebrated Southern beauty of those days, danced with him. They had been lying a long time in the Bay of Naples, and the officers were very intimate in the English fleet, and there had been great festivities, and our men thought they must give a great ball on board the ship. How they ever did it on board the *Warren* I am sure I do not know. Perhaps it was not the *Warren*, or perhaps ladies did not take up so much room as they do now. They wanted to use Nolan's stateroom for something, and they hated to do it without asking him to the ball; so the captain said they might ask him, if they would be responsible that he did not talk with the wrong people, "who would give him intelligence." So the dance went on, the finest party that had ever been known, I dare say; for I never heard of a man-of-war ball that was not. For ladies they had the family of the American consul, one or two travelers who had adventured so far, and a nice bevy of English girls and matrons, perhaps Lady Hamilton herself.

Well, different officers relieved each other in standing and talking with Nolan in a friendly way, so as to be sure that nobody else spoke to him. The dancing went on with spirit, and after a while even the fellows who took this honorary guard of Nolan ceased to fear any contretemps. Only when some English lady—Lady Hamilton, as I said, perhaps—called for a set of "American dances," an odd thing happened. Everybody then danced contra-dances. The black band, nothing loath, conferred as to what "American dances" were, and started off with "Virginia Reel," which they followed with "Money-Musk," which, in its turn in those days, should have been followed by "The Old Thirteen." But just as Dick, the leader, tapped for his fiddles to begin, and bent forward, about to say, in true negro state, " 'The Old Thirteen,' gentleman and ladies!" as he had said " 'Virginny Reel,' if you please!" and " 'Money-Musk,' if you please!" the captain's boy tapped him on the shoulder, whispered to him, and he did not announce the name of the dance; he merely bowed, began on the air, and they all fell to—the officers teaching the English girls the figure, but not telling them why it had no name.

But that is not the story I started to tell. As the dancing went on, Nolan and our fellows all got at ease, as I said—so much so, that it seemed quite natural for him to bow to that splendid Mrs. Graff, and say,

"I hope you have not forgotten me, Miss Rutledge. Shall I have the honor of dancing?"

He did it so quickly that Shubrick, who was with him, could not hinder him. She laughed and said,

"I am not Miss Rutledge any longer, Mr. Nolan; but I will dance all the same," just nodded to Shubrick, as if to say he must leave Mr. Nolan to her, and led him off to the place where the dance was forming.

Nolan thought he had got his chance. He had known her at Philadelphia, and at other places had met her, and this was a godsend. You could not talk in contra-dances, as you do in cotillions, or even in the pauses of waltzing; but there were chances for tongues and sounds, as well as for eyes and blushes. He began with her travels, and Europe, and Vesuvius, and the French; and then, when they had worked down, and had that long talking time at the bottom of the set, he said boldly—a little pale, she said, as she told me the story years after,

"And what do you hear from home, Mrs. Graff?"

And that splendid creature looked through him. Jove! how she must have looked through him!

"Home!! Mr. Nolan!!! I thought you were the man who never wanted to hear of home again"—and she walked directly up the deck to her husband, and left poor Nolan alone, as he always was. He did not dance again.

I cannot give any history of him in order; nobody can now; and indeed, I am not trying to. These are the traditions, which I sort out, as I believe them, from the myths which have been told about this man for forty years. The lies that have been told about him are legion. The fellows used to say he was the "Iron Mask"; and poor George Pons went to his grave in the belief that this was the author of "Junius," who was being punished for his celebrated libel on Thomas Jefferson. Pons was not very strong in the historical line. A happier story than either of these I have told is of the war. That came along soon after. I have heard this affair told in three or four ways—and, indeed, it may have happened more than once. But which ship it was on I cannot tell. However, in one, at least, of the great frigate-duels with the English, in which the navy was really baptized, it happened that a round shot from the enemy entered one of our ports square, and took right down the officer of the gun himself, and almost every man of the gun's crew. Now you may say what you choose about courage, but that is not a nice thing to see. But, as the men who were not killed picked themselves up, and as they and the surgeon's people were carrying off the bodies, there appeared Nolan, in his shirt sleeves, with the rammer in his hand, and just as if he had been the officer, told them off with authority—who should go to the cockpit with the wounded men, who should stay with him—perfectly cheery, and with that way which makes men feel sure all is right and is going to be right. And he finished loading the gun with his own hands, aimed it, and bade the men fire. And there he stayed, captain of that gun, keeping those fellows in spirits, till the enemy struck—sitting on the carriage while the gun was cooling, though he was exposed all the time—showing them easier ways to handle heavy shot, making the raw hands laugh at their own blunders—and when the gun cooled again, getting it loaded and fired twice as often as any other gun on the ship. The captain walked forward by way of encouraging the men, and Nolan touched his hat and said,

"I am showing them how we do this in the artillery, sir."

And this is the part of the story where all the legends agree—that

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32. **Iron Mask**, a mysterious prisoner in France who wore an iron mask for thirty years. 35. **Junius**, an unknown writer of a series of letters against the British government, in 1770.

Commodore said, "I see you do, and I thank you, sir, and I shall never forget this day, sir, and you never shall, sir."

And after the whole thing was over, and he had the Englishman's sword, in the midst of the state and ceremony of the quarter-deck, he said,

"Where is Mr. Nolan? Ask Mr. Nolan to come here."

And when Nolan came, the captain said,

"Mr. Nolan, we are all very grateful to you today; you are one of us today; you will be named in the dispatches."

And then the old man took off his own sword of ceremony, and gave it to Nolan, and made him put it on. The man told me this who saw it. Nolan cried like a baby, and well he might. He had not worn a sword since that infernal day at Fort Adams. But always afterwards on occasions of ceremony he wore that quaint old French sword of the Commodore's.

The captain did mention him in the dispatches. It was always said he asked that he might be pardoned. He wrote a special letter to the Secretary of War. But nothing ever came of it. As I said, that was about the time when they began to ignore the whole transaction at Washington, and when Nolan's imprisonment began to carry itself on because there was nobody to stop it without any new orders from home.

I have heard it said that he was with Porter when he took possession of the Nukahiwa Islands. Not this Porter, you know, but old Porter, his father, Essex Porter—that is, the *old* Essex Porter, not *this* Essex. As an artillery officer, who had seen service in the West, Nolan knew more about fortifications, embrasures, ravelins, stockades, and all that, than any of them did; and he worked with a right good-will in fixing that battery all right. I have always thought it was a pity Porter did not leave him in command there with Gamble. That would have settled all the question about his punishment. We should have kept the islands, and at this moment we should have one station in the Pacific Ocean. Our French friends, too, when they wanted this little watering-place, would have found it was preoccupied. But Madison and the Virginians, of course, flung all that away.

All that was near fifty years ago. If Nolan was thirty then, he must have been near eighty when he died. He looked sixty when he was forty. But he never seemed to me to change a hair afterwards. As I imagine his life, from what I have seen and heard of it, he must have been in every sea, and yet almost never on land. He must have known, in a formal way, more officers in our service than any man living knows. He told me once, with a grave smile, that no man in the world lived so methodical a life as he. "You know the boys say I am the Iron Mask, and you know how busy he was." He said it did not do for anyone to try to read all the time, more than to do anything else all the time; and that he read just five hours a day. "Then," he said, "I keep up my notebooks, writing in them at such and such hours, from what I have been reading; and I include in these my scrapbooks." These were very curious indeed. He had six or eight, of different subjects. There was one of History, one of Natural Science,

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46. **embrasures**, wall openings for firing cannon. **ravelin**, a section of a fortification.

one which he called "Odds and Ends." But they were not merely books of extracts from newspapers. They had bits of plants and ribbons, shells tied on, and carved scraps of bone and wood, which he had taught the men to cut for him, and they were beautifully illustrated. He drew admirably. He had some of the funniest drawings there, and some of the most pathetic, that I have ever seen in my life. I wonder who will have Nolan's scrap-books.

Well, he said his reading and his notes were his profession, and that they took five hours and two hours respectively of each day. "Then," said he, "every man should have a diversion as well as a profession. My Natural History is my diversion." That took two hours a day more. The men used to bring him birds and fish, but on a long cruise he had to satisfy himself with centipedes and cockroaches and such small game. He was the only naturalist I ever met who knew anything about the habits of the house fly and the mosquito. All those people can tell you whether they are *Lepidoptera* or *Steptopotera;* but as for telling how you can get rid of them, or how they get away from you when you strike them—why Linnæus knew as little of that as John Foy, the idiot, did. These nine hours made Nolan's regular daily "occupation." The rest of the time he talked or walked. Till he grew very old, he went aloft a great deal. He always kept up his exercise; and I never heard that he was ill. If any other man was ill, he was the kindest nurse in the world; and he knew more than half the surgeons do. Then if anybody was sick or died, or if the captain wanted him to, on any other occasion, he was always ready to read prayers. I have remarked that he read beautifully.

My own acquaintance with Philip Nolan began six or eight years after the war, on my first voyage after I was appointed a midshipman. It was in the first days after our Slave-Trade treaty, while the Reigning House, which was still the House of Virginia, had still a sort of sentimentalism about the suppression of the horrors of the Middle Passage, and something was sometimes done that way. We were in the South Atlantic on that business. From the time I joined, I believe I thought Nolan was a sort of lay chaplain—a chaplain with a blue coat. I never asked about him. Everything in the ship was strange to me. I knew it was green to ask questions, and I suppose I thought there was a "Plain-Buttons" on every ship. We had him to dine in our mess once a week, and the caution was given that on that day nothing was to be said about home. But if they had told us not to say anything about the planet Mars or the book of Deuteronomy, I should not have asked why; there were a great many things which seemed to me to have as little reason. I first came to understand anything about "the man without a country" one day when we overhauled a dirty little schooner which had slaves on board. An officer was sent to take charge of her, and after a few minutes, he sent back his boat to ask that someone might be sent him who could speak Portuguese. We were all looking over the rail when the message came, and we all wished we could interpret, when the captain asked who spoke Portuguese. But

33. **Linnæus**, Swedish naturalist.

From the original owned by Chicago Historical Society

A UNITED STATES NAVY SHIP OF 1845

none of the officers did; and just as the captain was sending forward to ask if any of the people could, Nolan stepped out and said he should be glad to interpret, if the captain wished, as he understood the language. The captain thanked him, fitted out another boat with him, and in this boat it was my luck to go.

When we got there, it was such a scene as you seldom see, and never want to. Nastiness beyond account, and chaos run loose in the midst of the nastiness. There were not a great many of the negroes; but by way of making what there were understand that they were free, Vaughan had had their handcuffs and ankle-cuffs knocked off, and, for convenience's sake, was putting them upon the rascals of the schooner's crew. The negroes were, most of them, out of the hold, and swarming all round the dirty deck, with a central throng surrounding Vaughan and addressing him in every dialect, and *patois* of a dialect, from the Zulu click up to the Parisian of Beledeljereed.

As we came on deck, Vaughan looked down from a hogshead, on which he had mounted in desperation, and said:

"For God's love, is there anybody who can make these wretches understand something? The men gave them rum, and that did not quiet them. I knocked that big fellow down twice, and that did not soothe him. And then I talked Choctaw to all of them together; and I'll be hanged if they understand that as well as they understood the English."

Nolan said he could speak Portuguese, and one or two fine-looking Kroomen were dragged out, who, as it had been found already, had worked for the Portuguese on the coast at Fernando Po.

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26. **patois**, a dialect differing from the regular dialect.

"Tell them they are free," said Vaughan; "and tell them that these rascals are to be hanged as soon as we can get rope enough."

Nolan "put that into Spanish"—that is, he explained it in such Portuguese as the Kroomen could understand, and they in turn to such of the negroes as could understand them. Then there was such a yell of delight, clinching of fists, leaping and dancing, kissing of Nolan's feet, and a general rush made to the hogshead by way of spontaneous worship of Vaughan, as the *deus ex machina* of the occasion.

"Tell them," said Vaughan, well pleased, "that I will take them all to Cape Palmas."

This did not answer so well. Cape Palmas was practically as far from the homes of most of them as New Orleans or Rio Janeiro was; that is, they would be eternally separated from home there. And their interpreters, as we could understand, instantly said, "*Ah, non Palmas*," and began to propose infinite other expedients in most voluble language. Vaughan was rather disappointed at this result of his liberality, and asked Nolan eagerly what they said. The drops stood on poor Nolan's white forehead, as he hushed the men down, and said:

"He says, 'Not Palmas.' He says, 'Take us home, take us to our own country, take us to our own house, take us to our own pickaninnies and our own women.' He says he has an old father and mother who will die if they do not see him. And this one says he left his people all sick, and paddled down to Fernando to beg the white doctor to come and help them, and that these devils caught him in the bay just in sight of home, and that he has never seen anybody from home since then. And this one says," choked out Nolan, "that he has not heard a word from his home in six months, while he has been locked up in an infernal barracoon."

Vaughan always said he grew gray himself while Nolan struggled through this interpretation. I, who did not understand anything of the passion involved in it, saw that the very elements were melting with fervent heat, and that something was to pay somewhere. Even the negroes themselves stopped howling, as they saw Nolan's agony, and Vaughan's almost equal agony of sympathy. As quick as he could get words, he said:

"Tell them yes, yes, yes; tell them they shall go to the Mountains of the Moon, if they will. If I sail the schooner through the Great White Desert, they shall go home!"

And after some fashion Nolan said so. And then they all fell to kissing him again, and wanted to rub his nose with theirs.

But he could not stand it long; and getting Vaughan to say he might go back, he beckoned me down into our boat. As we lay back in the sternsheets, and the men gave way, he said to me: "Youngster, let that show you what it is to be without a family, without a home, and without a country. And if you are ever tempted to say a word or to do a thing that shall put a bar between you and your family, your home, and your country, pray God in his mercy to take you that instant home to his own heaven. Stick by your family, boy; forget you have a self, while you do everything for them.

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15. **deus ex machina**, the one who had come as if by a miracle to their rescue.

Think of your home, boy; write and send, and talk about it. Let it be nearer and nearer to your thought, the farther you have to travel from it; and rush back to it when you are free, as that poor black slave is doing now. And for your country, boy," and the words rattled in his throat, "and for that flag," and he pointed to the ship, "never dream a dream but of serving her as she bids you, though the service carry you through a thousand hells. No matter what happens to you, no matter who flatters you or who abuses you, never look at another flag, never let a night pass but you pray God to bless that flag. Remember, boy, that behind all these men you have to do with, behind officers, and government, and people even, there is the Country Herself, your Country, and that you belong to Her as you belong to your own mother. Stand by Her, boy, as you would stand by your mother, if those devils there had got hold of her today!"

I was frightened to death by his calm, hard passion; but I blundered out that I would, by all that was holy, and that I had never thought of doing anything else. He hardly seemed to hear me; but he did, almost in a whisper, say—"Oh, if anybody had said so to me when I was of your age!"

I think it was this half-confidence of his, which I never abused, for I never told this story till now, which afterward made us great friends. He was very kind to me. Often he sat up, or even got up, at night, to walk the deck with me, when it was my watch. He explained to me a great deal of my mathematics, and I owe to him my taste for mathematics. He lent me books, and helped me about my reading. He never alluded so directly to his story again; but from one and another officer I have learned, in thirty years, what I am telling. When we parted from him at St. Thomas harbor, at the end of our cruise, I was more sorry than I can tell. I was very glad to meet him again in 1830; and later in life, when I thought I had some influence in Washington, I moved heaven and earth to have him discharged. But it was like getting a ghost out of prison. They pretended there was no such man, and never was such a man. They will say so at the Department now! Perhaps they do not know. It will not be the first thing in the service of which the Department appears to know nothing!

There is a story that Nolan met Burr once on one of our vessels, when a party of Americans came on board in the Mediterranean. But this I believe to be a lie; or rather, it is a myth, *ben trovato*, involving a tremendous blowing-up with which he sunk Burr—asking him how he liked to be "without a country." But it is clear from Burr's life that nothing of the sort could have happened; and I mention this only as an illustration of the stories which get a-going where there is the least mystery at bottom.

For him, poor fellow, he repented of his folly, and then, like a man, submitted to the fate he asked for. He never intentionally added to the difficulty or delicacy of the charge of those who had him in hold. Accidents would happen; but they never happened from his fault. Lieutenant Truxton told me that when Texas was annexed there was a careful discussion among the officers, whether they should get hold of Nolan's handsome set of

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68. **ben trovato**, well-founded.

maps and cut Texas out of it—from the map of the world and the map of Mexico. The United States had been cut out when the atlas was bought for him. But it was voted, rightly enough, that to do this would be virtually to reveal to him what had happened, or, as Harry Cole said, to make him think Old Burr had succeeded. So it was from no fault of Nolan's that a great botch happened at my own table, when, for a short time, I was in command of the *George Washington* corvette, on the South American station. We were lying in the La Plata, and some of the officers, who had been on shore and had just joined again, were entertaining us with accounts of their misadventures in riding the half-wild horses of Buenos Ayres. Nolan was at table, and was in an unusually bright and talkative mood. Some story of a tumble reminded him of an adventure of his own when he was catching wild horses in Texas with his brother Stephen, at a time when he must have been quite a boy. He told the story with a good deal of spirit—so much so, that the silence which often follows a good story hung over the table for a instant, to be broken by Nolan himself. For he asked perfectly unconsciously—"Pray, what has become of Texas? After the Mexicans got their independence, I thought that province of Texas would come forward very fast. It is really one of the finest regions on earth; it is the Italy of this continent. But I have not seen or heard a word of Texas for near twenty years."

There were two Texan officers at the table. The reason he had never heard of Texas was that Texas and her affairs had been painfully cut out of his newspapers since Austin began his settlements; so that, while he read of Honduras and Tamaulipas, and, till quite lately, of California—this virgin province, in which his brother had traveled so far, and, I believe, had died, had ceased to be to him. Waters and Williams, the two Texas men, looked grimly at each other and tried not to laugh. Edward Morris had his attention attracted by the third link in the chain of the captain's chandelier. Watrous was seized with a convulsion of sneezing. Nolan himself saw that something was to pay—he did not know what. And I, as master of the feast, had to say: "Texas is out of the map, Mr. Nolan. Have you seen Captain Back's curious account of Sir Thomas Roe's Welcome?"

After that cruise I never saw Nolan again. I wrote to him at least twice a year, for in that voyage we became even confidentially intimate; but he never wrote me. The other men tell me that in those fifteen years he *aged* very fast, as well he might indeed, but that he was still the same gentle, uncomplaining, silent sufferer that he ever was, bearing as best he could his self-appointed punishment—rather less social, perhaps, with new men whom he did not know, but more anxious, apparently, than ever to serve and befriend and teach the boys, some of whom fairly seemed to worship him. And now it seems the dear old fellow is dead. He has found a home at last, and a country.

Since writing this, and while considering whether or no I would print it, as a warning to the young Nolans and Vallandighams and Tatnalls of today of what it is to throw away a country, I have received from Danforth, who is

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13. corvette, warship.

on board the *Levant*, a letter which gives an account of Nolan's last hours. It removes all my doubts about telling this story.

To understand the first words of the letter, the non-professional reader should remember that after 1817, the position of every officer who had Nolan in charge was one of the greatest delicacy. The government had failed to renew the order of 1807 regarding him. What was a man to do? Should he let him go? What, then, if he were called to account by the Department for violating the order of 1807? Should he keep him? What, then, if Nolan should be liberated some day, and should bring an action for false imprisonment or kidnaping against every man who had had him in charge? I urged and pressed this upon Southard, and I have reason to think that other officers did the same thing. But the Secretary always said, as they often do at Washington, that there were no special orders to give, and that we must act on our own judgment. That means, "if you succeed, you will be sustained; if you fail, you will be disavowed." Well, as Danforth says, all that is over now, though I do not know but I expose myself to a criminal prosecution on the evidence of the very revelation I am making.

Here is the letter:

Levant, 2°2′ S. @ 131° W.

"Dear Fred: I try to find heart and life to tell that it is all over with dear old Nolan. I have been with him on this voyage more than I ever was, and I can understand wholly now the way in which you used to speak of the dear old fellow. I could see that he was not strong, but I had no idea the end was so near. The doctor had been watching him very carefully, and yesterday morning came to me and told me that Nolan was not so well, and had not left his stateroom—a thing I never remember before. He had let the doctor come and see him as he lay there—the first time the doctor had been in the stateroom—and he said he should like to see me. Oh, dear! do you remember the mysteries we boys used to invent about his room in the old *Intrepid* days? Well, I went in, and there, to be sure, the poor fellow lay in his berth, smiling pleasantly as he gave me his hand, but looking very frail. I could not help a glance around, which showed me what a little shrine he had made of the box he was lying in. The stars and stripes were triced up above and around a picture of Washington, and he had painted a majestic eagle, with lightnings blazing from his beak and his foot just clasping the whole globe, which his wings overshadowed. The dear old boy saw my glance, and said, with a sad smile, 'Here, you see, I have a country!' And then he pointed to the foot of his bed, where I had not seen before a great map of the United States, as he had drawn it from memory, and which he had there to look upon as he lay. Quaint, queer old names were on it, in large letters: 'Indiana Territory,' 'Mississippi Territory,' and 'Louisiana Territory,' as I suppose our fathers learned such things; but the old fellow had patched in Texas, too; he had carried his western boundary all the way to the Pacific, but on that shore he had defined nothing.

" 'O Danforth,' he said, 'I know I am dying. I cannot get home. Surely you will tell me something now?—

64. triced, drawn.

Stop! stop. Do not speak till I say what I am sure you know, that there is not in this ship, that there is not in America—God bless her!—a more loyal man than I. There cannot be a man who loves the old flag as I do, or prays for it as I do, or hopes for it as I do. There are thirty-four stars in it now, Danforth. I thank God for that, though I do not know what their names are. There has never been one taken away; I thank God for that. I know by that that there has never been any successful Burr. O Danforth, Danforth,' he sighed out, 'how like a wretched night's dream a boy's idea of personal fame or of separate sovereignty seems, when one looks back on it after such a life as mine! But tell me—tell me something—tell me everything, Danforth, before I die!"

"Ingham, I swear to you that I felt like a monster that I had not told him everything before. Danger or no danger, delicacy or no delicacy, who was I that I should have been acting the tyrant all this time over this dear, sainted old man, who had years ago expiated, in his whole manhood's life, the madness of a boy's treason? 'Mr. Nolan,' said I, 'I will tell you everything you ask about. Only, where shall I begin?'

"Oh, the blessed smile that crept over his white face! and he pressed my hand and said, 'God bless you! Tell me their names,' he said, and he pointed to the stars on the flag. 'The last I know is Ohio. My father lived in Kentucky. But I have guessed Michigan and Indiana and Mississippi—that was where Fort Adams is—they make twenty. But where are your other fourteen? You have not cut up any of the old ones, I hope?'

"Well, that was not a bad text, and I told him the names in as good order as I could, and he bade me take down his beautiful map and draw them in as I best could with my pencil. He was wild with delight about Texas, told me how his brother died there; he had marked a gold cross where he supposed his brother's grave was; and he had guessed at Texas. Then he was delighted as he saw California and Oregon—that, he said, he had suspected partly, because he had never been permitted to land on that shore, though the ships were there so much. 'And the men,' said he, laughing, 'brought off a good deal besides furs.' Then he went back—heavens, how far!—to ask about the *Chesapeake*, and what was done to Barron for surrendering her to the *Leopard*, and whether Burr ever tried again—and he ground his teeth with the only passion he showed. But in a moment that was over, and he said, 'God forgive me, for I am sure I forgive him.' Then he asked about the old war—told me the true story of his serving the gun the day we took the *Java*—asked about dear old David Porter, as he called him. Then he settled down more quietly, and very happily, to hear me tell in an hour the history of fifty years.

"How I wished it had been somebody who knew something! But I did as well as I could. I told him of the English war. I told him about Fulton and the steamboat beginning. I told him about old Scott, and Jackson; told him all I could think about the Mississippi, and New Orleans, and Texas, and his own old Kentucky. And do you think, he asked me who was in command of the 'Legion of the West.' I told him it was a very gallant officer named Grant, and that, by our last news, he was about to establish his headquarters at Vicksburg. Then, 'Where was Vicksburg?' I worked that out on the map; it was about a hundred miles, more or less, above his old Fort Adams; and I thought Fort Adams must be a ruin now. 'It must be at old Vick's plantation,' said he; 'well, that is a change!'

"I tell you, Ingham, it was a hard thing to condense the history of half a century into that talk with a sick man. And I do not now know what I told him—of emigration, and the means of it, of steamboats, and railroads, and telegraphs, of inventions, and books, and literature, of the colleges, and West Point, and the Naval School—but with the queerest interruptions that ever you heard. You see it was Robinson Crusoe asking the accumulated questions of fifty-six years!

"I remember he asked, all of a sudden, who was President now; and when I told him, he asked if Old Abe was General Benjamin Lincoln's son. He said he met old General Lincoln, when he was quite a boy himself, at some Indian treaty. I said no, that Old Abe was a Kentuckian like himself, but I could not tell him of what family; he had worked up from the ranks. 'Good for him!' cried Nolan; 'I am glad of that. As I have brooded and wondered, I have thought our danger was in keeping up those regular successions in the first families.' Then I got talking about my visit to Washington. I told him of meeting the Oregon Congressman, Harding; I told him about the Smithsonian, and the Exploring Expedition; I told him about the Capitol, and the statues for the pediment, and Crawford's Liberty, and Greenough's Washington; Ingham, I told him everything I could think of that would show the grandeur of his country and its prosperity.

"And he drank it in and enjoyed it as I cannot tell you. He grew more and more silent; yet I never thought he was tired or faint. I gave him a glass of water, but he just wet his lips, and told me not to go away. Then he asked me to bring the Presbyterian *Book of Public Prayer* which lay there, and said, with a smile, that it would open at the right place—and so it did. There was his double red mark down the page; and I knelt down and read, and he repeated with me: 'For ourselves and our country, O gracious God, we thank Thee, that, notwithstanding our manifold transgressions of Thy holy laws, Thou hast continued to us Thy marvelous kindness'—and so to the end of that thanksgiving. Then he turned to the end of the same book, and I read the words more familiar to me: 'Most heartily we beseech Thee with Thy favor to behold and bless Thy servant, the President of the United States, and all others in authority'—and the rest of the Episcopal collect. 'Danforth,' said he, 'I have repeated those prayers night and morning, it is now fifty-five years.' And then he said he would go to sleep. He bent me down over him and kissed me; and he said, 'Look in my Bible, Danforth, when I am gone.' And I went away.

"But I had no thought it was the end. I thought he was tired and would sleep. I knew he was happy, and I wanted him to be alone.

"But in an hour, when the doctor

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42. **Smithsonian**, the famous museum at Washington, D.C.

went in gently, he found Nolan had breathed his life away with a smile. He had something pressed close to his lips. It was his father's badge of the Order of Cincinnati.

"We looked in his Bible, and there was a slip of paper at the place where he had marked the text:

" 'They desire a country, even a heavenly; wherefore God is not ashamed to be called their God; for He hath prepared for them a city.'

"On this slip of paper he had written:

" 'Bury me in the sea; it has been my home, and I love it. But will not someone set up a stone for my memory at Fort Adams or at Orleans, that my disgrace may not be more than I ought to bear? Say on it:

'In Memory of

'PHILIP NOLAN,

'Lieutenant in the Army of the United States.

'He loved his country as no other man has loved her; but no man deserved less at her hands.' "

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Edward Everett Hale (1822-1909) was a native of Boston and a grand-nephew of the Revolutionary patriot, Nathan Hale. While he was at Harvard College, he had for one of his professors Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

After leaving college Hale worked at various things before finally becoming a preacher and an author. He wrote much during his lifetime, his works including history, sermons, and stories, but he will perhaps be remembered longest for his patriotic short story, "The Man Without a Country." Dr. Hale was a great favorite with all who knew him. One of his friends has written: "The children and the aged loved him almost to worshiping, and is there a better test?"

Questions and Topics

1. What single great impression did the story make upon you as you read it through? Select four especially strong passages to read aloud in class; which is the finest passage of all?

2. Note the change in the character of Nolan through each successive incident; tell what each incident impressed upon him. How did your feeling for him change?

3. The author used many names and events to give the narrative the appearance of fact; what are some of these allusions? Can you mention any story or poem written during the World War with a purpose similar to the one that prompted this story? Show that "The Man Without a Country" is a typical short story.

Class Reading. Read aloud in class: the courtroom scene in which Nolan was sentenced; the dinner with the captain; the death-bed conversation.

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Test your ability in rapid silent reading by seeing how much of the story you can tell from this outline. I. *Philip Nolan, the gay officer:* (*a*) His early life. (*b*) His affection for Aaron Burr. (*c*) The court-martial. (*d*) The sentence. (*e*) The instructions for carrying out the sentence.

II. *Philip Nolan, the man without a country:* (*a*) His methodical life (uniform, mess, books, newspapers, scrap books, interests, nursing). (*b*) Reading from *The Lay of The Last Minstrel.* (*c*) The ball on board the *Warren.* (*d*) The frigate-duel. (*e*) The slave ship. (*f*) Nolan's last hours.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. What it means to be a patriot. 2. My country; the debt I owe to it.

Debate. Resolved: That Philip Nolan's punishment was too severe.

Library Reading. "Breathes There the Man with Soul so Dead," Scott (in *The Lay of the Last Minstrel*, Canto VI).

Courtesy of the Chicago Association of Commerce Civic Industrial Clubs Committee

HIGH-SCHOOL BOYS IN A "CLEAN-UP" CAMPAIGN

CITIZENSHIP: THE NORTHFIELD IDEAL

William Heyliger

The football season was over—the last game had been played. Basketball had not yet begun the hectic run of its schedule. Perry King, at his desk in Home Room 13 of the Northfield High School, sighed dolefully.

"Might as well be a hermit," he reflected. "There won't be enough excitement for what's left of this semester to muss a fellow's hair."

But Perry was wrong. Life has a way of bobbing up with unexpected surprises. Three days later, Frank Baldwin, president of the Northfield Congress—in another school the body might have been termed the Student Council—resigned with the announcement that his family was moving from town. And the school, aroused from its quiet, found itself confronted with the duty of electing someone to fill his place.

"Praska!" cried Perry. "Room 13 wants George Praska. Nothing to it but Praska. Might as well hold the election at once and get it over with."

If Perry's plan had been to stampede the school for his candidate, he almost succeeded. The cry was taken up in the halls. Northfield remembered how, under Praska's leadership, the school had marched to the City Hall and had had muddy Nelson Avenue improved. Perry, flushed and excited, buttonholed Littlefield in the doorway of the physics laboratory.

"If we can get that election called at once," he said, "Praska will go over without opposition. And then we'll have a Room 13 fellow bossing the whole show. Room 13 has three votes in the Congress—yours, Praska's and mine. I'll make a motion to hold the election at once. You and Praska will vote for it. We'll pick up enough support from other members of the Congress to jam the motion through. If you ask me, I'll say that it will be pretty work."

But student participation in the government of Northfield High had endowed many of the body with a true sense of values, a gravity of thought, and a perception of real responsibility. Littlefield, instead of giving off sparks of enthusiasm, grew sober. His eyebrows drew down in a frown. "I don't like that," he said. "And I know Praska wouldn't be a party to it. It's not Praska's style."

"Do you think the school could get anybody better than George Praska?" Perry demanded hotly.

"No. But rushing through an election just to seat our own candidate would make a bad precedent. This year it would give us Praska. But how about next year, or the year after? We've got to think of the school. You and Praska and I will be through here in a year or so, but the school will be here long after we're out. That's what counts—not tomorrow, but a long line of tomorrows."

Perry was silent. "I guess you're right," he said at last. Littlefield flashed him a look of approval. The abrupt manner in which he had surrendered an unsound theory was indication of what Northfield was doing for its young citizens.

But though Perry had surrendered, he could not stifle a secret regret. He had developed an uncanny knack of interpreting popular sentiment. The sharp brain, functioning above his thin, bony body, seemed able to read what a group might be thinking. He knew that, at the moment, Praska was the choice of the school. But the moment would pass. Other candidates would be brought forward—it was in the nature of things that this should happen. And shrewd instinct told Perry that certainty passed out of an election once the friends of rival candidates began to run main issues up obscure and unexpected bypaths.

In due time the Northfield Congress met and promulgated its findings. Nominations, the Congress ordered, must be made from the home rooms; and each home room was limited to one choice. The names of candidates would be placed on the ballot in alphabetical order, and the Congress would supervise the election. Five days were given in which to make nominations.

Room 13 promptly nominated Praska. Three other home rooms promptly indorsed him. Then came a halt. Perry went scouting to learn the reason.

"Opposition," he reported to Littlefield.

Littlefield scowled. "Where?"

"The girls."

Next day one of the girls' home rooms nominated Lee Merritt, who was serving as a member of the Congress.

In Room 13 there were outbursts of mirth at the news. Hammond, the captain of the eleven, was convulsed with laughter.

"You don't mean that they've named old 'Nimble-feet' Merritt?"

Perry nodded.

"Why, all that fellow can do is dance. That's where he got his nickname. What did he ever do for the school?"

"He was chairman of the committee that gave the Thanksgiving Day Entertainment," said Littlefield.

Hammond snorted. "He had a good live committee. The committee members did the work and saved his bacon. He's a favorite with the girls, and that's the only place he shines."

"Yes," Perry said slowly; "and there are four hundred fifty girls in Northfield and about three hundred and fifty fellows. He's the best dancer in the school, and the girls crowd each other for a chance to be his partner. He has a way with them. There's no getting away from that. He's popular with them. And if they really get behind old 'Nimble-feet' they've got the votes."

"Who," asked Littlefield, "who sprung his nomination?"

"I don't know. But Betty Lawton is helping his candidacy."

Littlefield gave a low whistle of consternation. Betty Lawton was, without question, the leading spirit in the girls' rooms.

"Confound girls, anyway," Hammond said bitterly.

The following morning two more of the girls' rooms came out for Merritt. Betty Lawton's influence was showing its strength. In a corner of the cafeteria, Perry, Hammond, and Littlefield held a council of gloom.

"If the worst comes to the worst," Littlefield said, "we might try stuffing the ballot boxes."

"No crooked work at Northfield," Perry said sharply.

Littlefield gave him a glance of scorn. "Did you think I meant it? Of course there's nothing crooked at Northfield."

But there was. Just before classes were dismissed that afternoon the news spread through the school that money had been stolen from three clothing lockers on the first floor.

In the auditorium, the following morning, Mr. Rue, the principal, faced the students with unwonted gravity.

"As a rule," he said, "the faculty prefers to have matters of ordinary interest to Northfield announced by duly elected officials of the student body. We like to see Northfield citizens function intelligently for themselves. But the matter that must come before you this morning is of such extraordinary character that I deem it best to handle the matter myself.

"Three of the clothing lockers were rifled yesterday, and money was stolen from all three. Fortunately, the amounts taken were small; but that does not lessen the seriousness of the occurrence. All of us, alive to the best interests of Northfield, have been asking, in our hearts, one question. Was this thing done by a citizen of Northfield? I can tell you that it was not.

"We have definitely established the fact that some outsider entered the school, committed the thefts, and left. However, there is an aspect to the case that must give us pause. The intruder did not force a door nor break a lock. Each locker that was robbed had been left open. This was, in itself, a frank and careless invitation to loss.

"To this extent Northfield has been guilty of poor citizenship. *Good citizenship writes as its cardinal virtue obedience to law.* The law calls for clothing lockers to be kept locked. The person who committed the thefts broke the moral law and the law of organized society. The students who left their lockers invitingly open broke the law of the school. No bank leaves its money out on the sidewalk. Such a condition would be akin to tempting people to steal. The giver of a bribe is as guilty as the taker; and he who by carelessness tempts another to commit a theft is as guilty, in the larger meaning, as the one who steals.

"We must have no more of this laxness at Northfield. Last night we got in touch with every member of our Congress. The school day has hardly begun, but the Congress has already met, and is organized to handle the situation. A 'Safety Committee' has been organized with Mr. Lee Merritt as chairman; and it will have Room B-2 in the basement as its headquarters. This committee will patrol all corridors, and will test lockers during the day to see that they are kept locked. If a locker is found open, a warning slip will be left on the knob. A second slip will be for the second offense. But if a locker is found open for the third time, everything in it will be taken to the committee room and the owner will have to identify his property in order to get it back.

"The members of this committee will wear arm bands, and on each band will be two letters—'S' and 'C'. Their authority, where open lockers are found, is to be accepted by the school. I am sorry that the Congress has had to name such a committee. It should not be necessary for us to police ourselves. The Congress asks me to inform you that the committee will be disbanded just as soon as Northfield shows that it is capable of obeying its own laws without supervision."

The school filed soberly from the auditorium; but once in the corridors the walls echoed a medley of excited debate and speculation. Back in Room 13 Mr. Banning held the boys while waiting for the next period bell.

"I think," he said, "that Room 13 has a representative on the Safety Committee."

Perry King arose. "I'm on the committee. We won't have our arm bands until tomorrow."

"Can't do anything in this school," little Johnny Dunn chortled, "without Room 13 having a finger in the pie."

"Let Room 13 keep its hands clean by not making it necessary to be reported by the Safety Committee," Perry said savagely. Plainly he was chewing some cud of bitter reflection. Mr. Banning looked at him in surprise. Littlefield nudged Hammond.

"Something's gone wrong," he observed wisely. "I'll bet it has something to do with the election."

It did have something to do with the election. Twice, before the period bell rang, Perry tried to catch Praska's eye; later there was no chance to overtake him in the orderly lines out in the hall. During the morning he heard that one more room had declared for Praska. That was good. The information was followed by the announcement that the two remaining rooms—a girls' room and Merritt's own home room—had taken a stand for the rival candidate whose specialty was dancing. Perry's face grew long. He counted the minutes until noon, and then hastened down to the cafeteria. Praska was eating at a corner table.

"Speed it up," Perry said. "I want to talk to you, and I can't do it here. There's too big a crowd." He got a tray, and brought his own meal back to the table. "I've got an earful for you," he added, "and don't make any mistake about that."

Twenty minutes later, on the quiet landing of a little used rear stairway, the earful was duly delivered.

"Four home rooms have declared for you," Perry said, "and four have declared for Merritt. Of course the fact that a home room indorses a candidate doesn't mean that the other fellow won't get any votes from that room. You'll get everything in your room; Merritt will get everything in his. But in the other rooms that indorsed Merritt, you got some votes, and he got some votes in the rooms that indorsed you. A room indorsement is simply a majority opinion. It doesn't bind the fellow who voted against the majority to swing into line and make the choice unanimous."

Praska smiled his slow smile. "Why get excited about that?"

"Four rooms against four rooms," said Perry. "The girls' rooms have the most votes. They're going to control this election."

"Why shouldn't they, if they have the most votes?"

"But 'Nimble-feet' Merritt is chairman of the Safety Committee."

There was something in the way the sentence was said that brought Praska's brows together in a frown. Plainly his friend was hinting at something queer—but he could not follow him. "What of that?" he asked at last.

"Oh, you ninny," Perry said pityingly. "Can't you see what's going to happen? By and by some of the girls will leave their lockers open for the third time. Their things will be brought down to the committee room. And what will 'Nimblefeet' do? Will he make them toe the mark? He will not. He'll apologize to them for making them come down, and they'll go away figuring that he's just the nicest fellow in Northfield. What chance will you have against *that?*"

Praska's face was grave. "You mean Merritt will use the Safety Committee as part of his campaign?"

"No; no." Perry was impatient. "He won't be able to do anything else. It's his way. He always gushes over a girl. And members of the committee, that the whole school knows are for you, will have to play along as he plays or your election is gone."

They looked into each other's eyes as men do who seek to read each other's souls. Praska was the first to speak.

"Let's go back," he said, and started down the stairs.

Perry sighed. The interview had not gone as he had counted. He had come there to warn Praska of the defeat that lay ahead; to tell him——. A chill of doubt stabbed at him and he grew icy with apprehension. As he started to follow, his steps were slow, his feet were heavy.

"Praska stooping to that," he said in a whisper. "I can't believe it."

And then Praska turned and came back up the stairs. In his eyes now was a look of pain as though the thing that brought him back might hurt; but his jaw was squared.

"Perry," he said rapidly, after the fashion of one who seeks to get an unpleasant duty over with, "the presidency of the Congress is the greatest honor that Northfield can give. It's a big temptation, but——. Oh, we've got to play the game. If I thought that a single vote came to me because some friend in Room 13 let things slide and winked at——. You know what Mr. Rue said this morning about open lockers. Bad citizenship! We can't stand for that. I don't care how many votes——"

Perry gave a cry of understanding. "You mean you think I'm going to do 'Nimble-feet's' stunt and play for votes?"

"Isn't that what you were trying to tell me?"

"You poor prune! I wanted you to see what you were up against. I wanted to tell you that I was going to treat everybody who came down to the committee-room without gloves. I was trying to tell you I was just about going to lose you that election."

"And I thought it was the other thing," said Praska.

Perry was going to announce what he had believed, but stifled the words before they were uttered. Somehow, the thought itself seemed to carry a sting of insult. After a moment his lips twisted into a crooked smile.

"'I would rather be right than be president.' Regular Henry Clay stuff. Remember when we first heard that saying of Clay's? Back in the eighth grade of grammar school. It didn't mean much then; but Mr. Banning said something about it last week. I'll tell the world he drove it home to me."

"It's the spirit of America," Praska said passionately. And Perry wondered how he could ever have dreamed that Praska would sell his ideals for an honor.

There are, in every school, a shiftless few who cannot be touched by the finer things, and who take their responsibilities lightly. Close on their heels tread the laggards, the thoughtless and indifferent. Northfield was no exception to the common rule. And so it came to pass that before many days lockers were being emptied by the Safety Committee, and uneasy and blustering students were coming down to Room B-2 to claim their temporarily-confiscated belongings.

It was in Room B-2 that Perry's scathing tongue won for him the nickname of the "Bawler-Out."

"Why," said Littlefield in admiration, "you never heard such dressing-downs in your life. To hear that long-legged bantam talk you'd think he was the Constitution of the United States and the Supreme Court rolled into one. Half the fellows who go down there could squeeze his ear and make him dance to their music; but they take what he has to say and walk out like tame ducks."

Friend or mere acquaintance—it was all the same to Perry. He had been placed in power to see that a necessary and vital law was obeyed. He recognized no other creed. Those who came to wheedle grew abashed before his indignant glare. A few came to threaten, only to become silent under his withering indignation. He knew neither fear nor favor, excuse nor extenuation. Northfield had soiled itself through contact with a thief. It was never to happen again. Soft words had no power, friendship no appeal, to turn him from that.

Between times he found occasion to campaign for Praska. One boy whom he had flayed in the morning, he approached for support in the afternoon. The student eyed him coldly.

"You were certainly around when nerve was given out," he commented. "A few hours ago you scalped me; now you're asking for favors."

"What do you want me to be," Perry demanded, "a Northfield fellow or a trimmer?"

The student flushed. "A Northfield fellow," he said after a moment. "I wouldn't promise to vote for Praska; but I haven't promised to vote for Merritt, either."

Merritt, on the other hand, took his duties with light ease. During his periods of patrol, he walked the corridors faithfully; but there were times when Room B-2 did not see him for an entire day, and the committee took care of itself. When he would come in, he would always wear an air of busy importance. He would glance briefly through the record book, sign the reports that others had prepared, and then he was gone.

"Good work," he would say from the doorway. "Somebody had better stay on deck. That stuff we took out of locker 136—Morris will be down looking for that this afternoon. Somebody'll have to be here to give it to him."

Perry regarded him with sour disfavor.

The campaign ran on and grew feverish with the days. Twice the auditorium was given over to political mass meetings—once so that Merritt's friends could plead his case, again so that Praska's adherents could advance his claims. Neither Betty Lawton nor Perry was among the orators. Perry was down in Room B-2 doing work that had to be done. Betty was in the assembly, merely a listener, but she applauded each speaker who said a good word for Merritt. Littlefield, who was watching her narrowly, saw that.

It was after the meeting called to help him that Merritt made one of his brief visits to the headquarters of the Safety Committee. He had been praised for the sharp manner in which the committee was supervising the lockers; his spirit had expanded mellowly under the tide of approval. No doubt he thought he had earned all the good things that had been said of him. And while he was in the committee room making his perfunctory examination of the records, a girl from the junior class came in to claim several articles that had been removed from her open locker.

Merritt sprang nimbly to his feet. "Miss Hunt! I'm sorry you have had to come down here. Has it inconvenienced you? Really, I could have taken care of this if you had let me know. We had to take them; no way out of it. It's a school order. You'll keep your locker closed hereafter, won't you? Going right upstairs?"

"Yes; Betty Lawton is waiting for me." In fact, Betty stood in the doorway.

"Let me carry them for you," Merritt said quickly, and draped the girl's coat over his arm. Chatting and laughing he led the way from the room.

Perry, who had seen it all, made a bow to an imaginary visitor. "O Miss Dillpickle! What an outrage that your own things should have been taken from your own locker. I am humiliated that this should have happened to you. Of course, the school says you deserve this punishment, but what's good citizenship between friends?" He kicked over the chair that Merritt had just vacated. "Of all the rot," he said in disgust.

But calling Merritt's methods names did not minimize their danger to Praska. Here was a girl offender who had been treated apologetically, and another girl who had witnessed the deference that she had been shown. They would spread a report of Merritt's consideration through the girls' home rooms. And with Betty Lawton telling it—

Perry waited glumly until another member of the committee came to relieve him. This was Wednesday. The election was to be held Friday. All day tomorrow for the telling of a sympathetic story of what a thoughtful, engaging young man Lee Merritt was. All of Friday, until the hour of the election, for the story to be told and retold. If Merritt had been deliberately seeking votes through his connection with the Safety Committee, Perry might have found a savage joy in counter-plotting; but Merritt, who could find so little time for his committee chairmanships, seemed innocently unaware of the strength he was building up behind his gallantries. Perry shook his head helplessly and went upstairs.

The hour was well on toward four o'clock; yet by rare good luck, he met Praska going out of the school door. Perry was nothing if not curious.

"What kept you so late?"

"Room 13 is turning out an election circular tomorrow. They asked me to wait while they got up the copy. Johnnie Baffin owns a small printing press; some of the fellows are going around there tonight, and after Johnnie sticks the type they're going to print the job."

"Funny I wasn't told about that," Perry said with a shaft of jealousy.

"One thing at a time," Praska said. "You're making a job of the Safety Committee—and a good job, too."

Perry's face lengthened. He told of what had happened in Room B-2—told it bitterly, for he was sore in spirit. Praska looked past him, a far-away stare in his eyes, as though in the distance he saw visions of strength and truth.

"Betty Lawton and every girl in Northfield," he said at last, "is a citizen of Northfield. That's the thing to remember. They're just as proud of Northfield as the rest of us. They're just as much interested in the school as any fellow. Of course, girls expect fellows to be nice to them, but I don't think they look for it, or want it, at the price of something big."

"Big what?" Perry demanded.

"Northfield citizenship," Praska answered. "Not the make-believe kind; the real thing."

Perry sniffed. "You wouldn't say that if you had seen the way those two girls acted today."

"Maybe they haven't thought of it from the right angle. Maybe they just accepted what Merritt did as the courtesy a fellow would naturally show a girl. Down in my heart I believe they're just as much alive to the real things as any of us are. I think they'd be insulted if they thought the school had one line of treatment for the boy citizens and another for the girl. I think they want to play the big game with us, and that they're ready to play it with us. I think they're eager and willing to take the knocks that go with the big game. They're not asking to be babied. They're citizens; and the fellow who refuses to judge them as citizens belittles them and belittles the school."

Perry had listened with a rising color in his cheeks. At the end he shook his head as though breaking away from a charm of words.

"Wouldn't it be fine for the school if things ran like that?" he asked wistfully.

Praska was disappointed. "You're one of those who think a girl has to be babied?"

"The bulk of 'Nimble-feet' Merritt's support is coming from the girls' home rooms," Perry said practically. It was an argument that admitted of no answer. He trudged off and left Praska there still staring into the distance as though he still saw a vision.

Next morning the circulars that had been run off on Johnnie Baffin's press made their appearance in the school. Perry read one with interest:

GEORGE PRASKA

Room 13 Asks You to Elect
Him on His Record

You will vote a prepared ballot for President of the Congress.

Why?

Because George Praska fought for a prepared ballot last fall in Room 13 elections. The principle for which he fought was sound. Every home room in Northfield has adopted it.

You won't have to wade across muddy Nelson Avenue hereafter.

Why?

Because George Praska led Northfield to the City Hall and had the street improved.

A VOTE FOR PRASKA
IS
A VOTE FOR PROGRESS

"That," said Littlefield over his shoulder, "is what I call a mighty fine campaign document. It ought to swing this election."

"Who wrote it?" Perry asked.

"I did," Littlefield said modestly. "Don't you like it?"

Perry liked it immensely. The more he thought of it, the more its arguments seemed conclusive and sweeping. Coming the day before the election, it would rivet attention on the candidates and their known capabilities. Later, in physics, when his mind should have been dissecting some problems that had to do with the energy of steam, his imagination was captivated by pictures of signs that the school would find on Nelson Avenue next morning. He intended to erect them. He even knew how the signs would look: "Thank Praska for a Clean Street." That, he told himself proudly, would be a knockout, the last straw, the winning hit, the grand finale that would bring home the bacon.

At noon, after eating, he went outdoors to decide just where the signs should go. On the outdoor steps he paused. Merritt was on the sidewalk, the center of a group of eagerly questioning girls. He held in his hand one of the Praska circulars, and was talking lightly. Some of his audience began to laugh.

"Isn't that perfectly ridiculous," came a clear soprano voice. Perry turned on his heels and re-entered the school. He was in no mood to go back to Room 13. It was not his hour for Safety Committee duty; yet a sort of restlessness led him down to Room B-2. The committee quarters were deserted. Clothing, in neat piles over in a corner, told him that some lockers had been cleaned out that day. He began to look through the slips on his desk. George Hartford, Frank Mason, Elizabeth Lawton——. Even as his eyes opened wide, there was a sound from the hall, a patter of feet on the floor, and then a voice.

"Oh, Perry, won't you please let me have my things? I'm in an awful hurry."

For just a moment Perry hesitated. Temptation to make political capital of the situation touched him—he who had vowed to handle the work with honor. This girl was a leader. She could influence votes. And then the temptation was gone, routed before his feeling for a higher duty and the stern necessity of upholding a Northfield ideal. Slowly he took from the desk the paper that bore her name.

"Won't you sit down?" he said.

She looked at him in surprise. "But I'm in a hurry."

"That's twice today you've been in a hurry. The first time when you were so much in a hurry that you forgot to protect your locker. The doctors say that hurry kills people. You don't want to die young, do you?"

She thought for a moment that he was joking; but the look on his face dispelled that theory. A judge, sentencing a prisoner to death, could not have been more serious. His voice carried a solemnity that made her uneasy. She did not mean to do it—and yet she sank into the chair toward which he had motioned.

"Socially, Miss Lawton," he said, "it is always a pleasure to meet you, but I do not care to meet you under the circumstances that prevail today. You have left a locker open. Because you and others are careless, one student had to give up part of a study period to patrol your corridor, to take your things out, and to bring them here for safe keeping. I have to stay here, too, to give them back to you when you get ready to come for them. Do you think it fair that your carelessness should make extra work for others? You may be waited on at home; I have nothing to say about that. But you can't expect to have people pick up and carry for you here. It isn't the Northfield spirit."

An angry spot of red had begun to burn in the girl's cheeks.

"I came for my clothing," she said icily; "not to be lectured by you."

"No," Perry said. "You came here convicted of bad citizenship. We can't pass bad citizenship over with a smile. It's too serious. If you object to getting both clothing and the truth at the same time, you can go to Mr. Rue's office and complain."

The girl half arose from her chair, and then dropped back. She bit her lips. This tall, thin monster who stood before her with the austere gravity of an executioner had all the best of it. She could not go to the principal's office without having to explain there how her locker had come to be open. Better a session with Perry than a session with Mr. Rue. She leaned back in the chair, turned her eyes toward the door leading to the hall, and began to hum.

Perry went over to the clothing and brought back one of the piles. "Personal belongings must be identified before surrender," he said.

"One silk handbag."

The girl continued to stare out of the door.

"Not identified," said Perry. "We'll put that aside. It must belong to somebody else."

Betty sprang to her feet. "That's mine. My initials are inside. My mother gave me that last Christmas."

"You must value it," Perry observed, "to throw it in an open locker and leave it there."

The girl's cheeks were burning. "I won't stay here to be insulted."

"You wouldn't be here at all if you obeyed the Northfield laws. One fur hat and one coat trimmed with fur."

"Mine," Betty snapped. "My name's stamped on the hat lining, and one of my notebooks is in the right-hand coat pocket."

"One vanity case, one pair of gloves with a hole in one finger."

"You needn't criticize my gloves," the girl cried angrily.

"I wouldn't know anything about them if they hadn't been brought here," Perry reminded her.

She wanted to walk out, to leave her belongings there, to turn an outraged back upon him and leave him to a hollow triumph. But, somehow, even in her wrath, she felt a compelling, arresting force that would not let her go. He was gathering up the clothing, piling it neatly, and she walked toward him tight-lipped, to take what was hers. He did not push it to her across the desk.

"It's worse for a girl to be careless," he said, "than it is for a fellow. People expect a girl to be orderly. If she isn't orderly, what kind of home will she have after she's married? Everything will be upset. I'd think about that, Miss Lawton," he said gravely, and held the pile toward her.

She snatched it from him. "The 'Bawler-Out!'" Her voice shook, "No wonder they call you that. 'Bawler-Out!' They ought to call you a tyrant."

"And a girl like you," said Perry, "who's a leader, ought to stand with the law of Northfield and not against it."

A stamp of her foot, a toss of a raven-black head, something that sounded like a cry of protest, and she was gone. Carefully, methodically, Perry wrote on the slip the date when the things taken from the locker had been claimed. Under this he signed his name with curious deliberation.

Upstairs, in one of the corridors, he met Littlefield. "Seen Praska?" he asked.

Littlefield shook his head.

"If you see him——" Perry paused a moment. "Tell him Betty Lawton came to Room B-2 for her clothing. Tell him he's licked to a frazzle. He'll understand."

Leaving the basement of the school, Betty Lawton did not go directly to her own home room. She had begun to cry, and had then dried her tears with the resolve that nothing Perry King could do or say *would* make her cry. But her eyes were red, and she did not want to take this tell-tale sign back where others could see it.

She was in one of the rear corridors, between a window and the foot of a side stairway. Two boys began to descend the stairs. She walked to the window, turned her back, and looked outdoors as though absorbed in something she saw. But the first words caught her attention.

"Perry King" came a voice. "He's nothing but a bag of wind. Likes to hear himself talk."

"I don't think you've got him sized up right," came an answer.

"I didn't know you were in love with him. You wanted to beat him up after that dressing down he gave you in the Safety Committee room."

"Well, I've changed my mind about that. He came to me that same day and began to urge me to consider Praska for President of the Congress. 'You've got a fine nerve,' I told him, 'to ask favors from me after what you said to me today.' He came right back at me. 'What do you want me to be,' he asked, 'a trimmer or a Northfield fellow?' There's a whole lot in that. If he had wanted to trim he could have made a lot of votes for Praska; and I'll bet a gold mine he's lost Praska votes by the way he's bawled out fellows. But that's Perry. He's for the school, and nothing else matters. I'll bet if Praska got nailed with an open locker he'd bawl him out as hard as he'd hand it to you or me."

The footsteps went along the corridor, turned a corner, and were swallowed in a host of other sounds. By and by, across the willful face of Betty Lawton a new expression began to find its way. He had spoken of the Northfield spirit. "You can't," he had said, "pass bad citizenship over with a smile." And he had added something that gave her pause the longer she thought of it. A leader ought to stand for the law of Northfield and not against it. He had called her a leader—and in the same breath had condemned her. All at once a new and strange respect for this monster, this bawler-out, began to run through her veins.

Presently she was stirred to action. Going to her locker, she hung up her clothing and carefully locked the door. As she turned away she saw Merritt. Suddenly she was moved to try a strange conclusion.

"Lee," she called as she reached his side, "my locker was emptied by the committee."

"Gosh," he said. "Isn't that tough luck? You girls who forget to turn a key will get into trouble. When did it happen?"

"This morning some time."

"I wish you had told me sooner. I might have been able to fix it up for you at once. Wait here. I'll go down and get your things."

"You needn't," she said in a voice that baffled him. "I got them a little while ago from Perry King." As she went to her home room with the red now gone from her eyes, her heels seemed to tap out "bad citizenship, bad citizenship" on the floor. Merritt had tried to smooth things for her; Perry had called her strictly to account. As between the two her choice ran to the sturdy, uncompromising viewpoint that gave no favors and asked none.

Yet, after a time, she was conscious of a vague disquietude. Suppose Praska, confronted with complaint of Perry's methods, should try to pour an unctuous oil of insincerity upon the troubled water. Her mouth grew thin-lipped again, as it had done earlier that day down in Room B-2. She had tested Merritt by the light that Perry King had given her. Now she would test Praska.

She did not come upon him until just before school closed for the day. They met outside the office of Mr. Rue, to which both had gone on errands.

"George," she said boldly, "Perry King is one of your chief lieutenants, isn't he?"

"Yes; he is."

"I had to go to the Safety Committee room today to claim some clothing. You know what the school calls him—the 'Bawler-Out.' Do you think he ought to talk to a girl the same way he talks to a boy?"

"I have nothing to do with the Safety Committee, Betty."

She felt a stirring of regret. In her present mood she wanted to encounter the strength of a leader with the courage to stand for his convictions. Praska, she thought, was trimming.

"Never mind that," she said. "I know you're not on the committee. But you're running for office, and Perry is one of your chief supporters. You know what he's been doing in Room B-2. The whole school knows. Do you believe in his talking to a girl like that?"

"I believe," Praska said slowly, "that if a girl and a fellow are to be equal in their citizenship, they must be equal in their responsibility. Perry wasn't insulting, was he?"

"N—no, not exactly. He hurt my feelings."

"Perhaps you hurt his feelings by breaking a Northfield law. Did you not leave your locker open?"

"Yes."

"Then Perry did what I would have done had I been in his place."

At that moment the message that Perry had sent to him ran through Praska's mind—"licked to a frazzle." A wry smile twisted his lips even as he bowed and took a step past the girl.

But she stopped him with a quick little gesture, half imperative, half entreating.

"George," she said, "I've been doing some campaign work for Lee Merritt, but I've seen some things today that have changed my mind. You never met my Uncle Bob, did you? He's captain of a steamer that runs to South America. He says that no boat can sail a true course without a strong hand on the tiller. You can count on my support when the Northfield Congress opens the polls tomorrow."

Courtesy of *Southtown Economist*

TREE PLANTING IN A HIGH-SCHOOL YARD

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

William Heyliger (1884-) was born in Hoboken, New Jersey, and educated in the public schools and the Sacred Heart Academy of his native city. For several years he was engaged in the mercantile business and as a newspaper reporter. He now gives his time to the writing of books for boys and girls and is considered one of the foremost of American juvenile authors.

Heyliger's books are true to life, clean, and wholesome. F. K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian of the Boy Scouts of America, says of this author: "He knows the master story-teller's art and uses it with subtle power to make his books count for character culture. In this particular I know of no other living writer of stories for boys and girls who excels him, and very few at the most who are his equal."

William Heyliger chooses his titles from the sports and interests of the American boy, and his stories are all based upon fair play and honor.

The Spirit of The Leader, from which "Citizenship: the Northfield Ideal" is taken, is a book dealing with the real school problems of students managing their own affairs. Mr. Heyliger, before writing this book, visited one hundred seventy-eight high schools, traveling over six thousand miles to do so, and addressed over two hundred twenty-five thousand high-school students. It is an inspiring and interesting story written to show boys and girls the real meaning of citizenship.

Questions and Topics

1. What caused the unexpected excitement at the Northfield High School? Do you think Perry's plan of electing Praska was a good one? Why? How had self-government affected many students?

2. Why did Littlefield object to the plan of election as outlined by Perry? Read the lines that show you what Northfield was doing for its young citizens. In your opinion would or would not Lee Merritt be a good president of the Congress?

3. Was there anything "crooked" at Northfield? What was it? Do you think those students who left their lockers open "broke the law of the school"? Give reasons for your answer.

4. What did the theft in the locker room have to do with the coming election? Have you ever known a boy who possessed a personality like that of Lee Merritt?

5. Do you believe Praska would make a good president of the Northfield Congress? Why? What did Praska believe to be "the spirit of America"? Do you believe the following statement: "There are, in every school, a shiftless few who cannot be touched by the finer things and who take their responsibilities lightly"? What other classes of undesirable citizens does the author believe you will find in every school?

6. What is the difference between "a Northfield fellow and a trimmer"? Why did the real citizens at Northfield dislike Lee Merritt? Did the girls at Northfield show that they were citizens? How? Do you think Perry deserved the title "Bawler-Out"? Why? How do you account for Betty's change in her attitude toward Perry? Which boy or girl in the school do you think would have made the best president? Why?

7. You will enjoy reading *The Spirit of the Leader*, by Heyliger, the book from which this story is taken.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. "Good citizenship writes as its cardinal virtue obedience to law." 2. "No bank leaves its money out on the sidewalk." 3. "The giver of a bribe is as guilty as the taker." 4. "I would rather be right than be president." 5. "No boat can sail a true course without a strong hand on the tiller."

Library Reading. (*a*) *For report by individuals or committees:* "The Voice of the People," Heyliger (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "A Matter of Proper Spirit," Heyliger (in *The Spirit of the Leader*); "The Sheriton Turnabout," Pierrot (in *American Boy Stories*); "The Good Citizen" and "Qualities of Good Citizenship," Roosevelt (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); "The American Boy," Roosevelt (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "New Thoughts" and "The Voice of America," Heyliger (in *High Benton*).

(*b*) *For use in leisure moments—recreation:* "The Making of a Man," Taft, and "The Meaning of Citizenship," Roosevelt (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "How to Make an American," Lane and "Why I Became an American," Pupin (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Seven*); "Your Best and Hardest Job," Hawthorne (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*); *Junior Citizens*, Hill; *Good Citizenship*, Richman and Wallach.

(*c*) *For presentation by the teacher:* Resolution Adopted By the National Council of Boy Scouts of America at Their Annual Meeting, 1919 (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five*).

CHARLES PROTEUS STEINMETZ—MAKER OF LIGHTNING

John Winthrop Hammond

HE STUDIED LIGHTNING—AND MADE IT

Lightning, about which Dr. Steinmetz knew a great deal, is a strange and startling thing, but, although it sometimes kills, the fear that people have of it is, in most cases, quite needless.

It is true that lightning now and then causes damage to property. Being a discharge of electricity in enormous volume, it is especially dangerous to electrical supply systems. To show how these systems can be protected against lightning is indeed worth while. That is one of the very things that Steinmetz helped to do. It was one of the important achievements that made his life useful to the world. It was a great stone in the structure of his life tower, which lifted him still higher among men.

For fully twenty years of his life, Dr. Steinmetz studied lightning. His study of it came under the head of "transient electrical currents." By his investigations he was trying to discover the cause of sudden, unexpected high-voltage currents that bring damage to the electrical machines in power-houses and to the cables of transmission lines, unless they can be prevented.

He found that lightning was one of the causes of such destructive currents. Lightning does not often actually strike an electrical transmission system. But it may come so close to the wires that it causes what is known as "induced current" in the electrical system, which is a much greater current than the system can stand without breaking down.

As electrical systems, supplying electricity to cities and towns, began to increase in size, they needed protection against such disturbances more than ever. Their very size made them more exposed to trouble from lightning. Realizing this, Dr. Steinmetz, some time before 1900, began to use his great ability to solve the problem. Other electrical engineers also worked at it. Out of these efforts came the invention of the lightning-arrester, which was first used long before Steinmetz had begun to study lightning.

From 1907 to 1919 Steinmetz published important engineering papers about lightning, transient currents, and electrical circuits. He kept on with this kind of work, each year going farther and farther. Soon he announced some interesting theories about lightning. No one else had ever held such theories, because no one with such a mathematical mind as his had ever given attention to the subject.

A lightning-flash, Dr. Steinmetz declared, lasts only one millionth part of a second. That is far too short a time to make it of any use to human beings, even if there were any possible way of using it.

After he had studied lightning for many years, Dr. Steinmetz came to know so much about it—how it was caused, how much power it could produce, and how it behaved—that many people called him the "friend of lightning." It is certain that he was never afraid of it. Instead of wishing to hide during a thunder-storm, as some foolish persons do, he enjoyed watching the lightning as it flashed across the sky. He always knew it was dangerous if it struck close to where one happened to be; but he had discovered that the chances of this were very small, and that there is not so much reason to be afraid of it as most people believe.

Hence he did not practice any useless precautions during a thunder-storm. But he knew just what to do and what not to do to protect oneself from lightning. He knew there was no more danger in watching lightning from an open window or from the porch of one's home than in going down cellar and staying there until the storm was over. But he was always careful never to seek shelter, during a thunder-storm, under a tree standing all alone in a field, or one on top of a hill, for such trees are very often just like targets for lightning-bolts.

As he went on with his study of this tremendous thing which has always so awed human beings, Dr. Steinmetz gathered all the data he could about lightning storms and places that had been struck by lightning. And, strangely enough, his very best chance came when lightning struck his own camp one day in the summer of 1920. Rather fortunately, perhaps, Dr. Steinmetz was not there at the time. But within a day or two, he had heard about it. He at once put everything else aside in order to go out to the camp and see what the lightning had done.

There, he went over the ground just like a detective on the scene of a crime. He took careful notes of the path followed by the lightning, and secured photographs of the damage.

Most singular of all, he carefully collected the fragments of a looking-glass which the lightning had smashed into many pieces. These fragments were like a Chinese puzzle; but he wished to put them together, for he believed that thereby he could discover how the looking-glass had been marked by the lightning. He was sure this would give him important information. Several friends who were with him at the time thought his idea a peculiar one. They could hardly believe that the results would be worth the trouble of piecing the glass together. However, they said nothing, for they knew that Steinmetz would never do anything foolish or unnecessary.

It took days and days to put the looking-glass together. No one without a great deal of patience would have done it. Steinmetz, however, had the patience; and he kept at the puzzle. Nothing could tire him or induce him to give it up. And he succeeded, after a great deal of time, in getting all the pieces back where they had been before the lightning smashed the glass.

After this had been done, the looking-glass was very carefully placed between two pieces of plate-glass, which were sealed along the edges. In this way it was taken from the camp to Dr. Steinmetz's laboratory at the General Electric Works in Schenectady, where he studied it and was able to form several interesting conclusions from it.

In 1921 Steinmetz designed and had built a piece of electrical apparatus for producing artificial lightning in his laboratory. He called this machine the lightning-generator. It was built from data and knowledge which he had gained through years of study. It was just as carefully designed as the great electrical generators in a power-station.

The purpose of this machine was to allow Steinmetz to watch lightning strike. As he had often said, when an actual lightning-bolt strikes some point upon the earth, in a thunderstorm, no one is there to see it. No one knows beforehand when and where it will strike. Therefore it is impossible to obtain that precise information which engineers and scientists need in order to carry on their work and increase human knowledge.

By means of his lightning-generator, however, Steinmetz believed he could produce his own lightning, and produce it whenever he desired. It would be ever so much weaker than real lightning, to be sure, but it would have exactly the same characteristics and would behave in exactly the same manner. And he would have the advantage of being present when it flashed. His experiment worked out just as he had expected it would. His calculations, seldom wrong, were right in this instance. His lightning-generator was a success, and he was able to learn a great deal from it in the next few years.

The knowledge which he obtained in this manner was useful in helping the General Electric Company to produce better lightning-arresters. Lightning-arresters are automatic in their manner of operating. But for many years, engineers were not able to make them good enough to work without fail. It was not until information about lightning, such as Steinmetz secured, could be studied, that these lightning-arresters began to be of the utmost reliability.

Thus it is seen that the Steinmetz lightning-generator was no mere "electrical show," intended simply to amuse and amaze. It had a sound, everyday, common-sense use. It helped to produce lightning-arresters which could be counted on to do just what men wanted them to do. How the lightning machine worked must be told in a chapter by itself. It was a most interesting device. And it is noteworthy that Steinmetz continued, with his lightning-generator, to make his work more and more useful to every one who uses electricity. He was still building a "useful life."

HOW HIS LIGHTNING MACHINE WORKED

Everyone was so astonished at the idea of a man's ability to produce lightning that he did not consider whether or not the discovery made by Steinmetz announced in 1921 was a particularly useful one, but the public showed tremendous interest. The inventor was called "a forger of thunderbolts." Some newspapers spoke of him as a modern Jove. Everywhere his name was heard in conversation, always spoken in tones of great admiration.

But he himself paid little attention to the excitement created by news of his artificial lightning. It was simply one part of his effort to accomplish a useful work for electrical engineering. He kept on with his work, using his lightning-generator all through 1922 and during a large part of 1923. By that time he found that he needed a more powerful apparatus—one that would discharge a larger lightning-bolt. Such a machine was completed only a few months before his death; but he never had an opportunity to use it.

Dr. Steinmetz's artificial lightning was astounding. It was something that few people would have supposed was possible. It caused thousands of people to talk about him; and within a few months he was one of the best known scientists in the United States. In the popular sense, he had become famous.

Up to this time he had been widely known among engineers, especially electrical engineers. The whole engineering profession looked upon him as one of its most distinguished men, and knew that he had done a number of exceedingly useful things. Therefore, his experiments in making lightning opened a new period in his career. It was the period when people in general became acquainted with his work and began to understand, to a small extent, how useful his life was to the whole world.

It is quite true that Steinmetz did generate, or "manufacture," lightning by means of his lightning-generator. But we must remember that this artificial lightning was many times

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39. Jove, Jupiter, chief of the gods and hurler of thunderbolts.

less powerful than real lightning. According to Steinmetz's own calculations, a lightning-bolt, in a thunderstorm, discharges at a pressure of a hundred million volts. The lightning-flash which he produced had only a hundred and twenty thousand volts. In the same way a flash of lightning has an actual energy estimated to be about five hundred million horse-power. The energy of his lightning was a million horse-power, or only one five-hundredth as much as that of real lightning.

The manner in which Dr. Steinmetz produced his artificial lightning was exactly the same as the way in which real lightning is produced in a storm. He learned, by study and observation, just what happens when lightning is seen.

He found that lightning comes from a thunder-cloud, which is made up of a countless number of raindrops. During sultry summer weather, these raindrops keep gathering together in the atmosphere, each one of them having a small charge of electricity. Sometimes two or three small drops unite to make a large one, and the electrical charge then finds much less room on the one large drop than on several small ones. That means that the electricity is crowded for space, and hence an electrical tension, or voltage, is produced.

As more raindrops keep coming into the thunder-cloud, a still larger amount of electricity is crowded together within the cloud. This cannot go on forever; a thunder-cloud cannot stand more than just so much electrical voltage. So at length, when the electrical energy can find no more room on the millions of drops in the cloud, it discharges as lightning; the electricity goes off into space in the form of a lightning-bolt.

Dr. Steinmetz imitated all this in making his lightning-generator. He placed a number of large glass plates, each one coated with a magnetic substance, upon two or three racks. Then he connected them with an electrical circuit in such a manner that electricity would slowly flow into these plates—or condensers, as they were known—just as it flows into the thunder-cloud by means of the raindrops. The condensers stored up this electrical energy in just the same way that the thunder-cloud does.

The lightning-generator was so designed that it could receive stored-up electricity in this manner until 120,000 volts was reached. This was the "breaking-down point" of the machine. It corresponded to the point at which the thunder-cloud can no longer hold the stored-up electricity of the raindrops.

When the electricity in the condensers of the lightning-generator reached 120,000 volts, then came the artificial lightning-flash. That meant that the condensers, like the thunder-cloud, could not hold any more electrical energy, and so had to get rid of it by a "lightning discharge."

Dr. Steinmetz and his assistants knew beforehand just where their artificial lightning would strike. They knew what path it would follow, and where to watch for its destructive effects. That was the great value of the lightning-generator. In allowing the engineers to watch where the lightning was going to strike, the lightning-generator made possible something which in a thunder-storm is never possible. No one ever knows where real lightning will strike. The path of the artificial lightning provided a line of least resistance for the discharge to follow. At a certain point in this path there was a gap, and in the gap was placed the article or object which the engineers wished the lightning to strike, so that they could see what would happen.

In one experiment, a stout piece of wire was placed at the point where the gap occurred. When the discharge came, this wire glowed white from the sudden heat, like a white streak, and then disappeared altogether into dust.

The small limb of a tree was next placed in the path of the lightning. This was split into fragments by the bolt, and the pieces were hurled all over the room, some of them as far as twenty or thirty feet.

When the generator discharged its artificial lightning, a loud report was heard somewhat like the discharge of a firecracker. This corresponded to the crash of thunder when lightning flashed in a thunder-storm. In proportion to the size of the lightning-bolt, it was every bit as real as the thunder that is heard following a flash of real lightning.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Charles Proteus Steinmetz (1865-1923) owed his passage and even his entry to America to a young American student at an engineering school in Zurich, Switzerland. The immigration officers decided to bar him because they saw only a little man with a crippled body, defective eyesight, and no money—a man who would in all probability become a public charge. The young student interceded for him, and Steinmetz was allowed to come into the country. Few Americans can match the career of early struggles against obstacles which, through patience, perseverance, and hard work, this genius of electricity overcame. Of his own success Steinmetz said, "Any boy can achieve as much as I have achieved if he has the right opportunity."

Next to his genius the thing most widely known about Steinmetz is the fact that he had what to most of us would have been a great physical handicap—a spinal trouble which prevented normal development of his body. In spite of this seeming handicap, he remarked, but a few years before his death, that he had practically never been sick in his life. "Ill health," he said, "would be a great obstacle to any achievement; but fortunately I have not had to contend against it."

To his father Steinmetz felt he owed a very great deal—a good education. "There was never any suggestion," he said, "of my quitting my studies in order to earn money. I went to school when I was five and a half years old; and from that time until I came to America, when I was twenty-four, I was a student." His father was interested in science and invention and read the best books on those subjects. He talked often to his son and encouraged him to read books which would "stimulate his interest and add to his knowledge."

This electrical genius loved young people. As president of the Board of Education in Schenectady he often visited schools and watched the children at their work. He always encouraged them to ask questions, for, according to him, "There are no foolish questions. No man really becomes a fool until he stops asking questions. The science of education is the science of helping people find out what they want to know."

Artificial lightning is considered Dr. Steinmetz's greatest invention. He was the first man to succeed in producing bolts of

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

STEINMETZ AND EDISON IN THE LABORATORY

(Piecing together glass broken by lightning)

real lightning at will. This achievement gained for him the popular title of "Jove, the Hurler of Thunderbolts."

Steinmetz cared nothing for power or luxury, and he never worried about the future. His happiness seemed complete when he was allowed to "go his own gait and do his own chosen work." The life lived by the rich man had no attraction for him. It has been said of him, "He had a vision of a world in which all hate had been eliminated, all senseless struggling for the mere means of making a living. He had a vision of a world in which mind had reduced drudgery to a minimum and thus released energies and thoughts of men for human betterment. He had a vision of a socialized world with the profit element eliminated from industry. He not only had that vision, but he worked for it . . . A strange figure, wistful, pathetic—that was Steinmetz. Deformed, an undersized, hunchbacked dwarf with the mind of an angel and the soul of a seer; that was Steinmetz."

The following verses, written by Roland Burke Hennessy, appeared in *The Radio World* shortly after the death of Steinmetz:

GONE!

Died October 26, 1923
Charles P. Steinmetz

Gone—though his work, still fresh in mind,
Gives hope to faltering mankind.
Weak as a reed that's blown by gales,
Yet swift as thought all set with sails.
Nature decreed him short and bent,
Yet beauty of mind on him she sent.
Some might have cursed what fate had done—
He only smiled with his face to the sun.

Feeble the flesh of that gnarled form,
Grappling the problem of lull or storm.
To him all science, no accidents;
He tore the truth from the elements.
Ever and ever for facts he strove,
Hurled bolts of truth with the hand of Jove.
Gone, brave little man! He heard the call.
Gone—to the One who can tell him all.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Dr. Charles Steinmetz was often referred to as "the little wizard of electric-

ity"; what evidence have you gained from reading this selection which leads you to believe he deserved the title? What great discovery made by Steinmetz is considered of great importance in the world of industry?

2. Read lines from the selection to show that Steinmetz lived up to his own ideals expressed in the following quotation: "If a young man goes at his work only as a means to an end—I am not much interested in him. I *am* interested in him if he seems to do his work *for the work's sake*."

3. What is meant by the term "induced current"? What causes it? Why was Steinmetz called the "friend of lightning"? Why was he not afraid of lightning? How did he protect himself during a storm?

4. What assistance did Steinmetz get in solving his problem from the fact that his own camp was struck by lightning? For what purpose did Steinmetz design the lightning-generator? What "sound, everyday, common-sense use" did the lightning-generator have?

5. Account for the fact that the newspapers referred to Steinmetz as a "modern Jove" and "a forger of thunderbolts." How did the making of "artificial lightning" change the life of Steinmetz?

6. Explain in your own words how Dr. Steinmetz actually made lightning. Briefly tell about the experiments Dr. Steinmetz and his assistants made.

7. You will enjoy reading *A Magician of Science*, by John Winthrop Hammond, the book from which this selection was taken.

Class Reading. Read aloud the lines which tell you that Steinmetz had a mathematical mind; read lines which show his perseverance; read lines that tell you how Steinmetz produced his artificial lightning.

Library Reading. *The Boy Electrician* and *Boy's Home Book of Science and Construction*, Morgan; "Steinmetz, Wizard of Electricity," Rice (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "Charles P. Steinmetz" (in *The Mentor*, May, 1925); "The Romance of an Engineering Genius" (in *Current Opinion*, September, 1922); "A Hunchback Who Played with Thunderbolts" (in *The Literary Digest*, November 17, 1923); "Steinmetz, Electrical Wizard" (in *The Outlook*, November 7, 1923); "Steinmetz, the Oracle of Schenectady," Wilhelm (in *Illustrated World*, April, 1916); "The Little Giant of Schenectady," Mullett (in *The American Magazine*, October, 1922); "Back of the Electric Button," Steinmetz (in *Good Housekeeping*, May, 1923) "The White Revolution," Steinmetz (in *The Survey*, March 25, 1922); "Electricity and Civilization." Steinmetz (in *Harper's Magazine*, January, 1922).

LOUIS PASTEUR: HIS SERVICE TO MANKIND

Erwin F. Smith

Louis Pasteur (1822-1895) received during his lifetime the world's praise as few men have ever received it. This admiration was not merely a passing sentiment. His reputation for service still lives, and the glory of his work is likely to increase rather than diminish. His is one of the very greatest names of the nineteenth century.

Why is he so great and wherein lies his genius?

WHY PASTEUR WAS SO GREAT

One of his masters called him a dull boy, but he had what many a bright boy lacks—an ambition to do fine things and a dogged persistence in following out whatever he undertook. Coupled with these traits was a keen understanding of men which was often of great service to him, enabling him to choose wisely when selecting assistants. To these qualities we must add a whole-hearted devotion to truth; a deep and ever-increasing love of humanity; much good common sense; a keen insight into obscure phenomena; the desire to bring every hypothesis to the test of exact experiment; and, finally, a militant spirit often in evidence.

If Pasteur had been a mild, retiring sort of man he would never have moved the world. Without the fighting spirit he could not have forced his discoveries upon an unwilling generation and have revolutionized the practice of medicine and surgery. He was an innovator, a torch-bearer, a discoverer, an explorer of unknown continents of knowledge, the maker of new pathways in half a dozen fields of science; but his greatest title to everlasting remembrance is the fact that his discoveries roused the world from its inertia, and started those lines of research which have led during the past fifty years to the amazing discovery of the causes of most of the communicable diseases, to the development of the use of vaccines, antitoxins, etc., to the general application of asepsis in surgery, and to a multitude of important uses in the arts, such as the manufacture of cheese and butter, the preservation of foods and drinks, and, finally, to vast and varied hygienic undertakings for the suppression of disease.

The boy is father of the man, according to a wise old proverb. To understand Pasteur we must certainly look first at the young man and his ways. He appears to have been an unselfish youth, devoted to his home and friends, and religious in the best sense of the word. He had a good father and mother whom he never forgot, nor were his sisters long out of mind. He was a studious boy, good rather than brilliant in his studies. His record when he graduated was as follows: "Good in Plutarch (Greek), good in Virgil, good in rhetoric, mediocre in history and geography, good in philosophy, good in French composition, and very good in the elements of the sciences." His homesickness, when he first went to Paris to study and his fondness for drawing, in which he excelled, are strikingly early characteristics. Later he won the praise of various masters of his first scientific studies which, they said, gave promise of a distinguished career.

THE STUDIES HE MADE

Pasteur first came into public notice by certain revolutionary studies on crystals. A little later he became profoundly interested in fermentation —in what makes fruit juices change first into alcohol and then into vinegar, why milk sours, why foods spoil. The study of crystals led him naturally into this new field, and that opened up other vistas. He discovered that microscopic organisms are the cause of all the common fermentations. His studies showed him that each fermentation was a separate problem with ramifications in every direction. In one direction Pasteur's study of fermentation led him to suspect that minute ferments might be the cause of devastating human and animal diseases. The advance of science has been so great in this direction during the last half century that it is almost impossible to put ourselves mentally into the cloud of ignorance and misinformation current everywhere when

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29. **asepsis**, freedom from bacterial infection.

Pasteur first began his studies. What every schoolboy knows now, even the wisest hardly suspected then; and as for proofs such as Pasteur furnished later, there were none.

The first diseases he studied, if we exclude those of yeasts, were two diseases of the silkworm. These were so destructive that the entire silkworm industry of France was threatened with extinction. At first he supposed that there was only one disease. Later, to his dismay, he discovered that there were two diseases and that his work must all be done over again with this fact in mind.

But nothing discouraged for long this indomitable man, not even the partial paralysis which occurred at this time. Eventually he found simple remedies for the diseases of the silkworm and saved the industry. These silkworm studies absorbed all his time for several years and laid the foundation of all his future greatness because they led him definitely away from chemistry into the study of the causes of diseases of man and domestic animals.

THE LESSON HIS LIFE TAUGHT

Pasteur was endowed with a tireless energy. He acquired from his father the best thing any father can give to any son, namely, a love for work. No man can hope to amount to much without plenty of well-directed, hard work. It is the saving grace of human life.

Next to work, the law of service is the highest and most obligatory of all the moral laws, and Pasteur was fired with the noble ambition to be of service to mankind. Herein he has left a lesson for all of us.

We may very well leave our great man with this sentiment taken from one of his addresses and graven over the entrance to his tomb, and which, translated, reads: "Happy is he who bears in himself a God, an Ideal of Beauty, and who obeys it; Ideal of Art, Ideal of Science, Ideal of Country, Ideal of the Truths of the Gospel."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Historical Note

On November 14, 1881, the Pasteur Institute was founded, at Paris, France. Thousands of people of all lands, suffering from bites of rabid animals, have been treated in this Institute, and the death rate from this cause has been reduced to less than one per cent. In many large cities throughout the world, institutes on the model of the original one in Paris have been set up and are doing beneficent work, all arising from the genius and labor of one man. At the inauguration of the Institute, Pasteur closed his address thus:

"Two opposing laws seem to me now in the contest: the one a law of blood and death, opening out each day new modes of destruction, which forces nations to be always ready for the battle; the other, a law of peace, work, and health, whose only aim is to deliver man from the calamities which beset him. The one seeks violent conquests, the other the relief of mankind. The one sacrifices hundreds of thousands of lives to the ambition of a single individual, the other places a single life above all victories. The law of which we are the instruments strives even through the carnage to cure the wounds due to the law of war. Treatment by our antiseptic methods may preserve the lives of thousands of soldiers. Which of these two laws will prevail, God only knows. But of this we may be sure, that science, in obeying the law of humanity, will always labor to enlarge the frontiers of life."

Questions and Topics

1. At the beginning of his great work Pasteur wrote his father that he prayed he might be able to add one little stone to the temple of human knowledge; what admirable human quality does this show? What great reward for his life's work did Pasteur enjoy that is denied many great men? How do you account for this?

2. Make a list of the admirable qualities this selection tells you Pasteur possessed. Are there any characteristics omitted in your list which you think are necessary for a truly great man to possess? Read more about Pasteur in your source books and "Library Reading" to find out all you can about his life and work.

3. What great discoveries did Dr. Pasteur make? Explain in your own words the significance of the following quotation in the life and work of Pasteur: "The boy is father of the man."

4. What brought Pasteur into public notice? Briefly explain his "study of crystals"; his study of fermentation; his study of diseases.

5. What great quality did Pasteur inherit from his father? What were the words "graven over the entrance to his tomb"?

Class Reading. Read "Pasteur, Conserver of Human Life," in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight.*

Library Reading. *The Life of Pasteur*, Chapters XII and XIII, Vallery-Radot; "A Great Life-Saver," Gilbert (in *More Than Conquerors*); *Louis Pasteur*, Holmes; "Pasteur," Quiller-Couch (in *The Roll Call of Honor*).

LETTER TO MRS. BIXBY

Executive Mansion, Washington

November 21, 1864

Mrs. Bixby:
Boston, Mass.

Dear Madam:

I have been shown in the files of the War Department a statement of the Adjutant-General of Massachusetts that you are the mother of five sons who have died gloriously on the field of battle. I feel how weak and fruitless must be any words of mine which should attempt to beguile you from the grief of a loss so overwhelming, but I cannot refrain from tendering to you the consolation that may be found in the thanks of the Republic that they died to save. I pray that the Heavenly Father may assuage the anguish of your bereavement, and leave you only the cherished memory of the loved and lost, and the solemn pride that must be yours to have laid so costly a sacrifice upon the altar of freedom.

Yours very sincerely and respectfully,

Abraham Lincoln.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 334.

Questions and Topics

1. What fine personal qualities in President Lincoln are you impressed with by reading this letter? Notice the date of the letter; how does this help you to locate in American History the sacrifice made by the mother?

2. Memorize these words from Lincoln's second inaugural address: "With malice toward none, with charity for all, with firmness in the right, as God gives us to see the right, let us strive on to finish the work we are in; to bind up the nation's wounds; to care for him who shall have borne the battle, and for his widow and his orphan—to do all which may achieve a just and lasting peace among ourselves, and with all nations." Do these words from Lincoln support Woodrow Wilson's characterization of him in "Abraham Lincoln," page 335?

Library Reading. "A Farmer Remembers Lincoln," Bynner, and "Lincoln, the Man of the People," Markham (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I).

ABRAHAM LINCOLN WALKS AT MIDNIGHT

(*In Springfield, Illinois*)

VACHEL LINDSAY

It is portentous, and a thing of state,
That here at midnight, in our little town,
A mourning figure walks, and will not rest,
Near the old courthouse pacing up and down;

Or by his homestead, or in shadowed yards,
He lingers where his children used to play;
Or through the market, on the well-worn stones
He stalks until the dawn-stars burn away.

A bronzed, lank man! His suit of ancient black,
A famous high top hat, and plain worn shawl
Make him the quaint great figure that men love,
The prairie-lawyer, master of us all.

He cannot sleep upon his hillside now.
He is among us—as in times before!
And we who toss and lie awake for long
Breathe deep, and start, to see him pass the door.

His head is bowed. He thinks on men and kings.
Yea, when the sick world cries, how can he sleep?
Too many peasants fight, they know not why;
Too many homesteads in black terror weep.

The sins of all the war-lords burn his heart.
He sees the dreadnaughts scouring every main.
He carries on his shawl-wrapped shoulders now
The bitterness, the folly, and the pain.

He cannot rest until a spirit-dawn
Shall come—the shining hope of Europe free;
The league of sober folk, the Worker's Earth,
Bringing long peace to Cornland, Alp, and Sea.

It breaks his heart that kings must murder still,
That all his hours of travail here for men
Seem yet in vain. And who will bring white peace
That he may sleep upon his hill again?

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1. **thing of state**, of great importance. 13. **hillside**. Lincoln is buried in Springfield, Illinois. 18. **sick world**, a reference to the World War, which was in progress when this poem was written.

22. **dreadnaughts scouring every main**, battleships searching every sea, to attack the enemy's torpedo boats. 28. **Cornland**, level farmland, in general. **Alp**, mountainous or hilly regions, in general. 30. **travail** (trăv′ål), work and suffering.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

BIOGRAPHICAL NOTE

Vachel Lindsay (1879-   ) is one of America's best-known modern poets. He has recited his poems in many cities of the United States. In the summer of 1912 he walked from Illinois to New Mexico, distributing his rimes and speaking on behalf of the "gospel of beauty." *A Handy Guide for Beggars* is his story of a similar journey through Georgia, and in it he tells how everywhere, like the minstrels of old, he received hospitality in exchange for his songs. His poetry breathes a spirit of human brotherhood that reminds one of Lincoln and Emerson and Walt Whitman. *General William Booth Enters Heaven and Other Poems, The Congo and Other Poems,* and *The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems* are titles of his collections of poetry. The poet's home is in Springfield, Illinois, the former home and the burial place of Abraham Lincoln.

Questions and Topics

1. Abraham Lincoln typifies the life and yearnings of the common people, and for this reason he has appealed to the poets who help to interpret life for us; mention some other poets who have made Lincoln the subject of poems.

2. Why does this poet feel that Lincoln cannot "sleep upon the hill"? What will finally bring rest to him? What is being done at the present time to bring about the "spirit-dawn"?

3. What answer would you make to the poet's question, lines 31-32? What lines do you like especially well? Another poet whom you know, Arthur Guiterman, in "He Leads Us Still," has also expressed the idea that Lincoln's spirit lives today. The poem closes with the following lines:

"He leads us still! O'er chasms yet unspanned
Our pathway lies; the work is but begun.
But we shall do our part and leave our land
The mightier for noble battles won.
Here truth must triumph, honor must prevail;
The nation Lincoln died for cannot fail."

Library Reading. "O Captain! My Captain!" Walt Whitman (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One.*)

From the original photograph owned by Chicago Historical Society

LINCOLN'S HOME IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS

IDEALS AND CREEDS

THE CHAMBERED NAUTILUS

Oliver Wendell Holmes

This is the ship of pearl, which, poets feign,
Sails the unshadowed main—
The venturous bark that flings
On the sweet summer wind its purpled wings
In gulfs enchanted, where the siren sings,
And coral reefs lie bare,
Where the cold sea-maids rise to sun their streaming hair.

Its webs of living gauze no more unfurl;
Wrecked is the ship of pearl!
And every chambered cell,
Where its dim dreaming life was wont to dwell,
As the frail tenant shaped his growing shell,
Before thee lies revealed—
Its irised ceiling rent, its sunless crypt unsealed!

Year after year beheld the silent toil
That spread his lustrous coil;
Still, as the spiral grew,
He left the past year's dwelling for the new,
Stole with soft step its shining archway through,
Built up its idle door,
Stretched in his last-found home, and knew the old no more.

Thanks for the heavenly message brought by thee,
Child of the wandering sea,
Cast from her lap, forlorn!
From thy dead lips a clearer note is born
Than ever Triton blew from wreathéd horn!
While on mine ear it rings,
Through the deep caves of thought I hear a voice that sings:

Build thee more stately mansions, O my soul,
As the swift seasons roll!
Leave thy low-vaulted past!
Let each new temple, nobler than the last,
Shut thee from heaven with a dome more vast,
Till thou at length art free,
Leaving thine outgrown shell by life's unresting sea!

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2. **unshadowed main,** the ocean, which has nothing on it to cast a shadow. 5. **siren,** sea-nymph. 10. **chambered cell.** See Note, page 397. 14. **irised** (ī'rĭst), beautifully colored, like the rainbow.

26. **Triton** (trī't'n), a sea-god. 31. **low-vaulted past,** everything in your past that is unworthy.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Explanatory Note

Oliver Wendell Holmes (1809-1894) was born in the same year that Tennyson and Lincoln were born. He belonged to a distinguished New England family that lived in a very old house in Cambridge, close to Harvard College.

Holmes prepared for college at Phillips Academy, Andover, and was a graduate of only average performance. It was in his father's library, that room in the corner of the old house, "filled with books from floor to ceiling, every wall with books," that Holmes learned most. The poet tells us that it was from the old-fashioned garden, with its beds of hyacinths, tulips, larkspur, and gorgeous hollyhocks; its yellow-birds "flitting about, golden in the golden light, over golden flowers, as if they were flakes of curdled sunshine," that he received his greatest inspiration for much of the poetry he was to write later.

He began very young to practice his gift for writing and was rewarded by having many of his verses accepted while he was still in college. Literature as a profession was not thought, at that time, to be sufficiently remunerative to be chosen as a life career, and Holmes undertook the study of medicine. He spent two years abroad and returned to teach one year at Dartmouth, after which he became a professor of anatomy and physiology at Harvard, a position which he held actively until 1882 and then as Professor Emeritus until his death. During this entire period he continued his writing, which for the first twenty-five years was almost entirely in verse.

When James Russell Lowell accepted the editorship of *The Atlantic Monthly*, he did so only after Holmes had promised to become a regular contributor. It was through the pages of this magazine that *The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table*, *The Poet at the Breakfast Table*, and *Over the Teacups*, as well as many of his best poems, were first given to the reading public.

Note. Oliver Wendell Holmes believed "The Chambered Nautilus" to be the best poem he had written; in fact, he said he did not really write it, that it sang itself into his brain. Many people choose this poem to memorize because of its beautiful language, its lovely rhythmic sound, and for the lesson it contains. The nautilus is a shellfish that creeps along the bottom of the ocean. Each year it builds a new and larger compartment, into which it moves, closing up the cell it had previously occupied.

"The Chambered Nautilus," which is believed by many critics to be the most beautiful poem Holmes ever wrote, appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly* in 1858.

Questions and Topics

1. Do you believe that Holmes had found a shellfish and was actually addressing it in the first stanza? Why? In what stanzas does the poet tell you about the life of the nautilus? Which stanza tells the message brought by the shell?

2. Why was it necessary for the poet to tell you the history of the shell before he interpreted its message? What made it possible for the poet to hear the message brought by the shell?

3. To what old belief concerning the nautilus does the poet refer in the first stanza? The nautilus lives in the warm waters of the southern seas; read aloud the lines which tell you this fact.

4. What "heavenly message" does the "child of the wandering sea" bring to us? Do you believe it would be easier to be good if you, like the shellfish, could close up the deeds of last year and know the "old no more"? Why?

5. Read aloud the entire poem in class for the enjoyment of the rhythm and beauty of thought and sound. Notice that the poet often employs alliteration, that is, begins more than one word in a line with the same letter, as: sweet, summer; wind, wings; siren, sings; find other examples.

Library Reading. "Climb," Welles, "Dream the Great Dream," Coates, "Song of the Grail Seekers," Hagedorn, "Per Aspera," Coates (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King); "Excelsior" and "A Psalm of Life," Longfellow (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "Idealists," Kreymborg (in *Contemporary Poetry*, Wilkinson); "The Aim," McLeod (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Arrow" and "Life," van Dyke (in *The van Dyke Book*).

THE BUGLE SONG

ALFRED, LORD TENNYSON

The splendor falls on castle walls
And snowy summits, old in story;
The long light shakes across the lakes;
And the wild cataract leaps in glory.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O hark! O hear! how thin and clear,
And thinner, clearer, farther going!
O sweet and far from cliff and scar,
The horns of Elfland, faintly blowing!
Blow—let us hear the purple glens replying;
Blow, bugle; answer, echoes, dying, dying, dying.

O love, they die in yon rich sky;
They faint on hill or field or river.
Our echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever.
Blow, bugle, blow; set the wild echoes flying;
And answer, echoes, answer, dying, dying, dying.

9. scar, rock.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 113.

Note. This song is one of the most perfect specimens of Tennyson's lyrical art. It was a favorite with him for reading aloud. The rhythm of the poem was suggested to Tennyson by the echoes of a boatman's bugle on the Lakes of Killarney, Ireland, one gorgeous evening at sunset. The theme of the poem is the influence of our deeds upon those about us, an influence which is ever increasing, while the echoes of nature die away.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. The castle referred to in the first line is Ross Castle on Ross Island in the Lower Lake. The most famous echo of this region is from Eagle's Nest in the Upper Lake; find a picture of an old castle which you think was similar to that mentioned in the poem.

2. The snowy summits referred to in line 2 were not literally "snowy." About these mountains are clustered innumerable tales of legendary heroes; read aloud the words which tell you this fact.

3. Find the two lines that express the heart of the poem. The echoes of the bugle die; what becomes of our words and actions? Can you give an illustration from your school experience of the fact that a good example is contagious?

4. What words in the poem are particularly expressive? Notice how the choice of words, the varied and interesting rimes, and the alliteration all contribute to the music of the poem. Read again the note about "The Lyric," page 74, and then tell why this poem is called a lyric. Have you heard a phonograph record of "The Bugle Song"? (Victor Record.)

Suggested Problem. It is interesting to notice that Rupert Brooke in "Pine Trees and the Sky" (page 122), Bryant in "To a Waterfowl" (page 72), and Tennyson in this poem follow the same plan—first stating a fact and then following with an interpretation of it, beautifully expressed. Read aloud these three poems to discover the facts and state them in clear, concise English. Which poem do you think has the most pleasing rhythm? Which poem do you like best? Select lines from the poem of your choice to memorize and to recite to the class.

Library Reading. "Little and Great," Mackay (in *The Home Book of Verse,* Stevenson); "Santa Filomena," Longfellow (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); "The Arrow and the Song," Longfellow (in *The Elson Readers, Book Five*); "Oh, May I Join the Choir Invisible," George Eliot (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume II, Markham); "Anchored to the Infinite," Markham (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The Tuft of Flowers," Frost (in *This Singing World*, Untermeyer).

IF

Rudyard Kipling

If you can keep your head when all about you
  Are losing theirs and blaming it on you;
If you can trust yourself when all men doubt you
  But make allowance for their doubting, too;
If you can wait and not be tired by waiting;
  Or, being lied about, don't deal in lies;
Or, being hated, don't give way to hating;
  And yet don't look too good, nor talk too wise;
If you can dream—and not make dreams your master;
  If you can think—and not make thoughts your aim;
If you can meet with Triumph and Disaster,
  And treat these two impostors just the same;
If you can bear to hear the truth you've spoken
  Twisted by knaves to make a trap for fools;
Or watch the things you gave your life to, broken,
  And stoop and build them up with worn-out tools;
If you can make one heap of all your winnings
  And risk it on the turn of pitch and toss,
And lose, and start again at your beginnings
  And never breathe a word about your loss;
If you can force your heart and nerve and sinew
  To serve your turn long after they are gone,
And so hold on when there is nothing in you
  Except the will which says to them: "Hold on";
If you can talk with crowds and keep your virtue,
  Or walk with kings—nor lose the common touch;
If neither foes nor loving friends can hurt you;
  If all men count with you, but none too much;
If you can fill the unforgiving minute
  With sixty seconds' worth of distance run,
Yours is the Earth and everything that's in it,
  And—which is more—you'll be a Man, my son.

29. **unforgiving minute**, unforgiving if the minute has been wasted.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Rudyard Kipling (1865-) was born in Bombay, India, where his father, an Englishman, was director of the art school. At the age of six the boy was sent to England to be educated. Until he was thirteen Rudyard studied with private tutors, and then entered Westward Ho, a boarding school in Devonshire, attended for the most part by the sons of British officials abroad. There the young Kipling's genius for writing soon showed itself to such a degree that he was made editor of the school paper, to which he contributed much original work.

Although Kipling was happy during his five years at Westward Ho, he constantly dreamed of the time he might return to the foreign land of his birth. So when, at the age of seventeen, the boy was given the choice of entering an English university or going back to India, he eagerly chose the latter. Immediately on his arrival, Kipling became a newspaper reporter for the *Civil and Military Gazette*. From the first his writing was alive with interest, and showed great promise. Before he was twenty-one the young reporter had published a volume of verse, *Departmental Ditties*. Two years later his paper sent him as correspondent through India, and to China, Japan, and the United States. By the time he was twenty-four Kipling was famous as a writer of both prose and poetry. Never before had anyone described Indian life so entertainingly and realistically.

In 1892 the young author married an American woman, and lived in this country for five years. Here some of his best volumes were written. Two of them, *The Jungle Books*, have delighted young people the world over. In 1896 Kipling went to England, where he has since resided and written many books.

Among Kipling's best-known prose works, in addition to the two *Jungle Books*, are *Just So Stories*, *Soldiers Three*, *Kim*, and *The Day's Work*. Of his verse, the poems about the British soldier, Tommy Atkins, in *Barrack-Room Ballads*, have a ring and a movement that suggest the old days when the song writer was a man of action, living the adventures that he celebrated in verse. Kipling today stands in the first rank of story-tellers, whether the tales be in prose or verse. But the scenes of his most-admired books are laid in the India he has loved all his life.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Which of these "If's" seem to you especially difficult to practice? Notice how in the first two examples the conditions are made doubly difficult by the additions, "and blaming it on you" and "But make allowance for their doubting, too." What is better than looking good and talking wise?

2. What does Kipling imply should be the aim of dreaming and thinking? How does he regard Triumph and Disaster? Can you give an instance in which victory proved disastrous, or one in which disaster was turned into triumph?

3. Which "If" embodies advice especially good for athletes? Choose the lines that you think would make a motto for you to follow when a difficult task is before you. Choose the lines which would help you to become a good loser.

4. How might "loving friends" hurt one? Which "If" suggests making good use of one's time? Do you believe the reward is worth striving for? Give reasons for your answer. Recall to mind the "Golden Rule"; in which lines of this poem does Kipling suggest the same idea?

Library Reading. "An 'If' for Girls," Elizabeth Lincoln Otis; "Opportunity," Sill; *The Iron Trail*, Beach (compare the hero with that of Kipling's "If"); "Life, a Question?" Robinson, "The Unexplored, Unconquered," Masefield (in *High Tide*, Richards); "How Did You Die?" Cooke (in *One Hundred and One Famous Poems*, Cooke); "Life and Death," Crosby (in *Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book*); "Man," Young (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham).

A MAN'S MOST PRECIOUS POSSESSION

LEW SARETT

A man's most precious possession is his integrity: the knowledge that he has preserved inviolate the soul, the spirit, the character that God gave him as peculiarly his own; the knowledge that he never sold out for thirty pieces of dirty silver; that he was steadfast; that he never knuckled under to the pressure of conventional thought; that he never broke before the battering of adversity.

In this day, when men often sell out their visions, their dreams, their convictions, in order to prosper in the eyes of their neighbors, in order to gild their homes with prosperity; in this day when men often knuckle under to group-thought, to social pressures, to what their neighbors think; in this day, when men often succumb to the prevailing notion that a man is a success only if he has acquired the badges of material prosperity—automobiles, oriental rugs, fine raiment—and when men foolishly invest the only lives they have to live on earth in stacking up material things; in this day, when it takes vision and will and courage to stand against the multitude, to follow your own lights, to take the ridicule visited upon you; when you are laughed at as a dreamer, a vagabond, a fool—I say, it is something to know that you never sold out, that you remained true to yourself; that you dared to follow the gleam; that you never compromised; that you maintained the integrity of the soul that God gave you for your own to hold secure against the world. That consciousness, the fire and luster it puts into a man's heart, I wouldn't swap for the Denver mint!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Lew Sarett (1888-   ), teacher, poet, and nature guide, was born in Chicago, Illinois. When he was eight years old, his father's work took the family to northern Michigan. There for two happy years "the boy accumulated a store of knowledge that was to serve him well in later years; stories that were told to him by all the little people he noticed—the turned-over moss, the pile of woodpecker feathers, the moose tracks, the comings and goings of hundreds of living things."

This young nature lover received his advanced education at Beloit College, Harvard University, and the University of Illinois. After his graduation he spent several years as a United States official in our national parks and forests. Later he acted as guide over thousands of miles in the wildernesses of Canada and along the northern United States border. All the time he was watching the workings of nature and beginning to put what he saw into verse. Through all of his poetry "one can trace his love of the woods and of wild life; of boundless mountain ranges, of vagrant brooks, of open spaces twinkling in the glow of friendly camp fires."

In his life in the northwest Sarett learned to know and love the Indians so well that his Indian poems "ring true." The Indians in return love their poet. In his home are rare woodland gifts to remind him of the devoted people whose interpreter he is. "When I have to be away from their country, I bring what I can with me," he says with a smile. "Then I take myself back by writing poetry."

Lew Sarett now divides his working year into two parts. Half of the year he teaches in Northwestern University and lectures; the other half he spends in the woods. Life to Lew Sarett would be poor indeed if he could not live a part of it with the wild life that has grown increasingly dear to him since childhood.

You will enjoy reading the biographical and autobiographical sketches of Sarett in *The American Magazine* for February and March, 1926. The autobiography has been recommended by the leaders of the recreation work of the Y. M. C. A. in Salt Lake City as a story which all boys should read and enjoy.

Questions and Topics

1. Lew Sarett clearly defines for you in the first paragraph "man's most precious possession"; state the definition in one or two well-constructed sentences. How is

it possible for a man to sell out his visions, dreams, or convictions in order "to gild his home with prosperity"?

2. Compare Sarett's idea of "material prosperity" with the thought of Hermann Hagedorn's as expressed in "You Are the Hope of the World"; which author makes more clear to you the fact that a "man's most precious possession" is not material wealth?

3. Read aloud to the class the most important statement in this selection and be able to give reasons to support your choice.

4. Have you ever met a temptation to "sell out" in athletics? On the playground? In your work? What characters in "Citizenship: the Northfield Ideal," by Heyliger, refused to "sell out"? Which character do you believe actually suffers the more, the man who "sells out" and takes the luxury of material prosperity or the man who remains true to himself? Why? Give examples.

Library Reading. "Be True," Bonar (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

YUSSOUF

James Russell Lowell

A stranger came one night to Yussouf's tent,
Saying, "Behold one outcast and in dread,
Against whose life the bow of power is bent,
Who flies, and hath not where to lay his head;
I come to thee for shelter and for food—
To Yussouf, called through all our tribes 'The Good.' "

"This tent is mine," said Yussouf, "but no more
Than it is God's; come in, and be at peace;
Freely shalt thou partake of all my store
As I of His who buildeth over these,
Our tents, His glorious roof of night and day,
And at Whose door none ever yet heard 'Nay.' "

So Yussouf entertained his guest that night,
And, waking him ere day, said: "Here is gold;
My swiftest horse is saddled for thy flight;
Depart before the prying day grow bold."
As one lamp lights another, nor grows less,
So nobleness enkindleth nobleness.

That inward light the stranger's face made grand,
Which shines from all self-conquest; kneeling low,
He bowed his forehead upon Yussouf's hand,
Sobbing: "O sheik, I cannot leave thee so;
I will repay thee; all this thou hast done
Unto that Ibrahim who slew thy son!"

"Take thrice the gold," said Yussouf, "for with thee
Into the desert, never to return,
My one black thought shall ride away from me.
First-born, for whom by day and night I yearn,
Balanced and just are all of God's decrees;
Thou art avenged, my first-born; sleep in peace!"

1. **Yussouf** (yŭs′ŭf).

24. **Ibrahim** (ĭb′râ-hĭm), the stranger's name.

BURNS'S MONUMENT AT AYR, SCOTLAND

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 110.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Where do you think the scene of this poem is laid? Give reasons for your answer. Why did the stranger come to Yussouf's tent? Read aloud the lines in which he describes himself.

2. How does Yussouf make the stranger feel welcome? What evidence do you find in this poem to show that Yussouf deserved his title "The Good"?

3. What light does stanza four throw upon the character of the stranger? What was the one black thought of Yussouf? How did the confession of the stranger affect him? How did Yussouf avenge his son?

4. Contrast the feelings of the stranger on coming to Yussouf and on leaving him. What change took place in the feelings of Yussouf as a result of the stranger's visit? Contrast the effects of Yussouf's charity upon the stranger and upon himself. What was Yussouf's most charitable act? Into which two lines is the thought of the poem condensed?

5. The highest form of charity is forgiving the evil acts of others toward us; give examples of this from your own experience.

6. Give examples from your own experience to show that charity brings joy to the giver. What institutions in your community are made possible through charity? What opportunities do you have in your school to be charitable toward others? In your home?

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "The Shepherd of King Admetus," "The Finding of the Lyre," Lowell.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. A true incident I know in which good was returned for evil. 2. A story I have read in which good was returned for evil.

Library Reading. "Nobility," Cary (in *One Hundred and One Famous Poems*, Cooke); "Mercy," Shakespeare (in *The Merchant of Venice*, Act IV, scene i); "Abou Ben Adhem," Hunt, "The House by the Side of the Road," Foss (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*).

FOR A' THAT AND A' THAT

ROBERT BURNS

Is there, for honest poverty,
  That hings his head, and a' that?
The coward-slave, we pass him by;
  We dare be poor for a' that!
    For a' that, and a' that,
      Our toils obscure, and a' that;
    The rank is but the guinea stamp;
      The man's the gowd for a' that.

1. **Is there**, is there a man. 2. **hings**, hangs. **a'**, all. 7. **guinea stamp**, indication of wealth. 8. **gowd**, gold.

What though on hamely fare we dine,
Wear hodden-gray, an a' that;
Gie fools their silks, and knaves their wine,
A man's a man for a' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their tinsel show, and a' that;
The honest man, though e'er sae poor,
Is king o' men for a' that.

Ye see yon birkie ca'd "a lord,"
Wha struts, and stares, and a' that;
Though hundreds worship at his word,
He's but a coof for a' that;
For a' that, and a' that,
His ribband, star, and a' that;
The man of independent mind,
He looks and laughs at a' that.

A prince can make a belted knight,
A marquis, duke, and a' that;
But an honest man's aboon his might;
Guid faith, he mauna fa' that!
For a' that, and a' that,
Their dignities, and a' that;
The pith o' sense, and pride o' worth,
Are higher rank than a' that.

Then let us pray that come it may,
As come it will for a' that,
That sense and worth, o'er a' the earth,
Shall bear the gree, and a' that.
For a' that, and a' that,
It's comin' yet, for a' that,
That man to man the warld o'er
Shall brothers be for a' that.

---

10. **hodden**, coarse, woolen cloth. 11. **Gie**, give. 15. **sae**, so. 17. **birkie ca'd**, fellow called. 20. **coof**, fool. 22. **ribband**, ribbon. 27. **aboon**, above. 28. **Guid**, good. **mauna fa'**, must not claim. 36. **gree**, prize.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 112.

Questions and Topics

1. When Robert Burns wrote this poem he was struggling against the direst poverty. Read the lines which tell you that in spite of his hardships he believed that honest poverty and an independent mind are greater than rank or wealth.

2. What characteristics has the man that Burns believes to be a king among men? Explain the meaning of lines 7-8: What other selection have you read in this unit that brings to you a similar message?

3. Which stanza of this poem did you find most interesting? Give the thought of each stanza in a clear and concise statement.

4. Burns, the humble poet, made the world happier and better through his poems of brotherhood and love; how does he exemplify the spirit of democracy? Why do you think men treasure this poem and will not let it die?

Class Reading. Bring to class and read "A Consecration," Masefield (in *Collected Poems*).

Library Reading. "We Are Brethren A'," Nicoll, "The Heritage," Lowell (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson); "Nobility," Cary (in *One Hundred and One Famous Poems*, Cooke); "Brotherhood," Markham (in *Poems of Today*, Cooper).

DEFINITION OF A GENTLEMAN

Cardinal Newman

It is almost a definition of a gentleman to say he is one who never inflicts pain. This description is both refined and, as far as it goes, accurate. He is mainly occupied in merely removing the obstacles which hinder the free and unembarrassed action of those about him; and he concurs with their movements rather than takes the initiative himself. His benefits may be considered as parallel to what are called comforts or conveniences in arrangements of a personal nature—like an easy-chair or a good fire, which do their part in dispelling cold and fatigue, though nature provides both means of rest and animal heat without them. The true gentleman in like manner carefully avoids whatever may cause a jar or a jolt in the minds of those with whom he is cast—all clashing of opinion, or collision of feeling, all restraint, or suspicion, or gloom, or resentment; his great concern being to make everyone at his ease and at home. He has his eyes on all his company; he is tender toward the bashful, gentle toward the distant, and merciful toward the absurd; he can recollect to whom he is speaking; he guards against unseasonable allusions, or topics which may irritate; he is seldom prominent in conversation, and never wearisome. He makes light of favors while he does them, and seems to be receiving when he is conferring. He never speaks of himself except when compelled; never defends himself by a mere retort. He has no ears for slander or gossip; is scrupulous in imputing motives to those who interfere with him; and interprets everything for the best. He is never mean or little in his disputes; never takes unfair advantage; never mistakes personalities or sharp sayings for arguments; or insinuates evil which he dare not say out. From a long-sighted prudence he observes the maxim of the ancient sage, that we should ever conduct ourselves toward our enemy as if he were one day to be our friend. He has too much good sense to be affronted at insults; he is too well employed to remember injuries; and too indolent to bear malice. He is patient, forbearing, and resigned, on philosophical principles; he submits to pain because it is inevitable, to bereavement because it is irreparable, and to death because it is his destiny. If he engages in controversy of any kind, his disciplined intellect preserves him from the blundering discourtesy of better, perhaps, but less educated minds; who, like blunt weapons, tear and hack instead of cutting clean, who mistake the point in argument, waste their strength on trifles, misconceive their adversary, and leave the question more involved than they find it. He may be right or wrong in his opinion, but he is too clear-headed to be unjust; he is as simple as he is forcible, and as brief as he is decisive. Nowhere shall we find greater candor, consideration, indulgence: he throws himself into the minds of his opponents; he accounts for their mistakes. He knows the weakness of human reason as well as its strength, its province, and its limits.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

John Henry Newman (1801-1890), a distinguished clergyman, was born in London. He was graduated from Trinity College, Oxford, and became noted as a scholar and a preacher. In 1879 he was made a Cardinal. This selection is taken from his book, *The Idea of a University.* Cardinal Newman is well known as the author of the familiar hymn, "Lead, Kindly Light," which he wrote while on a sea voyage.

Questions and Topics

1. Make a list of undesirable qualities mentioned by Cardinal Newman, which you have discovered in yourself—or in others—that you have determined to make war against.

2. What useful hints have you gained for making and preserving friendships, and for the treatment of enemies?

3. Memorize and apply Tennyson's lines:

"For manners are not idle, but the fruit
Of loyal nature and of noble mind."

4. Have you observed in your school social affairs that everyone has a good time when all the boys and girls "have eyes on all the company," instead of separating into cliques?

Suggested Problem. Make a list of five suggestions gained from Cardinal Newman which you resolve to put into practice, choosing the ones that apply especially to you; keep this list before you and check up on yourself. (Similar means were used by Washington and Franklin to improve their manners.)

Library Reading. "The First True Gentleman," Dekker (in *The Book of Poetry*, Volume I, Markham); "Good Manners," Judy (in *The North American Almanac*, 1928); "George Washington in a Letter to His Nephew, 1783" (in *Elbert Hubbard's Scrap Book*).

CREEDS

THE FOOTPATH TO PEACE

HENRY VAN DYKE

To be glad of life, because it gives you the chance to love and to work and to play and to look up at the stars; to be contented with your possessions, but not satisfied with yourself until you have made the best of them; to despise nothing in the world except falsehood and meanness, and to fear nothing except cowardice; to be governed by your admirations rather than by your disgusts; to covet nothing that is your neighbor's except his kindness of heart and gentleness of manners; to think seldom of your enemies, often of your friends, and every day of Christ; and to spend as much time as you can, with body and with spirit, in God's out-of-doors —these are little guide-posts on the footpath to peace.

RULES FOR THE ROAD

EDWIN MARKHAM

Stand straight:
Step firmly, throw your weight;
The heaven is high above your head;
The good gray road is faithful to your tread.

Be strong:
Sing to your heart a battle song;
Though hidden foemen lie in wait,
Something is in you that can smile at Fate.

Press through:
Nothing can harm if you are true;
And when the night comes, rest;
The earth is friendly as a mother's breast.

GIVE YOUR ALL

ELBERT HUBBARD

If you work for a man, in heaven's name work for him. If he pays wages that supply you your bread and butter, work for him, speak well of him, think well of him, stand by him, and stand by the institution he represents. I think if I worked for a man I would work for him. I would not work for him a part of his time, but all of his time. I would give an undivided service or none. If put to a pinch, an ounce of loyalty is worth a pound of cleverness.

If you must vilify, condemn, and eternally disparage, why, resign your position, and when you are outside, complain to your heart's content. But, I pray you, so long as you are a part of the institution, do not condemn it. Not that you will injure the institution—not that—but when you disparage the concern of which you are a part, you disparage yourself.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Questions and Topics

1. Look at the titles of these three creeds; which title do you like best? Give reasons for your choice. Suggest other titles and see if you like them better than those given by the authors. Which title do you think most apt? Give the main thought or theme of each of these creeds. Which creed do you think is the most helpful? Memorize the creed that you like best.

Suggested Problem. Study "Definition of a Gentleman," and then make a code of conduct for yourself, as suggested on page 406. Indicate the lines in the text that deal with each particular item included in your creed, so that reference may be made to the author's own words, and the passages readily located for purposes of oral reading; for example, "I will not inflict pain" (page 404, lines 2-3).

Library Reading. "A Creed," Markham, "A Prayer," Sherman (in *High Tide*, Richards); "The American's Creed," Page (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "A Talisman," Guiney, "Sic Vita," Braithwaite (in *Contemporary Poetry*, Wilkinson); "Be Strong," Babcock (in *One Hundred and One Famous Poems*, Cooke); "Work," van Dyke (in *The van Dyke Book*); "Afterwards," Hardy (in *Verse of Our Day*, Gordon and King); "The House by the Side of the Road," Foss (in *The Elson Readers, Book Six*); "My Creed," Walter (in *Poems of Today*, Cooper); "Four Things," van Dyke (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

FREEDOM AND DEMOCRACY

A Backward Look

You have learned in your study of history that the spirit of freedom is eternal; that ever since the world began, liberty-loving men have fought to win freedom for themselves and for those that come after them. You have traced with particular interest the development of freedom in our own country from the time the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth Rock to our participation in the World War. You have discovered that *history*, which deals with a record of facts, appeals to your *understanding*, while *literature*, which takes the facts of history as a basis and treats them with imagination, appeals particularly to your *feelings*. What are the historic facts—the "dramatic moments in history" about which you read in A Forward Look, page 303—upon which the various poems in the group called The Eternal Spirit of Freedom are based? Compare the poet's treatment of Paul Revere's ride with the historian's treatment, as found in your history textbooks. Discuss in class which method of treatment, the literary or the historic, is the more likely to inspire noble conduct. To the poets represented in this group the love of freedom was a strong conviction, not an idle sentiment; which of them sacrificed their lives to maintain this principle? Give the circumstances in each case. Read again what is said on page 74 about lyrics and note that patriotism, like Nature, is a favorite theme for lyric poets; what lyrics do you find in this group?

The four groups of selections in Part III illustrate how the spirit of freedom and democracy manifests itself; with what idea of free government do the selections in the second group deal? At the time of the American Revolution what was the situation in Europe as to free government? What distinctly new feature characterized the American experiment in free government? What did you learn from Washington of America's place in the world? Webster, on the occasion of the one hundredth anniversary of Washington's birth, traced the growth of political freedom through the century from 1732-1832; name the historical events which mark the growth of political freedom in the next century, 1832-1932, and which an orator, similarly, may stress at the celebration of Washington's two hundredth anniversary February 22, 1932. What did President Coolidge say regarding this celebration in 1932? In what respects were the ideas of the British poet Burns and the American poet Whittier alike? What famous definition of our government did Abraham Lincoln make?

But even the best system of government cannot succeed unless men everywhere feel the bond of human brotherhood and are willing to work for the common welfare. What title is given the third group of selections in Part III? Hermann Hagedorn calls the boys and girls of America "the hope of the world"; do you think he expects too much from them or do you think they are ready to take up responsibility? What can you do in your home and school and neighborhood to help put into practice the "glorious experiment of democracy"? Which story emphasizes love of country by showing how utterly miserable one would be deprived of a fatherland? What do you learn from Henry W. Grady about the relationship between love of home and good citizenship? What fine examples of good citizenship in every day life have we in the story of the Northfield High School? How is the life of Steinmetz, as well as his work, an inspiration to mankind? What great service did Pasteur render? What fine expression of his feeling for a great service did Lincoln make? American boys and girls have daily opportunities to render *individual* service; what opportunities for *organized* service does the Junior Red Cross offer? The Camp Fire Girls? The Boy Scouts and the Girl Scouts? What part does your school take in these organizations?

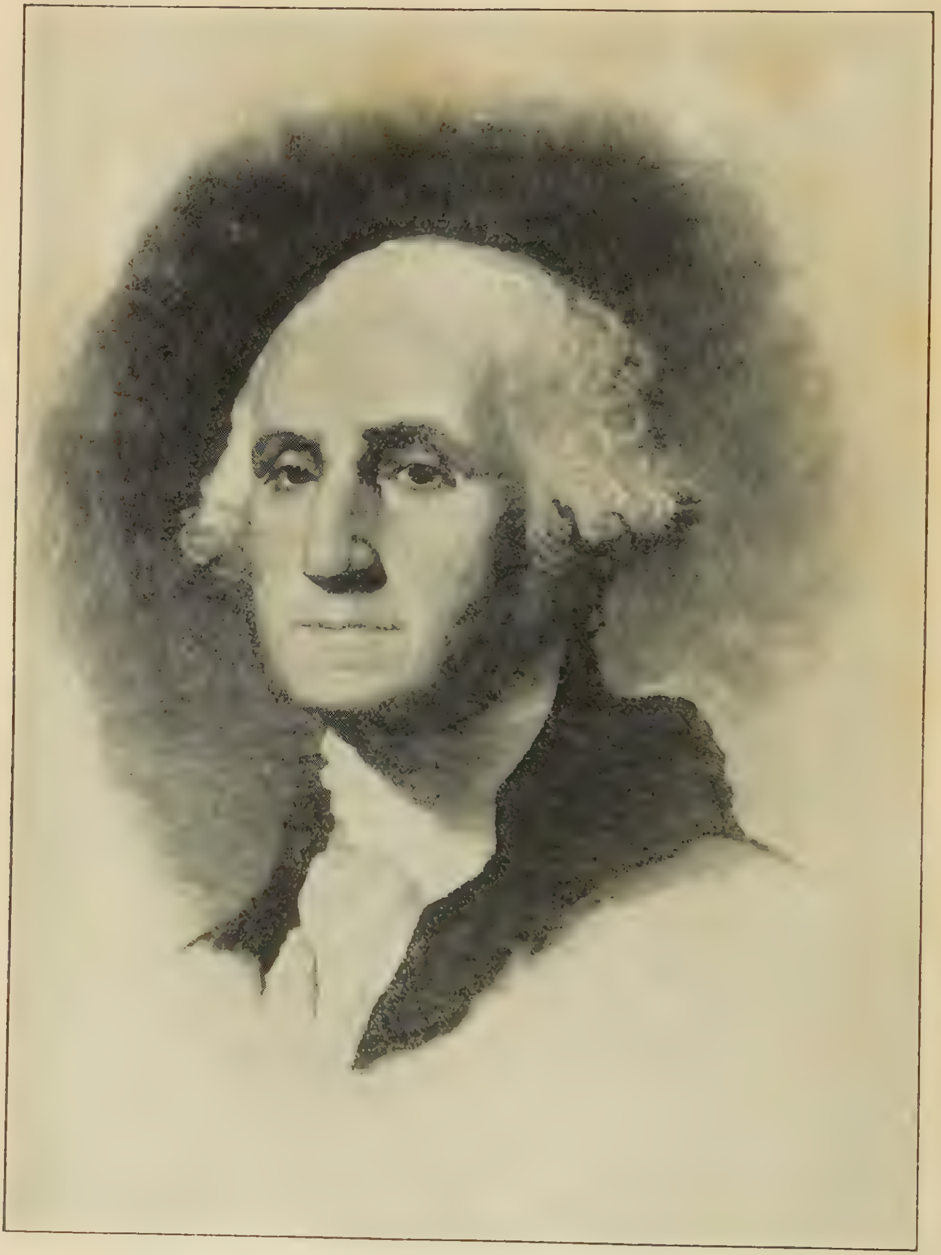
What ideals of life and service are exemplified in the poems, "The Bugle Song," and "The Chambered Nautilus"? How was Yussouf's feeling for the brotherhood of man tested? What ideals of conduct did you gain from Cardinal Newman, Edwin Markham, and Elbert Hubbard?

PART IV

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

One flag, one land, one heart, one hand,
One Nation evermore!

—Oliver Wendell Holmes.



Gilbert Stuart

GEORGE WASHINGTON

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

A Forward Look

From one point of view, literature knows neither place nor time. Shakespeare wrote dramas for his countrymen three hundred and more years ago; we still see his plays performed in our theaters, study them in our schools, read them in our homes; they have been translated into other languages and have become a part of the literature of many peoples. Through translations, great novels and poems and dramas, at first written in German, French, Russian, and other foreign languages, have become part of English literature. Literature knows no bounds of nationality or of the centuries. It has an immortality of life here on earth, and speaks to us, if we so desire, as if it had been written in our own language only yesterday.

But in another sense, literature is a form of the history of a race and of a definite period of time. Men do certain things, make and unmake governments or win prosperity for their nations. The record of their achievements is set down in history. But we find the reasons for these deeds not in the chronicles of events but in letters, speeches, poems, dramas—in literature. Literature shows what were the ideals of justice, brotherhood, love, religion, government, in any period. It is one thing to know the facts about the Boston Tea Party: the date, the men who took part, and the value of the tea destroyed. But to understand why men who were by nature law-abiding should have done these things, we need to read poems and speeches and pamphlets of that period.

Or when you wish to understand the period of American colonization, you may supplement your history by reading in literature poems and stories that will help you to appreciate the types of manhood and womanhood that produced the colonies. A history account of the battles of Concord and Lexington finds fuller meaning when you read Hawthorne's story, "The Gray Champion," and Emerson's poem about the Concord Monument. In your history reading you learn about the great westward movement by which the millions of acres in the Louisiana Purchase were settled—the date and price paid and the dates of the admission of Missouri and Kansas as members of the sisterhood of states. But these historical facts take on new meaning when in literature you read also Cooper's tales of Indian life, or Parkman's accounts of pioneer travel, or Longfellow's story of Evangeline, and many, many others.

In this section of your book are some selections that will give you an understanding of what America means and how her present grows out of the past. First you will find a group of poems and stories that will picture for you some typical American scenes, or tell you some of the famous legends that have come down from early colonial times. Next you will read a section called "American Humor," illustrating one of our national traits that has played no small part in our progress as a people. For the conquest of this vast continent has been a task demanding ceaseless toil, and it has been the spirit of laughter and good humor that has helped Americans to keep life sweet, despite its tenseness. Last, you will come to the groups called "Transportation and Communication" and "American Workers and Their Work"—that make a fitting close to a study of our country through its literature. For the secret of our national prosperity is summed up in the ideal of faithful, honest labor. The work of the world calls out many different kinds of skill—the vision of the "dreamer" of great projects, the complicated planning and organizing of the leader, the skillful labor of the doer, but the one supreme essential for success is a loyal spirit of cooperation among all who join to carry on the vast industries on which our national progress is founded. And as you look at America today, busy and prosperous, you find in stories of American workers and their work a means for understanding the scenes in which you will soon be an actor.

The selections in this part of your book are only examples of a sort of study that you may carry as far as you wish. There is no lack of material, and the more you read, the better you will understand America.

TO MY COUNTRY*

Marguerite Wilkinson

Beams from your forest built my little home,
And stones from your deep quarries flagged my hearth;
Your streams have rippled swiftly in my blood,
Your fertile acres made my flesh for me,
And your clean-blowing winds have been my breath.
Your prophets saw the visions of my youth,
The dreams you gave have been my dearest dreams,
And you have been the mother of my soul.

Therefore, my country, take again at need
Your excellent gifts, home, hearth, and flesh and blood,
Young dreams and all the good I am or have,
That all your later children may have peace
In little homes built of your wood and stone
And warmed and lighted by the love of man!

*Reprinted by courtesy of *The Forum*

COLUMBUS*

JOAQUIN MILLER

Behind him lay the gray Azores,
Behind, the Gates of Hercules;
Before him not the ghosts of shores,
Before him only shoreless seas.
The good mate said: "Now must we pray,
For lo! the very stars are gone.
Brave Admiral, speak, what shall I say?"
"Why, say, 'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

"My men grow mutinous day by day;
My men grow ghastly wan and weak."
The stout mate thought of home; a spray
Of salt wave washed his swarthy cheek.
"What shall I say, brave Admiral, say,
If we sight naught but seas at dawn?"
"Why, you shall say at break of day,
'Sail on! sail on! and on!' "

They sailed and sailed, as winds might blow,
Until at last the blanched mate said:
"Why, now not even God would know
Should I and all my men fall dead.
These very winds forget their way,
For God from these dread seas is gone;
Now speak, brave Admiral, speak and say"—
He said: "Sail on! sail on! and on!"

They sailed. They sailed. Then spake the mate:
"This mad sea shows his teeth tonight.
He curls his lips, he lies in wait,
With lifted teeth, as if to bite!
Brave Admiral, say but one good word;
What shall we do when hope is gone?"
The words leaped like a leaping sword:
"Sail on! sail on! and on!"

Then, pale and worn, he kept his deck,
And peered through darkness. Ah, that night
Of all dark nights! And then a speck—
A light! A light! A light! A light!
It grew, a starlit flag unfurled!
It grew to be Time's burst of dawn.
He gained a world; he gave that world
Its grandest lesson: "On! sail on!"

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*Permission to print granted by Harr Wagner Publishing Co., publishers of Joaquin Miller's poems.

1. **Azores,** a group of islands 800 miles west of Portugal.
2. **Gates of Hercules,** Gibraltar.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Cincinnatus Heine Miller (1841-1913) was born in the Wabash district, Indiana. He moved with his parents, when he was about thirteen years of age, to the Willamette Valley, Oregon. Here he studied law and was admitted to the bar. His spare time while practicing his profession was spent in verse-making. He wrote a defense of the Mexican brigand, Joaquin Murietta, and adopted his first name as a pseudonym (pen name). After traveling in Europe, Joaquin Miller published his first volume of poems, *Songs of the Sierras*, in 1871.

Questions and Topics

1. Why did not the poet start his narrative with the beginning of the voyage? What are the Gates of Hercules?

2. To whom did the mate expect to repeat what Columbus said? How did the crew stand the test of the voyage? What did the mate wish Columbus would do if they should "sight naught but seas at dawn"?

3. When did the events narrated in the fourth stanza take place? What is the last question the mate asked? What answer did Columbus give to the question? What did Columbus see that night? What did that light tell him? What does the poet mean when he says, in line 38, "It grew"?

4. What lesson did Columbus teach the world? How has the poet made us feel the wonder, the triumph, and the thankfulness of Columbus when the light appeared? Why does the poet stop at this point?

5. How do you value perseverance and courage such as Columbus exemplified? Compare the lesson this poem teaches with that of Kipling's "If"; with that of Burns's "For A' That and A' That"; with that of Lowell's "Yussouf."

Library Reading. *We*, Lindbergh; *The Book of Wonder Voyages*, Jacobs; *The Ship that Found Herself*, Kipling; "Columbus," Holland (in *Historic Boyhoods*); *The True Story of Christopher Columbus*, Brooks.

THE LAST OF THE MOHICANS

JAMES FENIMORE COOPER

CHAPTER III

Before these fields were shorn and tilled,
 Full to the brim our rivers flowed;
The melody of waters filled
 The fresh and boundless wood;
And torrents dashed, and rivulets played,
And fountains spouted in the shade.
—*Bryant.*

Leaving the unsuspecting Heyward and his confiding companions to penetrate still deeper into a forest that contained such treacherous inmates, we must use an author's privilege and shift the scene a few miles to the westward of the place where we have last seen them.

On that day, two men were lingering on the banks of a small but rapid stream, within an hour's journey of the encampment of Webb, like those who awaited the appearance of an absent person or the approach of some expected event. The vast canopy of woods spread itself to the margin of the river, overhanging the water and shadowing its dark current with a deeper hue. The rays of the sun were beginning to grow less fierce, and the intense heat of the day was lessened, as the cooler vapors of the springs and fountains rose above their leafy beds and rested in the atmosphere. Still, that breathing silence which marks the drowsy sultriness of an

American landscape in July pervaded the secluded spot, interrupted only by the low voices of the men, the occasional and lazy tap of a woodpecker, the discordant cry of some gaudy jay, or a swelling on the ear from the dull roar of a distant waterfall.

These feeble and broken sounds were, however, too familiar to the foresters to draw their attention from the more interesting matter of their dialogue. While one of these loiterers showed the red skin and wild accouterments of a native of the woods, the other exhibited, through the mask of his rude and nearly savage equipments, the brighter, though sunburned and long-faded complexion of one who might claim descent from a European parentage. The former was seated on the end of a mossy log, in a posture that permitted him to heighten the effect of his earnest language by the calm but expressive gestures of an Indian engaged in debate. His body, which was nearly naked, presented a terrific emblem of death, drawn in intermingled colors of white and black. His closely shaved head, on which no other hair than the well-known and chivalrous scalping-tuft was preserved, was without ornament of any kind, with the exception of a solitary eagle's plume that crossed his crown and depended over the left shoulder. A tomahawk and scalping-knife, of English manufacture, were in his girdle, while a short military rifle, of that sort with which the policy of the whites armed their savage allies, lay carelessly across his bare and sinewy knee. The expanded chest, full-formed limbs, and grave countenance of this warrior would denote that he had reached the vigor of his days, though no symptoms of decay appeared yet to have weakened his manhood.

The frame of the white man, judging by such parts as were not concealed by his clothes, was like that of one who has known hardships and exertion from his earliest youth. His person, though muscular, was rather attenuated than full; but every nerve and muscle appeared strung and indurated by unremitted exposure and toil. He wore a hunting-shirt of forest green, fringed with faded yellow, and a summer cap of skins which had been shorn of their fur. He also bore a knife in a girdle of wampum, like that which confined the scanty garments of the Indian, but no tomahawk. His moccasins were ornamented after the gay fashion of the natives, while the only part of his underdress which appeared below the hunting-frock was a pair of buckskin leggings that laced at the sides, and which were gartered above the knees with the sinews of a deer. A pouch and horn completed his personal accouterments, though a rifle of great length, which the theory of the more ingenious whites had taught them was the most dangerous of all firearms, leaned against a neighboring sapling. The eye of the hunter, or scout, whichever he might be, was small, quick, keen, and restless, roving while he spoke, on every side of him, as if in quest of game or distrusting the sudden approach of some lurking enemy. Notwithstanding the symptoms of habitual suspicion, his countenance was not only without guile, but at the moment at which he is introduced it was charged with an expression of sturdy honesty.

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34. **depended,** hung.

"Even your traditions make the case in my favor, Chingachgook," he said, speaking in the tongue which was known to all the natives who formerly inhabited the country between the Hudson and the Potomac, and of which we shall give a free translation for the benefit of the reader, endeavoring, at the same time, to preserve some of the peculiarities, both of the individual and of the language. "Your fathers came from the setting sun, crossed the big river, fought the people of the country, and took the land; and mine came from the red sky of the morning, over the salt lake, and did their work much after the fashion that had been set them by yours; then let God judge the matter between us, and friends spare their words!"

"My fathers fought with the naked red man!" returned the Indian sternly, in the same language. "Is there no difference, Hawkeye, between the stone-headed arrow of the warrior and the leaden bullet with which you kill?"

"There is reason in an Indian, though nature has made him with a red skin!" said the white man, shaking his head like one on whom such an appeal to his justice was not thrown away. For a moment he appeared to be conscious of having the worst of the argument; then, rallying again, he answered the objection of his antagonist in the best manner his limited information would allow: "I am no scholar, and I care not who knows it; but judging from what I have seen, at deer chases and squirrel hunts, of the sparks below, I should think a rifle in the hands of their grandfathers was not so dangerous as a hickory bow and a good flint-head might be, if drawn with Indian judgment, and sent by an Indian eye."

"You have the story told by your fathers," returned the other, coldly waving his hand. "What say your old men? Do they tell the young warriors that the pale-faces met the red men, painted for war and armed with the stone hatchet and wooden gun?"

"I am not a prejudiced man, nor one who vaunts himself on his natural privileges, though the worst enemy I have on earth, and he is an Iroquois, daren't say I am not genuine white," the scout replied, surveying, with secret satisfaction, the faded color of his bony and sinewy hand; "and I am willing to own that my people have many ways of which, as an honest man, I can't approve. It is one of their customs to write in books what they have done and seen, instead of telling them in their villages, where the lie can be given to the face of a cowardly boaster, and the brave soldier can call on his comrades to witness for the truth of his words. In consequence of this bad fashion, a man who is too conscientious to misspend his days among the women in learning the names of black marks may never hear of the deeds of his fathers, nor feel a pride in striving to outdo them. For myself, I conclude the Bumppos could shoot, for I have a natural turn with the rifle, which must have been handed down from generation to generation, as our holy commandments tell us all good and evil gifts are bestowed; though I should be loath to answer for other people in such a matter. But every story has its two sides; so I ask you, Chingachgook, what passed, according to the traditions of the red men, when our fathers first met?"

A silence of a minute succeeded,

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2. **Chingachgook** (chĭn-gȧ-go͝ok′). 40. **sparks**, young men.

during which the Indian sat mute; then, full of the dignity of his office, he commenced his brief tale, with a solemnity that served to heighten its appearance of truth.

"Listen, Hawkeye, and your ear shall drink no lie. 'Tis what my fathers have said, and what the Mohicans have done." He hesitated a single instant, and bending a cautious glance toward his companion, he continued, in a manner that was divided between interrogation and assertion, "Does not this stream at our feet run toward the summer, until its waters grow salt, and the current flows upward?"

"It can't be denied that your traditions tell you true in both these matters," said the white man; "for I have been there and have seen them; though why water, which is so sweet in the shade, should become bitter in the sun, is an alteration for which I have never been able to account."

"And the current?" demanded the Indian, who expected his reply with that sort of interest that a man feels in the confirmation of testimony at which he marvels even while he respects it; "the fathers of Chingachgook have not lied!"

"The Holy Bible is not more true, and that is the truest thing in nature. They call this upstream current the tide, which is a thing soon explained, and clear enough. Six hours the waters run in, and six hours they run out, and the reason is this: when there is higher water in the sea than in the river, they run in, until the river gets to be highest, and then it runs out again."

"The waters in the woods, and on the great lakes, run downward until they lie like my hand," said the Indian, stretching the limb horizontally before him, "and then they run no more."

"No honest man will deny it," said the scout, a little nettled at the implied distrust of his explanation of the mystery of the tides; "and I grant that it is true on the small scale, and where the land is level. But everything depends on what scale you look at things. Now, on the small scale, the 'arth is level; but on the large scale it is round. In this manner, pools and ponds, and even the great fresh-water lakes may be stagnant, as you and I both know they are, having seen them; but when you come to spread water over a great tract, like the sea, where the earth is round, how in reason can the water be quiet? You might as well expect the river to lie still on the brink of those black rocks a mile above us, though your own ears tell you that it is tumbling over them at this very moment!"

If unsatisfied by the philosophy of his companion, the Indian was far too dignified to betray his unbelief. He listened like one who was convinced, and resumed his narrative in his former solemn manner.

"We came from the place where the sun is hid at night, over great plains where the buffaloes live, until we reached the big river. There we fought the Alligewi, till the ground was red with their blood. From the banks of the big river to the shores of the salt lake, there was none to meet us. The Maquas followed at a distance. We said the country should be ours from the place where the water runs up no longer on this stream, to a river twenty sun's journey toward the summer.

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80. **Alligewi** (ă-lĭ-gē'wĭ). 84. **Maquas** (mä'kwȧs), the Iroquois.

The land we had taken like warriors, we kept like men. We drove the Maquas into the woods with the bears. They only tasted salt at the licks; they drew no fish from the great lakes; we threw them the bones."

"All this I have heard and believe," said the white man, observing that the Indian paused; "but it was long before the English came into the country."

"A pine grew then where this chestnut now stands. The first pale-faces who came among us spoke no English. They came in a large canoe, when my fathers had buried the tomahawk with the red men around them. Then, Hawkeye," he continued, betraying his deep emotion only by permitting his voice to fall to those low, guttural tones which render his language, as spoken at times, so very musical, "then, Hawkeye, we were one people, and we were happy. The salt lake gave us its fish, the wood its deer, and the air its birds. We took wives who bore us children; we worshiped the Great Spirit; and we kept the Maquas beyond the sound of our songs of triumph!"

"Know you anything of your own family at that time?" demanded the white. "But you are a just man, for an Indian; and, as I suppose you hold their gifts, your fathers must have been brave warriors, and wise men at the council fire."

"My tribe is the grandfather of nations, but I am an unmixed man. The blood of chiefs is in my veins, where it must stay forever. The Dutch landed, and gave my people the fire-water; they drank until the heavens and the earth seemed to meet, and they foolishly thought they had found the Great Spirit. Then they parted with their land. Foot by foot they were driven back from the shores, until I, that am a chief and a sagamore, have never seen the sun shine but through the trees, and have never visited the graves of my fathers!"

"Graves bring solemn feelings over the mind," returned the scout, a good deal touched at the calm suffering of his companion; "and they often aid a man in his good intentions; though, for myself, I expect to leave my own bones unburied, to bleach in the woods, or to be torn asunder by the wolves. But where are to be found those of your race who came to their kin in the Delaware country, so many summers since?"

"Where are the blossoms of those summers!—fallen, one by one: so all of my family departed, each in his turn, to the land of spirits. I am on the hill-top, and must go down into the valley; and when Uncas follows in my footsteps, there will be no longer any of the blood of the sagamores, for my boy is the last of the Mohicans."

"Uncas is here!" said another voice, in the same soft, guttural tones, near his elbow; "who speaks to Uncas?"

The white loosened his knife in its leathern sheath, and made an involuntary movement of the hand toward his rifle, at this sudden interruption; but the Indian sat composed, and without turning his head at the unexpected sounds.

At the next instant, a youthful warrior passed between them, with a noiseless step, and seated himself on the bank of the rapid stream. No exclamation of surprise escaped the father nor was any question asked, or reply given for several minutes; each appearing to await the moment when he might speak without betraying womanish curiosity or childish impatience. The white man seemed to take counsel from their customs, and, relinquishing his grasp of the rifle, he also remained silent and reserved. At length Chingachgook turned his eyes slowly toward his son, and demanded,

"Do the Maquas dare to leave the print of their moccasins in these woods?"

"I have been on their trail," replied the young Indian, "and know that they number as many as the fingers of my two hands; but they lie hid, like cowards."

"The thieves are out-lying for scalps and plunder!" said the white man, whom we shall call Hawkeye, after the manner of his companions. "That busy Frenchman, Montcalm, will send his spies into our very camp, but he will know what road we travel!"

"'Tis enough!" returned the father, glancing his eye toward the setting sun; "they shall be driven like deer from their bushes. Hawkeye, let us eat tonight, and show the Maquas that we are men tomorrow."

"I am as ready to do the one as the other; but to fight the Iroquois 'tis necessary to find the skulkers; and to eat 'tis necessary to get the game—talk of the devil and he will come; there is a pair of the biggest antlers I have seen this season, moving the bushes below the hill! Now, Uncas," he continued in a half whisper, and laughing with a kind of inward sound, like one who had learned to be watchful, "I will bet my charger three times full of powder, against a foot of wampum, that I take him atwixt the eyes, and nearer to the right than to the left."

"It cannot be!" said the young Indian, springing to his feet with youthful eagerness; "all but the tips of his horns are hid!"

"He's a boy!" said the white man, shaking his head while he spoke, and addressing the father. "Does he think when a hunter sees a part of the creatur', he can't tell where the rest of him should be?"

Adjusting his rifle, he was about to make an exhibition of that skill on which he so much valued himself, when the warrior struck up the piece with his hand, saying,

"Hawkeye! will you fight the Maquas?"

"These Indians know the nature of the woods, as it might be by instinct!" returned the scout, dropping his rifle, and turning away like a man who was convinced of his error. "I must leave the buck to your arrow, Uncas, or we may kill a deer for the thieves, the Iroquois, to eat."

The instant the father seconded this intimation by an expressive gesture of the hand, Uncas threw himself on the ground, and approached the animal with wary movements. When within a few yards of the cover, he fitted an arrow to his bow with the utmost care, while the antlers moved, as if their owner snuffed an enemy in the tainted air. In another moment the twang of the cord was heard, a white streak was seen glancing into the bushes, and the wounded buck plunged from the cover to the very feet of his hidden enemy. Avoiding the horns of the infuriated animal, Uncas darted to his side, and passed his knife across the throat, when bounding to the edge of the river it fell, dyeing the waters with its blood.

3. **take counsel**, understand and enter into.

"'Twas done with Indian skill," said the scout, laughing inwardly, but with vast satisfaction; "and 'twas a pretty sight to behold! Though an arrow is a near shot, and needs a knife to finish the work."

"Hugh!" ejaculated his companion, turning quickly, like a hound who scented game.

"By the Lord, there is a drove of them!" exclaimed the scout, whose eyes began to glisten with the ardor of his usual occupation. "If they come within range of a bullet I will drop one, though the whole Six Nations should be lurking within sound! What do you hear, Chingachgook? for to my ears the woods are dumb."

"There is but one deer, and he is dead," said the Indian, bending his body till his ear nearly touched the earth. "I hear the sound of feet!"

"Perhaps the wolves have driven the buck to shelter and are on his trail!"

"No. The horses of white men are coming!" returned the other, raising himself with dignity, and resuming his seat on the log with his former composure. "Hawkeye, they are your brothers; speak to them."

"That will I, and in English that the king needn't be ashamed to answer," returned the hunter, speaking in the language of which he boasted; "but I see nothing, nor do I hear the sounds of man or beast; 'tis strange that an Indian should understand white sounds better than a man who, his very enemies will own, has no cross in his blood, although he may have lived with the redskins long enough to be suspected! Ha! there goes something like the cracking of a dry stick, too—now I hear the bushes move—yes, yes, there is a trampling that I mistook for the falls—and—but here they come themselves; God keep them from the Iroquois!"

H. Armstrong Roberts

TERRITORY OVER WHICH THE MOHICANS ROAMED

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Historical Note

James Fenimore Cooper (1789–1851) is best known to boys and girls as the creator of the famous American scout and backwoodsman, Leatherstocking; his Indian friend and companion, Chingachgook, the Big Serpent; and Long Tom Coffin, the Nantucket whaler. Cooper was born in Burlington, New Jersey, but when he was a year old his father, Judge Cooper, moved to a large estate on Otsego Lake in central New York, where he had already fixed the site of Cooperstown. Here Judge Cooper built Otsego Hall (accurately pictured in *The Pioneers*), and here, in the beautiful Otsego Lake region which he afterwards made famous in his fine story, *The Deerslayer*, Cooper spent his boyhood. His early education was received, as was common in those days, in the home of a clergyman, the Rev. Mr. Ellison, rector of St. Peter's Church, Albany, and at the age of thirteen he entered Yale. In his junior year, however, he was expelled for a prank. The year following he entered the United States Navy.

After receiving his midshipman's commission, Cooper served for a time on the *Vesuvius* and then was sent to Oswego, on Lake Ontario, as one of a party to build a sixteen-gun brig. Here he saw a new aspect of frontier life, and his familiarity with the Ontario region is shown in his book *The Pathfinder*.

In 1811, after serving over three years in the United States Navy, Cooper resigned, married, and settled down to the task of managing and improving his farm possessions, first near Cooperstown and then in Westchester. In the nine years that followed Cooper seems to have had no idea of writing. Indeed his wife said that he disliked to write even a letter. The story of how he finally began his long career as a novelist is a familiar one. He remarked one day, as he finished reading a novel of English life, that he believed he could write as good a book himself. His wife in fun challenged him to do it, and *Precaution*, the setting of which is England, was the result. This was soon followed by a much superior book, *The Spy*, which deals with American scenes and history.

Cooper's most famous work is his series of books on the westward march of the pioneers. The five books of this group—*The Leatherstocking Tales* — should be among the earliest reading of every young American. Cooper produced them in an unusual order. The one he wrote first, *The Pioneers*, or *The Sources of the Susquehanna* (1823), is the fourth of the series in time. To appreciate the development of the chief character, Nathaniel Bumppo, Hawkeye, or Leatherstocking, one should read the volumes not as they were published, but as they follow in sequence of time. Thus arranged, they stand: 1. *The Deerslayer: or The First War Path* (1841); 2. *The Last of the Mohicans: A Narrative of 1757* (1826); 3. *The Pathfinder: or The Inland Sea* (1840); 4. *The Pioneers: or The Sources of the Susquehanna* (1823); 5. *The Prairie: A Tale* (1827).

These five books show the romance of pioneering days. From the time young Bumppo appears as the youthful hunter until as an old man he travels westward to die amid the open stretches of the prairie, his deeds form the thread of the plots. In so far as Cooper viewed his incidents and characters romantically, he followed the methods of Sir Walter Scott, and though the American's books do not cover so wide a range, they must be accorded as significant a place in our literature as the romances of the Scotchman are given in the literature of England.

As one might expect from reading his romantic tales of forest and sea, Cooper was a strong, active man with a warm and rich personality. As a youth in Cooperstown he was once challenged to a foot-race. Unwilling to run unhandicapped, he picked up a little girl who was standing near, and carrying her on his shoulder as he ran, won the race with flying colors. He was always very decided and outspoken and never went out of his way to avoid a quarrel. But he had many friends, and these friends were among the best men of the time; for example, the editor and poet, Bryant, and the inventor, Samuel F. B. Morse.

The Last of the Mohicans is Cooper's greatest novel.

Explanatory Note

Fort William Henry, commanded by Munro, an Englishman, is surrounded by the French army under Montcalm, who is aided by the Hurons—also called Mingoes in the story. Munro's daughters, Cora and Alice, escorted by Lieutenant Duncan Heyward and an Indian guide, Magua, are trying to go from Fort Edward on the Hudson to Fort William Henry on Lake George to join their father. However, the guide Magua proves to be a hostile Huron. Fortunately, the party falls in with the friendly Hawkeye, a white scout, and two Indians, Uncas and his father, Chingachgook, who are the last of the Mohicans.

Questions and Topics

1. Be prepared to give in your own words a description of the scene with which this selection opens. Describe the two men and tell what the topic of conversation was.

2. From the dialogue you learn of the Indian's pride; on what other things do you gain his views?

3. Why did the Indian think his tribe's warfare with the red man was more justifiable than the warfare of the white men with the Indians? How did the scout reply to this opinion? How had the Indian learned the history of his forefathers? How is the story of the past preserved for us?

4. What was the condition of the Mohicans when the white men came? In what words did the Indian tell that his home was in the forest? How do you account for the fact that the Indian heard sounds that the white man could not hear? Whom was Montcalm fighting?

5. What admirable qualities does Hawkeye show in this story? What do you admire most in the Indian? The quotation at the beginning of this selection is taken from Bryant's "An Indian at the Burial-Place of His Fathers"; be prepared to read the entire poem to the class.

Library Reading. Read the other chapters of *The Last of the Mohicans* and be prepared to report upon them in class, following the outline given below.

Outline

1. Hawkeye conceals the party in the cave from the Hurons (chapters 1-6).

2. The Hurons attack the cave (chapters 7, 8).

3. The capture of the girls and Duncan (chapters 9-11).

4. The rescue by Hawkeye and the Mohicans (chapter 12).

5. The safe arrival at Fort William Henry (chapters 13, 14).

6. The surrender of the Fort to Montcalm and the massacre of the English by the Hurons (chapters 15-17).

7. Hawkeye and the Mohicans with Munro and Duncan in search of the missing girls (chapters 18-21).

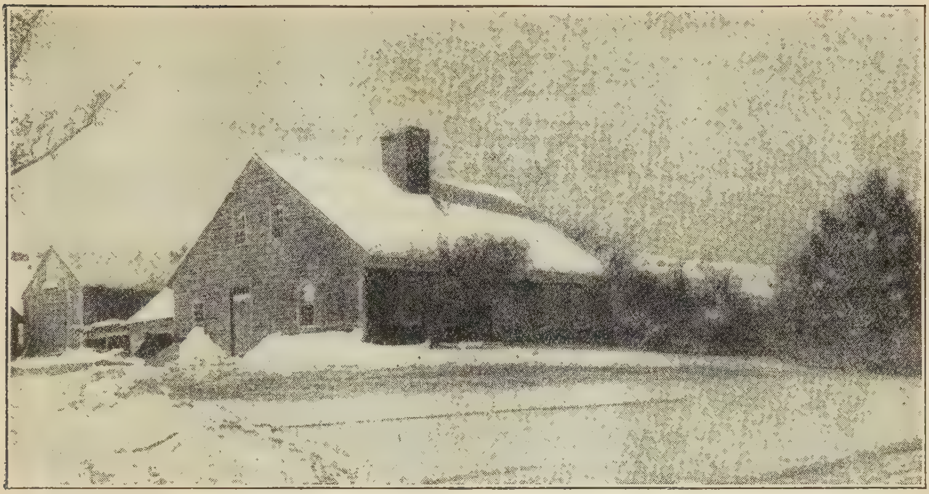
8. The end of the trail in the camp of the Hurons (chapter 22).

9. In the camp of the Hurons—Alice and Uncas rescued by Duncan and Hawkeye; the party seeking safety with the neighboring Delawares, where Cora has already been sent by the Hurons (chapters 23-26).

10. Magua's pursuit with his warriors (chapters 27, 28).

11. The law of the woods. The justice of the Delawares (chapters 29, 30).

12. The battle between the Delawares and the Hurons. Fate of Uncas and Cora (chapters 31-33).



BIRTHPLACE OF WHITTIER
(The scene of "Snow-Bound")

SNOW-BOUND

A WINTER IDYL

John Greenleaf Whittier

The sun that brief December day
Rose cheerless over hills of gray,
And, darkly circled, gave at noon
A sadder light than waning moon.
Slow tracing down the thickening sky
Its mute and ominous prophecy,
A portent seeming less than threat,
It sank from sight before it set.
A chill no coat, however stout,
Of homespun stuff could quite shut out,
A hard, dull bitterness of cold,
That checked, mid-vein, the circling race
Of life-blood in the sharpened face,
The coming of the snowstorm told.
The wind blew east; we heard the roar
Of Ocean on his wintry shore,
And felt the strong pulse throbbing there
Beat with low rhythm our inland air.
Meanwhile we did our nightly chores—
Brought in the wood from out of doors,
Littered the stalls, and from the mows
Raked down the herd's-grass for the cows;
Heard the horse whinnying for his corn;
And, sharply clashing horn on horn,
Impatient down the stanchion rows
The cattle shake their walnut bows;
While, peering from his early perch
Upon the scaffold's pole of birch,
The cock his crested helmet bent
And down his querulous challenge sent.
Unwarmed by any sunset light
The gray day darkened into night,
A night made hoary with the swarm

25. **stanchion**, vertical bar, on each side of the neck, by which cows are fastened. 26. **bows** (bōz), U-shaped pieces about the necks, fastened to the yoke.

And whirl-dance of the blinding storm,
As zigzag wavering to and fro
Crossed and recrossed the wingéd snow;
And ere the early bedtime came,
The white drift piled the window-frame,
And through the glass the clothes-line posts
Looked in like tall and sheeted ghosts.
So all night long the storm roared on;
The morning broke without a sun;
In tiny spherule traced with lines
Of Nature's geometric signs,
In starry flake and pellicle,
All day the hoary meteor fell;
And, when the second morning shone,
We looked upon a world unknown,
On nothing we could call our own.
Around the glistening wonder bent
The blue walls of the firmament,
No cloud above, no earth below—
A universe of sky and snow!
The old familiar sights of ours
Took marvelous shapes; strange domes and towers
Rose up where sty or corn-crib stood,
Or garden-wall or belt of wood;
A smooth white mound the brush-pile showed,
A fenceless drift what once was road;
The bridle-post an old man sat
With loose-flung coat and high cocked hat;
The well-curb had a Chinese roof;
And even the long sweep, high aloof,
In its slant splendor, seemed to tell
Of Pisa's leaning miracle.

A prompt, decisive man, no breath
Our father wasted: "Boys, a path!"
Well pleased (for when did farmer boy
Count such a summons less than joy?),
Our buskins on our feet we drew;
With mittened hands, and caps drawn low,
To guard our necks and ears from snow,
We cut the solid whiteness through;
And, where the drift was deepest, made
A tunnel walled and overlaid
With dazzling crystal; we had read
Of rare Aladdin's wondrous cave,
And to our own his name we gave,
With many a wish the luck were ours
To test his lamp's supernal powers.
We reached the barn with merry din,
And roused the prisoned brutes within.
The old horse thrust his long head out,
And grave with wonder gazed about;
The cock his lusty greeting said,
And forth his speckled harem led;
The oxen lashed their tails, and hooked,
And mild reproach of hunger looked;
The hornéd patriarch of the sheep,
Like Egypt's Amun roused from sleep,
Shook his sage head with gesture mute,
And emphasized with stamp of foot.

All day the gusty north-wind bore
The loosened drift its breath before;
Low circling round its southern zone,
The sun through dazzling snow-mist shone.
No church-bell lent its Christian tone
To the savage air; no social smoke
Curled over woods of snow-hung oak—
A solitude made more intense
By dreary-voicéd elements,
The shrieking of the mindless wind,
The moaning tree-boughs swaying blind,
Beyond the circle of our hearth
And on the glass the unmeaning beat
Of ghostly finger-tips of sleet.
No welcome sound of toil or mirth

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44. **geometric signs**, referring to the regular and beautiful designs of the snowflakes. 45. **pellicle**, thin film. 62. **well-curb**, the inclosing frame over the well. 63. **sweep**, a long pole, used for lowering or raising a bucket. 65. **Pisa's leaning miracle** (pē'sä), tower in Pisa, Italy, which leans to one side.

70. **buskins** (bŭs'kĭnz), high boots. 80. **supernal**, marvelous. 90. **Amun** (ä'mo͞on), one of the Egyptian gods, represented as a ram with curling horns.

Unbound the spell, and testified
Of human life and thought outside.
We minded that the sharpest ear
The buried brooklet could not hear,
The music of whose liquid lip
Had been to us companionship,
And, in our lonely life, had grown
To have an almost human tone.

As night drew on, and, from the crest
Of wooded knolls that ridged the west
The sun, a snow-blown traveler, sank
From sight beneath the smothering bank,
We piled with care our nightly stack
Of wood against the chimney-back—
The oaken log, green, huge, and thick,
And on its top the stout back-stick;
The knotty forestick laid apart,
And filled between with curious art
The ragged brush; then, hovering near,
We watched the first red blaze appear,
Heard the sharp crackle, caught the gleam
On whitewashed wall and sagging beam,
Until the old, rude-furnished room
Burst, flower-like, into rosy bloom;
While radiant with a mimic flame
Outside the sparkling drift became;
And through the bare-boughed lilac-tree
Our own warm hearth seemed blazing free.
The crane and pendent trammels showed;
The Turk's heads on the andirons glowed;
While childish fancy, prompt to tell
The meaning of the miracle,
Whispered the old rime: "*Under the tree,*
When the fire outdoors burns merrily,
There the witches are making tea."
The moon above the eastern wood
Shone at its full; the hill-range stood
Transfigured in the silver flood,
Its blown snows flashing cold and keen,
Dead white, save where some sharp ravine
Took shadow, or the somber green
Of hemlocks turned to pitchy black
Against the whiteness at their back.
For such a world and such a night
Most fitting that unwarming light,
Which only seemed where'er it fell
To make the coldness visible.

Shut in from all the world without,
We sat the clean-winged hearth about,
Content to let the north-wind roar
In baffled rage at pane and door,
While the red logs before us beat
The frost-line back with tropic heat;
And ever, when a louder blast
Shook beam and rafter as it passed,
The merrier up its roaring draft
The great throat of the chimney laughed,
The house-dog on his paws outspread
Laid to the fire his drowsy head,
The cat's dark silhouette on the wall
A couchant tiger's seemed to fall;
And, for the winter fireside meet,
Between the andirons' straddling feet,
The mug of cider simmered slow;
The apples sputtered in a row;
And, close at hand, the basket stood
With nuts from brown October's wood.
What matter how the night behaved?
What matter how the north-wind raved?
Blow high, blow low, not all its snow
Could quench our hearth-fire's ruddy glow.
O Time and Change!—with hair as gray
As was my sire's that winter day,

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136. **crane, trammels**, iron hooks hanging (pendent) over a fire to support kettles. 137. **andiron**, utensil for supporting logs when burning in a fireplace.

156. **clean-winged**, swept clean with a turkey's wing. 168. **couchant** (kouch'ănt), lying down with head erect.

How strange it seems, with so much gone
Of life and love, to still live on!
Ah, brother! only I and thou
Are left of all that circle now—
The dear home faces whereupon
That fitful firelight paled and shone.
Henceforward, listen as we will,
The voices of that hearth are still;
Look where we may, the wide earth o'er,
Those lighted faces smile no more.
We tread the paths their feet have worn;
We sit beneath their orchard trees,
We hear, like them, the hum of bees
And rustle of the bladed corn;
We turn the pages that they read;
Their written words we linger o'er;
But in the sun they cast no shade;
No voice is heard, no sign is made;
No step is on the conscious floor!
Yet Love will dream and Faith will trust
(Since He who knows our need is just)
That somehow, somewhere, meet we must.
Alas for him who never sees
The stars shine through his cypress-trees!
Who, hopeless, lays his dead away,
Nor looks to see the breaking day
Across the mournful marbles play!
Who hath not learned, in hours of faith,
The truth to flesh and sense unknown,
That Life is ever lord of Death,
And Love can never lose its own!

We sped the time with stories old;
Wrought puzzles out, and riddles told;
Or stammered from our schoolbook lore
"The chief of Gambia's golden shore."
Our father rode again his ride
On Memphremagog's wooded side;
Sat down again to moose and samp
In trapper's hut and Indian camp;
Lived o'er the old idyllic ease
Beneath St. François' hemlock trees;
Again for him the moonlight shone
On Norman cap and bodiced zone;
Again he heard the violin play
Which led the village dance away,
And mingled in its merry whirl
The grandam and the laughing girl.
Or, nearer home, our steps he led
Where Salisbury's level marshes spread
Mile-wide as flies the laden bee;
Where merry mowers, hale and strong,
Swept, scythe on scythe, their swaths along
The low green prairies of the sea.
We shared the fishing off Boar's Head,
And round the rocky Isles of Shoals
The hake-broil on the driftwood coals;
The chowder on the sand-beach made,
Dipped by the hungry, steaming hot,
With spoons of clamshell from the pot.
We heard the tales of witchcraft old,
And dream and sign and marvel told
To sleepy listeners as they lay
Stretched idly on the salted hay,
Adrift along the winding shores,
When favoring breezes deigned to blow
The square sail of the gundalow,
And idle lay the useless oars.
Our mother, while she turned her wheel

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204. **cypress-tree**, a symbol of mourning.

215. **The chief**, etc., from the poem "The African Chief," by Sarah Wentworth Morton. 217. **Memphremagog** (mĕm′frē-mā′gŏg), a lake in Vermont and Canada. 218. **samp**, Indian corn coarse ground and browned. 221. **St. François** (săn frän′swä), St. Francis River, in Canada. 223. **Norman cap**, a cap originally worn in France, with square corners turned back from the face. **bodiced zone**, waist encircled with a wide girdle. 229. **Salisbury's level marshes**, in Massachusetts. 234. **Boar's Head**, headland on the New Hampshire coast. 235. **Isles of Shoals**, a group of small islands off the southeastern coast of New Hampshire. 236. **hake**, a salt-water fish of the cod family. 246. **gundalow** (gŭn′dȧ-lō′), another form of *gondola*, a heavy, flat-bottomed boat.

Or ran the new-knit stocking-heel,
Told how the Indian hordes came down
At midnight on Cochecho town,
And how her own great-uncle bore
His cruel scalp-mark to fourscore.
Recalling, in her fitting phrase,
So rich and picturesque and free
(The common unrimed poetry
Of simple life and country ways),
The story of her early days—
She made us welcome to her home;
Old hearths grew wide to give us room;
We stole with her a frightened look
At the gray wizard's conjuring-book,
The fame whereof went far and wide
Through all the simple country-side;
We heard the hawks at twilight play
The boat-horn on Piscataqua,
The loon's weird laughter far away;
We fished her little trout-brook; knew
What flowers in wood and meadow grew;
What sunny hillsides autumn-brown
She climbed to shake the ripe nuts down;
Saw where in sheltered cove and bay
The ducks' black squadron anchored lay;
And heard the wild geese calling loud
Beneath the gray November cloud.

Then, haply, with a look more grave,
And sober tone, some tale she gave
From painful Sewel's ancient tome,
Beloved in every Quaker home,
Of faith fire-winged by martyrdom,
Or Chalkley's Journal, old and quaint—
Gentlest of skippers, rare sea-saint!—
Who, when the dreary calms prevailed,
And water-butt and bread-cask failed,
And cruel, hungry eyes pursued
His portly presence, mad for food,
With dark hints muttered under breath
Of casting lots for life or death,
Offered, if Heaven withheld supplies,
To be himself the sacrifice.
Then, suddenly, as if to save
The good man from his living grave,
A ripple on the water grew;
A school of porpoise flashed in view.
"Take, eat," he said, "and be content;
These fishes in my stead are sent
By Him who gave the tangled ram
To spare the child of Abraham."

Our uncle, innocent of books,
Was rich in lore of fields and brooks,
The ancient teachers never dumb
Of Nature's unhoused lyceum.
In moons and tides and weather wise,
He read the clouds as prophecies;
And foul or fair could well divine
By many an occult hint and sign,
Holding the cunning-warded keys
To all the woodcraft mysteries;
Himself to Nature's heart so near
That all her voices in his ear
Of beast or bird had meaning clear,
Like Appollonius of old,
Who knew the tales the sparrows told,
Or Hermes, who interpreted
What the sage cranes of Nilus said;
A simple, guileless, childlike man,
Content to live where life began;
Strong only on his native grounds,
The little world of sights and sounds
Whose girdle was the parish bounds,
Whereof his fondly partial pride
The common features magnified,
As Surrey hills to mountains grew

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251. **Cochecho** (kô-chē′kō), in New Hampshire. 266 **Piscataqua** (pĭs-kăt′ȧ-kwȧ; here kwā for rime), a river forming the boundary line between Maine and New Hampshire. 278. **painful Sewel's ancient tome**, William Sewel's history of the Quakers and their sufferings. 280. **fire-winged.** Many of the early Quakers suffered death by burning, because of their religious beliefs. 281. **Chalkley.** The incident narrated was retold from the Journal of Thomas Chalkley, a traveling Quaker preacher.

297. **tangled ram.** See *Genesis* xxi, 1-13. 302. **Nature's unhoused lyceum**, school of the outdoor world. 306. **occult**, mysterious. 307. **cunning-warded**, carefully guarded. 312. **Appollonius** (ăp′ŏ-lō′nĭ-ŭs), an ancient Roman philosopher who was said to be able to converse with animals and birds. 314. **Hermes** (hûr′mēz), a famous Egyptian philosopher. 315. **Nilus**, Latin for *Nile*.

In White of Selborne's loving view—
He told how teal and loon he shot,
And how the eagle's eggs he got;
The feats on pond and river done,
The prodigies of rod and gun;
Till, warming with the tales he told,
Forgotten was the outside cold;
The bitter wind unheeded blew;
From ripening corn the pigeons flew;
The partridge drummed i' the wood; the mink
Went fishing down the river-brink.
In fields with bean or clover gay,
The woodchuck, like a hermit gray,
Peered from the doorway of his cell;
The muskrat plied the mason's trade,
And tier by tier his mud-walls laid;
And from the shagbark overhead
The grizzled squirrel dropped his shell.

Next, the dear aunt, whose smile of cheer
And voice in dreams I see and hear—
The sweetest woman ever Fate
Perverse denied a household mate,
Who, lonely, homeless, not the less
Found peace in love's unselfishness,
And welcome whereso'er she went,
A calm and gracious element,
Whose presence seemed the sweet income
And womanly atmosphere of home—
Called up her girlhood memories,
The huskings and the apple-bees,
The sleigh-rides and the summer sails,
Weaving through all the poor details
And homespun warp of circumstance
A golden woof-thread of romance.
For well she kept her genial mood
And simple faith of maidenhood;
Before her still a cloud-land lay;
The mirage loomed across her way;
The morning dew, that dried so soon
With others, glistened at her noon:
Through years of toil and soil and care,
From glossy tress to thin gray hair,
All unprofaned she held apart
The virgin fancies of the heart.
Be shame to him of woman born
Who had for such but thought of scorn.

There, too, our elder sister plied
Her evening task the stand beside;
A full, rich nature, free to trust,
Truthful and almost sternly just,
Impulsive, earnest, prompt to act,
And make her generous thought a fact,
Keeping with many a light disguise
The secret of self-sacrifice.
O heart sore-tried! thou hast the best
That Heaven itself could give thee—rest,
Rest from all bitter thoughts and things!
How many a poor one's blessing went
With thee beneath the low green tent
Whose curtain never outward swings!

As one who held herself a part
Of all she saw, and let her heart
Against the household bosom lean,
Upon the motley-braided mat
Our youngest and our dearest sat,
Lifting her large, sweet, asking eyes,
Now bathed within the fadeless green
And holy peace of Paradise.
Oh, looking from some heavenly hill,
Or from the shade of saintly palms,
Or silver reach of river calms,
Do those large eyes behold me still?
With me one little year ago—
The chill weight of the winter snow
For months upon her grave has lain;
And now, when summer south-winds blow,

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324. **White of Selborne.** Gilbert White wrote a natural history of Selborne (in County Surrey, England), where he was born. 360. **cloud-land**, land of mystery and romance.

362. **dew . . . glistened at her noon**, in middle life she still retained the thoughts of her youth.

And brier and harebell bloom again,
I tread the pleasant paths we trod,
I see the violet-sprinkled sod,
Whereon she leaned, too frail and weak
The hillside flowers she loved to seek,
Yet following me where'er I went
With dark eyes full of love's content.
The birds are glad; the brier-rose fills
The air with sweetness; all the hills
Stretch green to June's unclouded sky;
But still I wait with ear and eye
For something gone which should be nigh,
A loss in all familiar things,
In flower that blooms, and bird that sings.
And yet, dear heart! remembering thee
Am I not richer than of old?
Safe in thy immortality,
What change can reach the wealth I hold?
What chance can mar the pearl and gold
Thy love hath left in trust with me?
And while in life's late afternoon,
Where cool and long the shadows grow,
I walk to meet the night that soon
Shall shape and shadow overflow,
I cannot feel that thou art far,
Since near at need the angels are;
And when the sunset gates unbar,
Shall I not see thee waiting stand,
And, white against the evening star,
The welcome of thy beckoning hand?

Brisk wielder of the birch and rule,
The master of the district school
Held at the fire his favored place;
Its warm glow lit a laughing face,
Fresh-hued and fair, where scarce appeared
The uncertain prophecy of beard.
He teased the mitten-blinded cat,
Played cross-pins on my uncle's hat,
Sang songs, and told us what befalls
In classic Dartmouth's college halls.
Born the wild Northern hills among,
From whence his yeoman father wrung
By patient toil subsistence scant,
Not competence and yet not want,
He early gained the power to pay
His cheerful, self-reliant way;
Could doff at ease his scholar's gown
To peddle wares from town to town;
Or through the long vacation's reach
In lonely lowland districts teach,
Where all the droll experience found
At stranger hearths in boarding round,
The moonlit skater's keen delight,
The sleigh-drive through the frosty night,
The rustic party, with its rough
Accompaniment of blind-man's-buff,
And whirling plate, and forfeits paid,
His winter task a pastime made.
Happy the snow-locked homes wherein
He tuned his merry violin,
Or played the athlete in the barn,
Or held the good dame's winding yarn,
Or mirth-provoking versions told
Of classic legends rare and old,
Wherein the scenes of Greece and Rome
Had all the commonplace of home,
And little seemed at best the odds
'Twixt Yankee peddlers and old gods;
Where Pindus-born Araxes took
The guise of any grist-mill brook,
And dread Olympus at his will
Became a huckleberry hill.
A careless boy that night he seemed;
But at his desk he had the look

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423. **shape and shadow**, life.

436. **mitten-blinded**, blindfolded with a mitten. 468. **Pindus-born Araxes** (ȧ-răk′sēz), a river famous in Greek mythology, which rises in the Pindus Mountains in Greece. 470. **Olympus**, a mountain in Greece, on whose top the gods were believed to dwell.

And air of one who wisely schemed,
And hostage from the future took
In trainéd thought and lore of book.

Another guest that winter night
Flashed back from lustrous eyes the light.
Unmarked by time, and yet not young,
The honeyed music of her tongue
And words of meekness scarcely told
A nature passionate and bold,
Strong, self-concentered, spurning guide,
Its milder features dwarfed beside
Her unbent will's majestic pride.
She sat among us, at the best,
A not unfeared, half-welcome guest,
Rebuking with her cultured phrase
Our homeliness of words and ways.
A certain pard-like, treacherous grace
Swayed the lithe limbs and dropped the lash,
Lent the white teeth their dazzling flash;
And under low brows, black with night,
Rayed out at times a dangerous light;
The sharp heat-lightnings of her face
Presaging ill to him whom Fate
Condemned to share her love or hate.
A woman tropical, intense
In thought and act, in soul and sense,
She blended in a like degree
The vixen and the devotee,
Revealing with each freak or feint
The temper of Petruchio's Kate,
The raptures of Siena's saint.
Her tapering hand and rounded wrist
Had facile power to form a fist;
The warm, dark languish of her eyes
Was never safe from wrath's surprise.
Brows saintly calm and lips devout
Knew every change of scowl and pout,
And the sweet voice had notes more high
And shrill for social battle-cry.

Since then what old cathedral town
Has missed her pilgrim staff and gown,
What convent-gate has held its lock
Against the challenge of her knock!
Through Smyrna's plague-hushed thoroughfares,
Up sea-set Malta's rocky stairs,
Gray olive slopes of hills that hem
Thy tombs and shrines, Jerusalem,
Or startling on her desert throne
The crazy Queen of Lebanon
With claims fantastic as her own,
Her tireless feet have held their way;
And still, unrestful, bowed and gray,
She watches under Eastern skies,
With hope each day renewed and fresh,
The Lord's quick coming in the flesh,
Whereof she dreams and prophesies!

Where'er her troubled path may be,
The Lord's sweet pity with her go!
The outward, wayward life we see,
The hidden springs we may not know.
Nor is it given us to discern
What threads the fatal sisters spun,
Through what ancestral years has run
The sorrow with the woman born,
What forged her cruel chain of moods,
What set her feet in solitudes,
And held the love within her mute,

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475. **hostage from the future took**, gained what would help him in time to come. 490. **pard**, leopard. 503. **Petruchio's Kate** (pḗ-trōō'kĭ-ōz), the scolding wife of Petruchio in Shakespeare's *The Taming of the Shrew*. 504. **Siena's saint** (syĕ'nä), St. Catherine of Siena, noted for her piety. 506. **facile** (făs'ĭl), easy.

517. **Smyrna**, a town in Turkey. 518. **Malta**, an island in the Mediterannean Sea. 522. **Queen of Lebanon**, Lady Stanhope, an eccentric Englishwoman with whom the "half-welcome guest" lived for a time in Syria, where Lady Stanhope was leader of some half-civilized tribes. Both women believed in the second coming of Christ in their lifetimes (line 528). 535. **fatal sisters**, in Greek mythology, the three Fates who decided the course of men's lives.

What mingled madness in the blood,
A lifelong discord and annoy,
Water of tears with oil of joy,
And hid within the folded bud
Perversities of flower and fruit.
It is not ours to separate
The tangled skein of will and fate,
To show what metes and bounds should stand
Upon the soul's debatable land,
And between choice and Providence
Divide the circle of events;
But He who knows our frame is just,
Merciful and compassionate,
And full of sweet assurances
And hope for all the language is
That He remembereth we are dust!

At last the great logs, crumbling low,
Sent out a dull and duller glow;
The bull's-eye watch that hung in view,
Ticking its weary circuit through,
Pointed with mutely-warning sign
Its black hand to the hour of nine.
That sign the pleasant circle broke:
My uncle ceased his pipe to smoke,
Knocked from its bowl the refuse gray,
And laid it tenderly away;
Then roused himself to safely cover
The dull red brand with ashes over.
And while, with care, our mother laid
The work aside, her steps she stayed
One moment, seeking to express
Her grateful sense of happiness
For food and shelter, warmth and health,
And love's contentment more than wealth,
With simple wishes (not the weak,
Vain prayers which no fulfillment seek,
But such as warm the generous heart,
O'er-prompt to do with Heaven its part)
That none might lack, that bitter night,
For bread and clothing, warmth and light.

Within our beds awhile we heard
The wind that round the gables roared,
With now and then a ruder shock,
Which made our very bedsteads rock.
We heard the loosened clapboards tossed,
The board-nails snapping in the frost;
And on us, through the unplastered wall,
Felt the light-sifted snowflakes fall;
But sleep stole on, as sleep will do
When hearts are light and life is new;
Faint and more faint the murmurs grew,
Till in the summer-land of dreams
They softened to the sound of streams,
Low stir of leaves, and dip of oars,
And lapsing waves on quiet shores.

Next morn we wakened with the shout
Of merry voices high and clear;
And saw the teamsters drawing near
To break the drifted highways out.
Down the long hillside treading slow
We saw the half-buried oxen go,
Shaking the snow from heads uptossed,
Their straining nostrils white with frost.
Before our door the straggling train
Drew up, an added team to gain.
The elders threshed their hands a-cold,
Passed, with the cider-mug, their jokes
From lip to lip; the younger folks
Down the loose snow-banks, wrestling, rolled;
Then toiled again the cavalcade
O'er windy hill, through clogged ravine,
And woodland paths that wound between

548. **metes**, goals. 549. **soul's debatable land**, province of right and wrong.

Photograph by F. J. Francis

"LOW-DROOPING PINE-BOUGHS WINTER-WEIGHED"

Low-drooping pine-boughs winter-weighed.
From every barn a team afoot;
At every house a new recruit;
Where, drawn by Nature's subtlest law,
Haply the watchful young men saw
Sweet doorway pictures of the curls
And curious eyes of merry girls,
Lifting their hands in mock defense
Against the snowballs' compliments,
And reading in each missive tossed
The charm which Eden never lost.

We heard once more the sleigh bells' sound;
And, following where the teamsters led,
The wise old Doctor went his round,
Just pausing at our door to say,
In the brief, autocratic way
Of one who, prompt at Duty's call,
Was free to urge her claim on all,
That some poor neighbor sick abed
At night our mother's aid would need.
For, one in generous thought and deed,
What mattered in the sufferer's sight
The Quaker matron's inward light,
The Doctor's mail of Calvin's creed?
All hearts confess the saints elect
Who, twain in faith, in love agree,
And melt not in an acid sect
The Christian-pearl of charity!

So days went on; a week had passed
Since the great world was heard from last.
The Almanac we studied o'er;
Read and reread our little store
Of books and pamphlets, scarce a score;
One harmless novel, mostly hid
From younger eyes, a book forbid,
And poetry (or good or bad,
A single book was all we had),
Where Ellwood's meek, drab-skirted Muse,
A stranger to the heathen Nine,
Sang, with a somewhat nasal whine,

635. **inward light**, religious convictions. 636. **mail of Calvin's creed**, strict belief of John Calvin, a French religious reformer. 650. **Ellwood**, a Quaker who wrote a long poem on the life of David. 651. **heathen Nine**, the nine Muses of Greek mythology, patrons of art, music, poetry, etc.

The wars of David and the Jews.
At last the floundering carrier bore
The village paper to our door.
Lo! broadening outward as we read,
To warmer zones the horizon spread;
In panoramic length unrolled
We saw the marvel that it told.
Before us passed the painted Creeks,
And daft McGregor on his raids
In Costa Rica's everglades.
And up Taygetus winding slow
Rode Ypsilanti's Mainote Greeks,
A Turk's head at each saddle bow!
Welcome to us its week-old news,
Its corner for the rustic Muse,
Its monthly gauge of snow and rain,
Its record, mingling in a breath
The wedding bell and dirge of death;
Jest, anecdote, and love-lorn tale,
The latest culprit sent to jail;
Its hue and cry of stolen and lost,
Its vendue sales and goods at cost,
And traffic calling loud for gain.
We felt the stir of hall and street,
The pulse of life that round us beat;
The chill embargo of the snow
Was melted in the genial glow;
Wide swung again our ice-locked door,
And all the world was ours once more!

Clasp, Angel of the backward look
And folded wings of ashen gray
And voice of echoes far away,
The brazen covers of thy book;
The weird palimpsest old and vast,
Wherein thou hid'st the spectral past;
Where, closely mingling, pale and glow
The characters of joy and woe;
The monographs of outlived years,
Or smile-illumed or dim with tears,
Green hills of life that slope to death,
And haunts of home, whose vistaed trees
Shade off to mournful cypresses
With the white amaranths underneath.
Even while I look, I can but heed
The restless sands' incessant fall,
Importunate hours that hours succeed;
Each clamorous with its own sharp need,
And duty keeping pace with all.
Shut down and clasp the heavy lids;
I hear again the voice that bids
The dreamer leave his dream midway
For larger hopes and graver fears—
Life greatens in these later years;
The century's aloe flowers today!

Yet, haply, in some lull of life,
Some Truce of God which breaks its strife,
The worldling's eyes shall gather dew,
Dreaming in throngful city ways
Of winter joys his boyhood knew;
And dear and early friends—the few
Who yet remain—shall pause to view
These Flemish pictures of old days;
Sit with me by the homestead hearth,
And stretch the hands of memory forth
To warm them at the wood-fire's blaze!
And thanks untraced to lips unknown
Shall greet me like the odors blown
From unseen meadows newly mown,
Or lilies floating in some pond,
Wood-fringed, the wayside gaze beyond;
The traveler owns the grateful sense
Of sweetness near, he knows not whence,
And, pausing, takes with forehead bare
The benediction of the air.

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660. **Creeks**, Indians who, in 1826, were driven from Georgia and across the Mississippi. 661. **daft McGregor**, Sir Gregor McGregor, who foolishly (daft) attempted to establish a colony in Costa Rica. 663. **Taygetus**, etc. (tā-ĭj′ē-tŭs). Revolutionary cavalry were recruited by Ypsilanti (ĭp′sē-län′tē), a Greek patriot from Maina (mī′nä), to fight against Turkey, the oppressor of Greece. 667. **corner**, etc., the small space allotted to a local contributor. Whittier's first published poem appeared in such a corner. 674. **vendue sales**, auctions. 682. **Angel of the backward look**, angel that records our lives. 686. **palimpsest** (păl-ĭmp′sĕst), parchment which has been used several times, i.e., erased and rewritten on.

714. **Flemish pictures**, pictures which treat simple household subjects lovingly and in detail.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 107.

Explanatory Note

The following is Whittier's own introduction to *Snow-Bound:* "The members of the family at the Whittier homestead who are referred to in the poem were my father, mother, my brother, and two sisters, and my uncle and aunt, both unmarried. In addition there was the district schoolmaster, who boarded with us. The 'not unfeared, half-welcome guest,' was Harriet Livermore, daughter of Judge Livermore, of New Hampshire, a young woman of fine natural ability, enthusiastic, eccentric, with slight control over a violent temper, which sometimes made her religious profession doubtful. She was equally ready to exhort in schoolhouse prayer meetings and dance in a Washington ballroom while her father was a member of Congress. At the time referred to in *Snow-Bound* she was boarding at Rocks Village, about two miles from us.

"In my boyhood, in our lonely farmhouse, we had scanty sources of information; few books and only a small weekly newspaper. Our only annual was the almanac. Under such circumstances, story-telling was a necessary resource in the long winter evenings. My father when a young man had traversed the wilderness to Canada, and could tell us of his adventures with Indians and wild beasts, and of sojourn in the French villages. My uncle was ready with his record of hunting and fishing, and it must be confessed, with stories which he at least half believed, of witchcraft and apparitions. My mother, who was born in the Indian-haunted region of Somersworth, New Hampshire, between Dover and Portsmouth, told us of the inroads of the savages, and of the narrow escape of her ancestors. She described strange people who lived on the Piscataqua and Cocheco, among whom was Bantam the sorcerer. I have in my possession the wizard's 'conjuring book,' which he solemnly opened when consulted."

Questions and Topics

1. Whittier, after the death of his mother and two sisters, lived with his brother, Matthew, in the old homestead. At the age of fifty-nine he wrote *Snow-Bound* as a memorial to those who were gone and to the happy, peaceful home life they had always lived. He dedicated the poem "To the memory of the household it describes."

2. Divide the poem into four large parts, giving a title to each. Use these four main headings as a beginning for an outline, and fill in with the details so that you will have a complete outline to use in testing your knowledge of the poem.

3. *Snow-Bound* has been called "a picture gallery"; select what you think is the most interesting picture and describe it to the class. Your classmates should be able to locate in the poem the scene you have chosen.

4. How long a period of time did the events in the poem take? Make a time outline for the poem, giving quotations in support of it.

5. The poet himself calls the scenes in *Snow-Bound* "Flemish pictures"; can you give a reason for this? Select passages to read aloud which graphically picture the "works and ways of the honest people of New England."

6. What kind of day is described at the beginning of the poem? Read the lines in which the poet makes you feel the cold. List picturesque words used to describe the storm. Find the lines that tell you the changes the snow made in the appearance of familiar objects.

7. Summarize in your own words the impression you get of Whittier's father. Do you think Whittier was happy in his humble surroundings? Select passages to support your answer. What preparation did the boys make "as night drew on"? Contrast the scene in Whittier's home with a scene in your home on a stormy evening. What kind of entertainment did the family enjoy on the winter's night?

8. Characterize the mother of Whittier in a few sentences. Explain the reference in the following lines:

> "We stole with her a frightened look
> At the gray wizard's conjuring book."

What contribution was made to the evening's entertainment by "the dear aunt"?

9. Give reasons why Whittier refers to his youngest sister as the "dearest."

10. What ideals of justice, brotherhood, industry, and thrift does this poem show were characteristics of the simple folk of this region? Select quotations to support your answer.

Class Reading. Lines you enjoyed most; passages in which Whittier gives his own personal views on certain topics; lines which tell the effect of the storm upon the "buried brooklet"; the description of the moonlight on the snow; lines which tell of the teamsters breaking through the snowdrifts.

Theme Topics. (Written.) 1. Characterization of "the half-welcome guest." 2. Books I should have liked to add to Whittier's library. 3. This poem gives you a clearer idea of "the facts of life" on a New England farm a century ago than you can gain from your history or geography or from an encyclopedia.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. Contrast a modern farmhouse with which you are familiar with the Whittier house pictured in the poem. 2. Contrast the opportunities for education in rural districts in Whittier's boyhood days with those of the present time. 3. Discuss the influence that the schoolmaster might exert on such a household as Whittier describes, illustrating from Whittier's own life. 4. Modes of coöperation in country life in early days, and the necessity for it. 5. The most interesting person about the Whittier fireside. 6. An account of the work of Gilbert White in the English village of Selborne (see *The Natural History of Selborne*, White). 7. Rural customs in old New England, as "the village dance," etc.

Suggested Problem. In the Forward Look on page 411 you were told that the selections in this unit are only examples of glimpses into American life, and that the better you understand American life, the better citizen you will be. Prepare a program for a class period devoted to Little Pictures of Varied American Life. Members of the class who have lived for a time, or traveled, in some distant part of the country may give three-minute talks about life in these communities (illustrated, if possible, by pictures). Pupils who cannot contribute any first-hand experiences may gain material for their discussion from books.

Memorization. Memorize the lines you like best.

RIP VAN WINKLE

Washington Irving

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson must remember the Catskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed, every hour of the day, produces some changes in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapors about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose shingle-roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists in the early time of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!), and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland, having latticed windows and gable fronts, surmounted with weathercocks.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weatherbeaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was, moreover, a kind neighbor and an obedient, henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstances might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation; and a curtain lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects be considered a tolerable blessing, and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is that he was a great favorite among all the good wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles; and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighborhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labor. It could not be from the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never refuse to assist a neighbor, even in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn, or building stone-fences; the women of the village, too,

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5. **Peter Stuyvesant**, governor of New Amsterdam, 1645-1672. 24. **Fort Christina**, a Swedish fort on the Delaware River, taken by the Dutch in 1654.

65. **with impunity**, without fear of punishment. 74. **Tartar's lance**, a long spear carried by Tartars, fierce horsemen of Asia.

used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them. In a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty, and keeping his farm in order, he found it impossible.

In fact, he declared it was of no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong, in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some outdoor work to do; so that though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst conditioned farm in the neighborhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife; so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye, as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honorable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground, or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle; and at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle he would fly to the door with yelping precipitation.

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36. **galligaskins**, loose breeches.

80. **crest**, head. 83. **gallows air**, depressed-looking, as if about to be hanged.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edged tool that grows keener with constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village; which held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of His Majesty George the Third. Here they used to sit in the shade through a long, lazy summer's day, talking listlessly over village gossip, or telling endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveler. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village, and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbors could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sundial. It is true he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently, and to send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds; and sometimes, taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapor curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquillity of the assemblage and call the members all to naught; nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative, to escape from the labor of the farm and clamor of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree, and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad; whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity I verily believe he recipro-

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13. **rubicund** (ro͞ob'ĭ-kŭnd), red-faced. 14. **George the Third**, the king of England at that time. 33. **junto**, group.

68. **virago** (vĭ-rā'gō), a quarrelsome woman.

cated the sentiment with all his heart. In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Catskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and reëchoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene; evening was gradually advancing; the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys; he saw that it would be dark long before he could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend, he heard a voice from a distance hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked round, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place; but supposing it to be someone of the neighborhood in need of assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick bushy hair, and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion: a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist, several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides, and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of his new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity; and mutually relieving one another, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long rolling peals like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft, between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted.

70. jerkin, jacket.

He paused for a moment, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheater, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time Rip and his companion had labored on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheater, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the center was a company of odd-looking personages playing at ninepins. They were dressed in a quaint, outlandish fashion; some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large beard, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cock's tail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colors. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout old gentleman, with a weatherbeaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlor of Dominie Van Shaick, the village parson, which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed, statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-luster countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons, and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their game.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavor of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draft. One taste provoked another; and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his

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27. **doublet**, a close-fitting coat. 43. **hanger**, a short sword.

45. **roses**, rosettes. 47. **Flemish**, Dutch. 83. **Hollands**, Holland gin.

THE SPOT IN THE CATSKILLS WHERE IRVING PLACED THE SCENE OF RIP VAN WINKLE'S LONG SLEEP

head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On waking, he found himself on the green knoll whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright, sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with a keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woebegone party at ninepins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean, well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel incrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roisterers of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and, having dosed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of the last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk, he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grapevines that twisted their coils or tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of network in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheater; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high, impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad, deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in the air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty fire-lock, and, with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village, he met a number of people, but none of whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with everyone in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast their eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when, to his astonishment, he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting after him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Catskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been—Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth, and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed—"My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in neat order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called loudly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then again all was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn—but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted, "The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall, naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red nightcap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a scepter, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling, disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquillity. He looked in vain for the sage Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco-smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty — Bunker's Hill — heroes of seventy-six—and other words, which were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling-piece, his uncouth dress, and an army of women and children at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern-politicians. They crowded round him, eying him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and, drawing him partly aside, inquired on which side he voted. Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and, rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear whether he was Federal or Democrat. Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question; when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a

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31. **red nightcap,** the liberty cap, formerly shown on our silver coins. 37. **ruby,** red.

67. **Babylonish jargon,** confusion. See *Genesis* xi. 83. **Federal or Democrat,** the two parties organized when the Constitution was adopted.

sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planted himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed riot in the village. "Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the King, God bless him!"

Here a general shout burst from the bystanders—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and, having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they?—name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?" There was silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin, piping voice: "Nicholas Vedder! why, he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotten and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stony Point—others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know—he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the wars too, was a great militia general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—Congress—Stony Point. He had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked, and beheld a precise counterpart of himself as he went up the mountain; apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment, the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows," exclaimed he, at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountain, and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I'm changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper, also, about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh, comely woman pressed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool; the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman?" asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, Rip Van Winkle was his name, but it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun, and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself, or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; and he put it with a faltering voice: "Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England peddler."

There was drop of comfort, at least, in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"Young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough, it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor—Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but one night. The neighbors stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vanderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor, the historian, that the Catskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson, the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the Half-Moon; being permitted in this way to revisit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at ninepins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout, cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favor.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can be idle with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor: how that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his Majesty George the Third, he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end! he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out whenever he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes, which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate, or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed, at first, to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman, or child in the neighborhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunderstorm of a summer afternoon about the Catskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of ninepins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighborhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draft out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

Courtesy of New York Central Lines

A BEAUTIFUL SPOT IN THE "RIP VAN WINKLE COUNTRY"

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical and Explanatory Note

Washington Irving (1783-1859) was born in the city of New York, in the very year in which the Treaty of Peace that ended the Revolutionary War was signed. He was destined to do for American literature what the war had already done for the American government and people—make it respected among all nations. Irving's mother said, "Washington's great work is done; let us name our boy Washington," little dreaming when thus naming him after the "Father of His Country" that he should one day come to be called the "Father of American Letters" (literature).

On April 30, 1789, when this little boy was six years old, his father took him to Federal Hall in Wall Street, to witness Washington's inauguration as the first president of the United States. It is told that President Washington laid his hand kindly on the head of his little namesake and gave him his blessing.

Young Washington Irving led a happy life, rambling in his boyhood about every nook and corner of the city and the adjacent woods, which at that time were not far to seek, idling about the busy wharves, making occasional trips up the lordly Hudson, roaming, gun in hand, along its banks and over the neighboring Catskills, listening to the tales of old Dutch landlords and gossipy old Dutch housewives. He took several long journeys into the Hudson River hill country, collecting the legends and nature pictures which he has so skillfully preserved in "Rip Van Winkle" and "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow." When he became a young man he wove these old tales, scenes, experiences, and much more that his imagination and his merry humor added, into some of the most rollicking, mirthful stories that had been read in many a day. The first of these was a humorous *History of New York* (1809), which Irving pretended he had found among the papers of an old Dutchman by the name of Diedrich Knickerbocker. This work made its author instantly famous and showed to Americans as well as to foreigners what wealth of literary material this new country already possessed in its local legends and history.

George William Curtis in one of his delightful *Easy Chair* essays says, "Irving was as quaint a figure as the Diedrich Knickerbocker in the preliminary advertisement of his *History of New York.* Thirty years ago he might have been seen on an autumnal afternoon, tripping with an elastic step along Broadway, with low quartered shoes neatly tied, and a Talma cloak—a short garment like the cape of a coat. There was a chirping, cheery, old-school air in his appearance which was undeniably Dutch, and most harmonious with the association of his writings. He seemed, indeed, to have stepped out of his own books; and the cordial grace and humor of his address, if he stopped for a passing chat, were delightfully characteristic. He was then our most famous man of letters, but he was simply free from all self-consciousness and assumption and dogmatism."

Irving had a small house and lived as a man of moderate means, although his books were sold by hundreds of thousands and his profits were known to be large. He was always kind to the young men of his profession. "The gate of his own charming little domain on the beautiful Hudson River was forever swinging before visitors who came to him. He shut out no one."

Washington Irving died at Sunnyside, his estate on the Hudson River; his tomb overlooks Sleepy Hollow and the majestic river which he loved and "over which he has thrown the glamour of romance and literary legend."

The two notes which follow were added by Irving as a "Note" and a "Postscript" to "Rip Van Winkle," when it first appeared, and signed "D. K." (Diedrich Knickerbocker).

NOTE

"The Kaatsberg, or Catskill Mountains, have always been a region full of fable. The Indians considered them the abode of spirits, who influenced the weather, spreading sunshine or clouds over the landscape, and sending good or bad hunting seasons. They were ruled by an old squaw spirit, said to be their mother. She dwelt on the highest peak of the Catskills, and had charge of the doors of day and night to open and shut them at the proper hour. She hung up the new moons in the skies, and cut up the old ones into stars. In times of drought, if properly propitiated, she would spin light summer clouds out of cobwebs and morning dew, and send them off from the crest of the mountain, flake after flake, like the flakes of carded cotton, to float in the air; until, dissolved by the heat of the sun, they would fall in gentle showers, causing the grass to spring, the fruits to ripen, and the corn to grow an inch an hour. If displeased, however, she would brew up clouds black as ink, sitting in the midst of them like a bottle-bellied spider in the midst of its web; and when these clouds broke, woe betide the valleys!

"In old times, say the Indian traditions, there was a kind of Manitou, or Spirit, who kept about the wildest recesses of the Catskill Mountains, and took a mischievous pleasure in wreaking all kinds of evils and vexations upon the red man. Sometimes he would assume the form of a bear, a panther, or a deer, lead a bewildered hunter a weary chase through tangled forests and among ragged rocks; and then spring off with a loud ho! ho! leaving him aghast on the brink of a beetling precipice or raging torrent.

"The favorite abode of this Manitou is still shown. It is a great rock or cliff on the loneliest part of the mountains, and, from the flowering vines which clamber about it, and the wild flowers which abound in its neighborhood, is known by the name of the Garden Rock. Near the foot of it is a small lake, the haunt of the solitary bittern, with water-snakes basking in the sun on the leaves of the pond-lilies which lie on the surface. This place was held in great awe by the Indians, insomuch that the boldest hunter would not pursue his game within its precincts. Once upon a time, however, a hunter who had lost his way penetrated to the Garden Rock, where he beheld a number of gourds placed in the crotches of trees. One of these he seized and made off with it, but in the hurry of his retreat he let it fall among the rocks, when a great stream gushed forth, which washed him away and swept him down precipices, where he was dashed to pieces, and the stream made its way to the Hudson, and continues to flow to the present day, being the identical stream known by the name of Kaaterskill."

POSTSCRIPT

"The story of Rip Van Winkle may seem incredible to many, but nevertheless I give it my full belief, for I know the vicinity of our old Dutch settlements to have been very subject to marvelous events and appearances. Indeed, I have heard many stranger stories than this, in the villages along the Hudson; all of which were too well authenticated to admit of a doubt. I have even talked with Rip Van Winkle myself, who, when I last saw him, was a very venerable old man, and so perfectly rational and consistent on every other point that I think no conscientious person could refuse to take this into the bargain; nay, I have seen a certificate on the subject taken before a country justice, and signed with a cross, in the justice's own handwriting. The story, therefore, is beyond the possibility of doubt.

D. K."

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. Diedrich Knickerbocker was the pen name used by Irving; how does this add to the interest in his writings? Are the Note and the Postscript given above convincing? How do they make the tale more plausible?

2. Irving refers to the mountains as "barometers" and "fairy mountains"; give a reason for this. (See Note.) Give a brief, but clear and interesting, oral description of Rip's appearance. Why do you think the author introduced you to the main character first?

3. List Rip's personal qualities as they are brought out in his associations with his dog, his friends, and his wife. Do you think Irving chose a man of the right character for the part? Give reasons for your answer.

4. How does the character of Dame Van Winkle add to the interest of the story? Do you think Dame Van Winkle was originally of a shrewish temper? If not, what do you believe might have changed her? Why? What contribution does Wolf make in the development of the narrative? Irving consumes several pages in his introduction; did these details seem tiresome to you? Why?

5. Describe Rip's day of hunting. Tell in your own words of the encounter between Rip and the strange characters he met on the mountain. How much space does the author use in telling you about Rip's sleeping years? How does Irving make the reader feel the long space of time that has elapsed since Rip went to sleep?

6. Rip did not notice his long beard until he reached the village; why does the author delay this evident sign of age? Briefly relate the changes that had taken place in the village. Point out passages about Rip's visit to his old home that show both humor and pathos. Who tells Rip he had been gone twenty years?

7. Select to present to the class the most humorous passages in the story. In *Junior High School Literature, Book One,* you read Irving's story "The Legend of Sleepy Hollow"; which one of these two stories do you like the better? Which is more humorous? Select passages to support your choice.

Class Reading. Read aloud Irving's picture of the moutain scenery on the day Rip went hunting; the lines which tell you about Rip's awakening; Rip's return to his home; the most pathetic passage.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. The character of Rip Van Winkle; of Dame Van Winkle. 2. Irving as a short-story writer.

Dramatization. "Rip Van Winkle" is a very interesting story to dramatize. You may wish to work out the costumes, settings, dialogues, and all other details, or you may prefer to use the dramatization of the story by Joseph Jefferson, a famous actor.

Library Reading. Selections from *The Sketch Book,* Irving.

GRAND-PRÉ

EVANGELINE: A TALE OF ACADIE*

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW

PRELUDE

This is the forest primeval. The murmuring pines and the hemlocks,
Bearded with moss, and in garments green, indistinct in the twilight,
Stand like Druids of eld, with voices sad and prophetic;
Stand like harpers hoar, with beards that rest on their bosoms.
Loud from its rocky caverns, the deep-voiced neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

This is the forest primeval; but where are the hearts that beneath it
Leaped like the roe when he hears in the woodland the voice of the huntsman?
Where is the thatch-roofed village, the home of Acadian farmers—
Men whose lives glided on like rivers that water the woodlands,
Darkened by shadows of earth, but reflecting an image of heaven?
Waste are those pleasant farms, and the farmers forever departed!
Scattered like dust and leaves, when the mighty blasts of October
Seize them, and whirl them aloft, and sprinkle them far o'er the ocean.
Naught but tradition remains of the beautiful village of Grand-Pré.

Ye who believe in affection that hopes, and endures, and is patient,
Ye who believe in the beauty and strength of woman's devotion,
List to the mournful tradition still sung by the pines of the forest;
List to a Tale of Love in Acadie, home of the happy.

***Acadie** (ȧ'kȧ-dē), Acadia, former name of Nova Scotia.
3. **Druids**, an ancient order in England who thought that trees were sacred. 4. **harpers hoar**, grayheaded men, who were skilled harpists in the ancient days.

15. **Grand-Pré** (grän'prā'), French for *great prairie*.

PART THE FIRST

I

In the Acadian land, on the shores of the Basin of Minas,
Distant, secluded, still, the little village of Grand-Pré
Lay in the fruitful valley. Vast meadows stretched to the eastward,
Giving the village its name, and pasture to flocks without number.
Dikes, that the hands of the farmers had raised with labor incessant,
Shut out the turbulent tides; but at stated seasons the flood-gates
Opened and welcomed the sea to wander at will o'er the meadows.
West and south there were fields of flax, and orchards and cornfields
Spreading afar and unfenced o'er the plain; and away to the northward
Blomidon rose, and the forest old; and aloft on the mountains
Sea-fogs pitched their tents; and mists from the mighty Atlantic
Looked on the happy valley, but ne'er from their station descended.
There, in the midst of its farms, reposed the Acadian village.
Strongly built were the houses, with frames of oak and of chestnut,
Such as the peasants of Normandy built in the reign of the Henries.
Thatched were the roofs, with dormer-windows; and gables, projecting
Over the basement below, protected and shaded the doorway.
There in the tranquil evenings of summer, when brightly the sunset
Lighted the village street, and gilded the vanes on the chimneys,
Matrons and maidens sat in snow-white caps and in kirtles
Scarlet and blue and green, with distaffs spinning the golden
Flax for the gossiping looms, whose noisy shuttles within doors
Mingled their sound with the whir of wheels and the songs of the maidens.
Solemnly down the street came the parish priest; and the children
Paused in their play to kiss the hand he extended to bless them.
Reverend walked he among them; and up rose matrons and maidens,
Hailing his slow approach with words of affectionate welcome.
Then came the laborers home from the field, and serenely the sun sank
Down to his rest, and twilight prevailed. Anon from the belfry
Softly the Angelus sounded; and over the roofs of the village
Columns of pale blue smoke, like clouds of incense ascending,
Rose from a hundred hearths, the homes of peace and contentment.
Thus dwelt together in love these simple Acadian farmers—
Dwelt in the love of God and of man. Alike were they free from
Fear, that reigns with the tyrant, and envy, the vice of republics.
Neither locks had they to their doors, nor bars to their windows;
But their dwellings were open as day and the hearts of the owners;
There the richest was poor, and the poorest lived in abundance.

Somewhat apart from the village, and nearer the Basin of Minas,
Benedict Bellefontaine, the wealthiest farmer of Grand-Pré,

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29. **Blomidon**, a mountain. 34. **Normandy**, a division of France. **reign of the Henries**, last half of the 16th century. 39. **kirtle**, a close-fitting gown.

48. **Anon**, soon. 49. **Angelus** (ăn′jê-lŭs), a bell calling the people to evening prayer. 54. **envy, the vice of republics.** In a republic where all men are equal under the law, there is likely to be envy of those who have more money or brains.

Dwelt on his goodly acres; and with him, directing his household
Gentle Evangeline lived, his child, and the pride of the village.
Stalwart and stately in form was the man of seventy winters;
Hearty and hale was he, an oak that is covered with snowflakes;
White as the snow were his locks, and his cheeks as brown as the oak-leaves.
Fair was she to behold, that maiden of seventeen summers;
Black were her eyes as the berry that grows on the thorn by the wayside;
Black, yet how softly they gleamed beneath the brown shade of her tresses!
Sweet was her breath as the breath of kine that feed in the meadows.
When in the harvest heat she bore to the reapers at noontide
Flagons of home-brewed ale, ah! fair in sooth was the maiden.
Fairer was she when, on Sunday morn, while the bell from its turret
Sprinkled with holy sounds the air, as the priest with his hyssop
Sprinkles the congregation, and scatters blessings upon them,
Down the long street she passed, with her chaplet of beads and her missal,
Wearing her Norman cap and her kirtle of blue, and the earrings
Brought in the olden time from France, and since, as an heirloom
Handed down from mother to child, through long generations.
But a celestial brightness—a more ethereal beauty—
Shone on her face and encircled her form when, after confession,
Homeward serenely she walked with God's benediction upon her.
When she had passed, it seemed like the ceasing of exquisite music.

Firmly builded with rafters of oak, the house of the farmer
Stood on the side of a hill commanding the sea; and a shady
Sycamore grew by the door, with a woodbine wreathing around it.
Rudely carved was the porch, with seats beneath; and a footpath
Led through an orchard wide, and disappeared in the meadow.
Under the sycamore-tree were hives overhung by a penthouse,
Such as the traveler sees in regions remote by the roadside,
Built o'er a box for the poor, or the blessed image of Mary.
Farther down, on the slope of the hill, was the well with its moss-grown
Bucket, fastened with iron, and near it a trough for the horses.
Shielding the house from storms, on the north, were the barns and the farmyard;
There stood the broad-wheeled wains and the antique plows and the harrows;
There were the folds for the sheep; and there, in his feathered seraglio,
Strutted the lordly turkey, and crowed the cock, with the selfsame
Voice that in ages of old had startled the penitent Peter.
Bursting with hay were the barns, themselves a village. In each one
Far o'er the gable projected a roof of thatch; and a staircase,

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68. **kine**, cattle.

87. **penthouse**, roof. 93. **wains**, wagons. 94. **fold**, pen, inclosure. **seraglio** (sê-răl'yō), inclosure. 96. **penitent Peter**. See *Matthew* xxvi, 75-76.

Under the sheltering eaves, led up to the odorous cornloft.
There too the dovecot stood, with its meek and innocent inmates
Murmuring ever of love; while above in the variant breezes
Numberless noisy weathercocks rattled and sang of mutation.

Thus, at peace with God and the world, the farmer of Grand-Pré
Lived on his sunny farm; and Evangeline governed his household.
Many a youth, as he knelt in the church and opened his missal,
Fixed his eyes upon her as the saint of his deepest devotion;
Happy was he who might touch her hand or the hem of her garment!
Many a suitor came to her door, by the darkness befriended,
And, as he knocked and waited to hear the sound of her footsteps,
Knew not which beat the louder, his heart or the knocker of iron;
Or, at the joyous feast of the Patron Saint of the village,
Bolder grew, and pressed her hand in the dance as he whispered
Hurried words of love, that seemed a part of the music.
But among all who came young Gabriel only was welcome;
Gabriel Lajeunesse, the son of Basil the blacksmith,
Who was a mighty man in the village, and honored of all men;
For since the birth of time, throughout all ages and nations,
Has the craft of the smith been held in repute by the people.
Basil was Benedict's friend. Their children from earliest childhood
Grew up together as brother and sister; and Father Felician,
Priest and pedagogue both in the village, had taught them their letters
Out of the selfsame book, with the hymns of the church and the plainsong.
But when the hymn was sung, and the daily lesson completed,
Swiftly they hurried away to the forge of Basil the blacksmith.
There at the door they stood with wondering eyes to behold him
Take in his leathern lap the hoof of the horse as a plaything,
Nailing the shoe in its place; while near him the tire of the cartwheel
Lay like a fiery snake, coiled round in a circle of cinders.
Oft on autumnal eves, when without in the gathering darkness
Bursting with light seemed the smithy, through every cranny and crevice,
Warm by the forge within they watched the laboring bellows;
And as its panting ceased, and the sparks expired in the ashes,
Merrily laughed, and said they were nuns going into the chapel.
Oft on sledges in winter, as swift as the swoop of the eagle,
Down the hillside bounding, they glided away o'er the meadow.
Oft in the barns they climbed to the populous nests on the rafters,
Seeking with eager eyes that wondrous stone which the swallow
Brings from the shore of the sea to restore the sight of its fledglings;
Lucky was he who found that stone in the nest of the swallow!
Thus passed a few swift years and they no longer were children.

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102. **mutation,** change.

122. **plainsong,** the melody chanted.

EVANGELINE

He was a valiant youth; and his face, like the face of the morning,
Gladdened the earth with its light, and ripened thought into action.
She was a woman now, with the heart and hopes of a woman.
"Sunshine of Saint Eulalie" she was called; for that was the sunshine
Which, as the farmers believed, would load their orchards with apples;
She too would bring to her husband's house delight and abundance,
Filling it full of love and the ruddy faces of children.

II

Now had the season returned when the nights grow colder and longer,
And the retreating sun the sign of the Scorpion enters.
Birds of passage sailed through the leaden air, from the icebound,
Desolate northern bays to the shores of tropical islands.
Harvests were gathered in; and wild with the winds of September
Wrestled the trees of the forest, as Jacob of old with the angel.
All the signs foretold a winter long and inclement.
Bees, with prophetic instinct of want, had hoarded their honey
Till the hives overflowed; and the Indian hunters asserted
Cold would the winter be, for thick was the fur of the foxes.
Such was the advent of autumn. Then followed that beautiful season
Called by the pious Acadian peasants the Summer of All-Saints!
Filled was the air with a dreamy and magical light; and the landscape
Lay as if new-created in all the freshness of childhood.
Peace seemed to reign upon earth, and the restless heart of the ocean
Was for a moment consoled. All sounds were in harmony blended.
Voices of children at play, the crowing of cocks in the farmyards,
Whir of wings in the drowsy air, and the cooing of pigeons,
All were subdued and low as the murmurs of love, and the great sun
Looked with the eye of love through the golden vapors around him;
While arrayed in its robes of russet and scarlet and yellow,
Bright with the sheen of the dew, each glittering tree of the forest
Flashed like the plane-tree the Persian adorned with mantles and jewels.

Now recommenced the reign of rest and affection and stillness.
Day with its burden and heat had departed, and twilight descending
Brought back the evening star to the sky, and the herds to the homestead.
Pawing the ground they came, and resting their necks on each other,
And with their nostrils distended inhaling the freshness of evening.
Foremost, bearing the bell, Evangeline's beautiful heifer,
Proud of her snow-white hide, and the ribbon that waved from her collar,
Quietly paced and slow, as if conscious of human affection.
Then came the shepherd back with his bleating flocks from the seaside,
Where was their favorite pasture. Behind them followed the watch-dog,

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142. **ripened**, etc., influenced others to actions for good. 144. **Saint Eulalie** (ū′lȧ-lē′), a Roman saint of the fourth century A.D. 149. **Scorpion**, a constellation which the sun enters about October 23. 153. **Jacob of old**. See *Genesis* xxxii.

170. **plane-tree**. Xerxes, king of Persia, decorated a certain plane-tree (sycamore) that he admired with silks and jewels.

Patient, full of importance, and grand in the pride of his instinct,
Walking from side to side with a lordly air, and superbly
Waving his bushy tail, and urging forward the stragglers;
Regent of flocks was he when the shepherd slept; their protector,
When from the forest at night, through the starry silence, the wolves howled.
Late, with the rising moon, returned the wains from the marshes,
Laden with briny hay, that filled the air with its odor.
Cheerily neighed the steeds, with dew on their manes and their fetlocks,
While aloft on their shoulders the wooden and ponderous saddles,
Painted with brilliant dyes, and adorned with tassels of crimson,
Nodded in bright array, like hollyhocks heavy with blossoms.
Patiently stood the cows meanwhile, and yielded their udders
Unto the milkmaid's hand; whilst loud and in regular cadence
Into the sounding pails the foaming streamlets descended.
Lowing of cattle and peals of laughter were heard in the farmyard,
Echoed back by the barns. Anon they sank into stillness;
Heavily closed, with a jarring sound, the valves of the barn-doors,
Rattled the wooden bars, and all for a season was silent.

Indoors, warm by the wide-mouthed fireplace, idly the farmer
Sat in his elbow-chair, and watched how the flames and the smoke-wreaths
Struggled together like foes in a burning city. Behind him,
Nodding and mocking along the wall with gestures fantastic,
Darted his own huge shadow, and vanished away into darkness.
Faces, clumsily carved in oak, on the back of his armchair
Laughed in the flickering light, and the pewter plates on the dresser
Caught and reflected the flame, as shields of armies the sunshine.
Fragments of song the old man sang and carols of Christmas,
Such as at home, in the olden time, his fathers before him
Sang in their Norman orchards and bright Burgundian vineyards.
Close at her father's side was the gentle Evangeline seated,
Spinning flax for the loom that stood in the corner behind her.
Silent awhile were its treadles, at rest was its diligent shuttle,
While the monotonous drone of the wheel, like the drone of a bagpipe,
Followed the old man's song, and united the fragments together.
As in a church, when the chant of the choir at intervals ceases,
Footfalls are heard in the aisles, or words of the priest at the altar,
So, in each pause of the song, with measured motion the clock clicked.
Thus as they sat, there were footsteps heard, and, suddenly lifted,
Sounded the wooden latch, and the door swung back on its hinges.
Benedict knew by the hobnailed shoes it was Basil the blacksmith,
And by her beating heart Evangeline knew who was with him.
"Welcome!" the farmer exclaimed, as their footsteps paused on the threshold,

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209. **Norman, Burgundian**, relating to French provinces, from which the Acadians had come.

"Welcome, Basil, my friend! Come, take thy place on the settle
Close by the chimney-side, which is always empty without thee;
Take from the shelf overhead thy pipe and the box of tobacco;
Never so much thyself art thou as when, through the curling
Smoke of the pipe or the forge, thy friendly and jovial face gleams
Round and red as the harvest moon through the mist of the marshes."
Then, with a smile of content, thus answered Basil the blacksmith,
Taking with easy air the accustomed seat by the fireside:
"Benedict Bellefontaine, thou hast ever thy jest and thy ballad!
Ever in cheerfullest mood art thou, when others are filled with
Gloomy forebodings of ill, and see only ruin before them.
Happy art thou, as if every day thou hadst picked up a horseshoe."
Pausing a moment, to take the pipe that Evangeline brought him,
And with a coal from the embers had lighted, he slowly continued:
"Four days now are passed since the English ships at their anchors
Ride in the Gaspereau's mouth, with their cannon pointed against us.
What their design may be is unknown; but all are commanded
On the morrow to meet in the church, where his Majesty's mandate
Will be proclaimed as law in the land. Alas! in the meantime
Many surmises of evil alarm the hearts of the people."
Then made answer the farmer: "Perhaps some friendlier purpose
Brings these ships to our shores. Perhaps the harvests in England
By the untimely rains or untimelier heat have been blighted,
And from our bursting barns they would feed their cattle and children."
"Not so thinketh the folk in the village," said warmly the blacksmith,
Shaking his head as in doubt; then, heaving a sigh, he continued:
"Louisburg is not forgotten, nor Beau Séjour, nor Port Royal.
Many already have fled to the forest, and lurk on its outskirts,
Waiting with anxious hearts the dubious fate of tomorrow.
Arms have been taken from us, and warlike weapons of all kinds;
Nothing is left but the blacksmith's sledge and the scythe of the mower."
Then with a pleasant smile made answer the jovial farmer:
"Safer are we unarmed, in the midst of our flocks and our cornfields,
Safer within these peaceful dikes besieged by the ocean,
Than were our fathers in forts, besieged by the enemy's cannon.
Fear no evil, my friend; and tonight may no shadow of sorrow
Fall on this house and hearth; for this is the night of the contract.
Built are the house and the barn. The merry lads of the village
Strongly have built them and well; and, breaking the glebe round about them,
Filled the barn with hay, and the house with food for a twelvemonth.
René Leblanc will be here anon, with his papers and inkhorn.

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249. **Louisburg**, **Beau Séjour** (bō sā'zhōōr), **Port Royal**, all scenes, in Canada, of conflict between the English and the French. 261. **glebe**, ground. 263. **inkhorn**, a small bottle of horn for holding ink.

Shall we not then be glad, and rejoice in the joy of our children?"
As apart by the window she stood, with her hand in her lover's,
Blushing, Evangeline heard the words that her father had spoken,
And, as they died on his lips, the worthy notary entered.

III

Bent like a laboring oar, that toils in the surf of the ocean,
Bent, but not broken, by age was the form of the notary public;
Shocks of yellow hair, like the silken floss of the maize, hung
Over his shoulders; his forehead was high; and glasses with horn bows
Sat astride on his nose, with a look of wisdom supernal.
Father of twenty children was he, and more than a hundred
Children's children rode on his knee, and heard his great watch tick.
Four long years in the times of the war had he languished a captive,
Suffering much in an old French fort as the friend of the English.
Now, though warier grown, without all guile or suspicion,
Ripe in wisdom was he, but patient, and simple, and childlike.
He was beloved by all, and most of all by the children;
For he told them tales of the Loupgarou in the forest,
And of the goblin that came in the night to water the horses,
And of the white Létiche, the ghost of a child who unchristened
Died, and was doomed to haunt unseen the chambers of children;
And how on Christmas eve the oxen talked in the stable,
And how the fever was cured by a spider shut up in a nutshell,
And of the marvelous powers of four-leaved clover and horseshoes,
With whatsoever else was writ in the lore of the village.
Then up rose from his seat by the fireside Basil the blacksmith,
Knocked from his pipe the ashes, and slowly extending his right hand,
"Father Leblanc," he exclaimed, "thou hast heard the talk in the village,
And, perchance, canst tell us some news of these ships and their errand."
Then with modest demeanor made answer the notary public:
"Gossip enough have I heard, in sooth, yet am never the wiser;
And what their errand may be I know not better than others.
Yet am I not of those who imagine some evil intention
Brings them here, for we are at peace; and why then molest us?"
"God's name!" shouted the hasty and somewhat irascible blacksmith;
"Must we in all things look for the how, and the why, and the wherefore?
Daily injustice is done, and might is the right of the strongest!"
But, without heeding his warmth, continued the notary public:
"Man is unjust, but God is just; and finally justice
Triumphs; and well I remember a story, that often consoled me,
When as a captive I lay in the old French fort at Port Royal."
This was the old man's favorite tale, and he loved to repeat it

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270. **maize**, corn. 272. **supernal**, heavenly. 280. **Loupgarou** (lo͞o'gȧ'ro͞o'), a person who has been changed into a wolf. 282. **Létiche** (lā'tēsh').

When his neighbors complained that any injustice was done them.
"Once in an ancient city, whose name I no longer remember,
Raised aloft on a column, a brazen statue of Justice
Stood in the public square, upholding the scales in its left hand,
And in its right a sword, as an emblem that justice presided
Over the laws of the land, and the hearts and homes of the people.
Even the birds had built their nests in the scales of the balance,
Having no fear of the sword that flashed in the sunshine above them.
But in the course of time the laws of the land were corrupted;
Might took the place of right, and the weak were oppressed, and the mighty
Ruled with an iron rod. Then it chanced in a nobleman's palace
That a necklace of pearls was lost, and ere long a suspicion
Fell on an orphan girl who lived as maid in the household.
She, after form of trial condemned to die on the scaffold,
Patiently met her doom at the foot of the statue of Justice.
As to her Father in heaven her innocent spirit ascended,
Lo! o'er the city a tempest rose; and the bolts of the thunder
Smote the statue of bronze, and hurled in wrath from its left hand
Down on the pavement below the clattering scales of the balance,
And in the hollow thereof was found the nest of a magpie,
Into whose clay-built walls the necklace of pearls was inwoven."
Silenced, but not convinced, when the story was ended, the blacksmith
Stood like a man who fain would speak, but findeth no language;
All his thoughts were congealed into lines on his face, as the vapors
Freeze in fantastic shapes on the windowpanes in the winter.

Then Evangeline lighted the brazen lamp on the table;
Filled, till it overflowed, the pewter tankard with home-brewed
Nut-brown ale, that was famed for its strength in the village of Grand-Pré;
While from his pocket the notary drew his papers and inkhorn,
Wrote with a steady hand the date and the age of the parties,
Naming the dower of the bride in flocks of sheep and in cattle.
Orderly all things proceeded, and duly and well were completed,
And the great seal of the law was set like a sun on the margin.
Then from his leathern pouch the farmer threw on the table
Three times the old man's fee in solid pieces of silver;
And the notary rising, and blessing the bride and the bridegroom,
Lifted aloft the tankard of ale and drank to their welfare.
Wiping the foam from his lip, he solemnly bowed and departed,
While in silence the others sat and mused by the fireside,
Till Evangeline brought the draught-board out of its corner.
Soon was the game begun. In friendly contention the old men

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330. **brazen**, brass. 344. **draught-board**, checker-board.

"THUS WAS THE EVENING PASSED"

Laughed at each lucky hit, or unsuccessful maneuver;
Laughed when a man was crowned, or a breach was made in the king-row.
Meanwhile apart, in the twilight gloom of a window's embrasure,
Sat the lovers and whispered together, beholding the moon rise
Over the pallid sea and the silvery mist of the meadows.
Silently one by one, in the infinite meadows of heaven,
Blossomed the lovely stars, the forget-me-nots of the angels.

Thus was the evening passed. Anon the bell from the belfry
Rang out the hour of nine, the village curfew, and straightway
Rose the guests and departed; and silence reigned in the household.
Many a farewell word and sweet good-night on the door-step
Lingered long in Evangeline's heart, and filled it with gladness.
Carefully then were covered the embers that glowed on the hearth-stone,
And on the oaken stairs resounded the tread of the farmer.
Soon with a soundless step the foot of Evangeline followed.
Up the staircase moved a luminous space in the darkness,
Lighted less by the lamp than the shining face of the maiden.
Silent she passed through the hall, and entered the door of her chamber.
Simple that chamber was, with its curtains of white, and its clothes-press
Ample and high, on whose spacious shelves were carefully folded
Linen and woolen stuffs, by the hand of Evangeline woven.
This was the precious dower she would bring to her husband in marriage,
Better than flocks and herds, being proofs of her skill as a housewife.

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347. **breach**, empty space, because of capture of a king.

Soon she extinguished her lamp, for the mellow and radiant moonlight
Streamed through the windows, and lighted the room, till the heart of the maiden
Swelled and obeyed its power, like the tremulous tides of the ocean.
Ah! she was fair, exceeding fair to behold, as she stood with
Naked snow-white feet on the gleaming floor of her chamber!
Little she dreamed that below, among the trees of the orchard,
Waited her lover, and watched for the gleam of her lamp and her shadow.
Yet were her thoughts of him, and at times a feeling of sadness
Passed o'er her soul, as the sailing shade of clouds in the moonlight
Flitted across the floor and darkened the room for a moment.
And, as she gazed from the window, she saw serenely the moon pass
Forth from the folds of a cloud, and one star follow her footsteps,
As out of Abraham's tent young Ishmael wandered with Hagar.

IV

Pleasantly rose next morn the sun on the village of Grand-Pré;
Pleasantly gleamed in the soft, sweet air the Basin of Minas,
Where the ships, with their wavering shadows, were riding at anchor.
Life had long been astir in the village, and clamorous labor
Knocked with its hundred hands at the golden gates of the morning.
Now from the country around, from the farms and neighboring hamlets,
Came in their holiday dresses the blithe Acadian peasants.
Many a glad good-morrow and jocund laugh from the young folk
Made the bright air brighter, as up from the numerous meadows,
Where no path could be seen but the track of wheels in the greensward,
Group after group appeared, and joined, or passed on the highway.
Long ere noon, in the village all sounds of labor were silenced.
Thronged were the streets with people; and noisy groups at the house-doors
Sat in the cheerful sun, and rejoiced and gossiped together.
Every house was an inn, where all were welcomed and feasted;
For with this simple people, who lived like brothers together,
All things were held in common, and what one had was another's.
Yet under Benedict's roof hospitality seemed more abundant,
For Evangeline stood among the guests of her father;
Bright was her face with smiles, and words of welcome and gladness
Fell from her beautiful lips, and blessed the cup as she gave it.

Under the open sky, in the odorous air of the orchard,
Bending with golden fruit, was spread the feast of betrothal.
There in the shade of the porch were the priest and the notary seated;
There good Benedict sat, and sturdy Basil the blacksmith.
Not far withdrawn from these, by the cider-press and the beehives,
Michael the fiddler was placed, with the gayest of hearts and of waistcoats.

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381. **Ishmael . . . Hagar** (ĭsh'mâ-ĕl; hā'gȧr). See *Genesis* xxi.

THE FEAST OF THE BETROTHAL OF EVANGELINE AND GABRIEL

Shadow and light from the leaves alternately played on his snow-white
Hair, as it waved in the wind; and the jolly face of the fiddler
Glowed like a living coal when the ashes are blown from the embers.
Gayly the old man sang to the vibrant sound of his fiddle,
Tous les Bourgeois de Chartres, and *Le Carillon de Dunkerque*,
And anon with his wooden shoes beat time to the music.
Merrily, merrily whirled the wheels of the dizzying dances
Under the orchard-trees and down the path to the meadows;
Old folk and young together, and children mingled among them.
Fairest of all the maids was Evangeline, Benedict's daughter!
Noblest of all the youths was Gabriel, son of the blacksmith.

So passed the morning away. And lo! with a summons sonorous
Sounded the bell from its tower, and over the meadows a drum beat.
Thronged ere long was the church with men. Without, in the churchyard,
Waited the women. They stood by the graves, and hung on the headstones
Garlands of autumn-leaves and evergreens fresh from the forest.
Then came the guard from the ships, and marching proudly among them
Entered the sacred portal. With loud and dissonant clangor
Echoed the sound of their brazen drums from ceiling and casement—
Echoed a moment only, and slowly the ponderous portal
Closed, and in silence the crowd awaited the will of the soldiers.

413. **Tous les**, etc. (tōō lâ bōōr'zhwa' dẽ shärt; lẽ kär'ē-yŏn' dẽ dăn'kĕrk'), "All the people of Chartres" and "The Chimes of Dunkirk," old French songs.

Then uprose their commander, and spake from the steps of the altar,
Holding aloft in his hands, with its seals, the royal commission.
"You are convened this day," he said, "by his Majesty's orders.
Clement and kind has he been; but how you have answered his kindness
Let your own hearts reply! To my natural make and my temper
Painful the task is I do, which to you I know must be grievous.
Yet must I bow and obey, and deliver the will of our monarch:
Namely, that all your lands, and dwellings, and cattle of all kinds
Forfeited be to the crown; and that you yourselves from this province
Be transported to other lands. God grant you may dwell there
Ever as faithful subjects, a happy and peaceable people!
Prisoners now I declare you, for such is his Majesty's pleasure!"
As, when the air is serene in the sultry solstice of summer,
Suddenly gathers a storm, and the deadly sting of the hailstones
Beats down the farmer's corn in the field, and shatters his windows,
Hiding the sun, and strewing the ground with thatch from the house-roofs,
Bellowing fly the herds, and seek to break their inclosures;
So on the hearts of the people descended the words of the speaker.
Silent a moment they stood in speechless wonder, and then rose
Louder and ever louder a wail of sorrow and anger;
And, by one impulse moved, they madly rushed to the doorway.
Vain was the hope of escape; and cries and fierce imprecations
Rang through the house of prayer; and high o'er the heads of the others
Rose, with his arms uplifted, the figure of Basil the blacksmith,
As, on a stormy sea, a spar is tossed by the billows.
Flushed was his face and distorted with passion; and wildly he shouted:
"Down with the tyrants of England! we never have sworn them allegiance!
Death to these foreign soldiers, who seize on our homes and our harvests!"
More he fain would have said, but the merciless hand of a soldier
Smote him upon the mouth, and dragged him down to the pavement.

In the midst of the strife and tumult of angry contention,
Lo! the door of the chancel opened, and Father Felician
Entered, with serious mien, and ascended the steps of the altar.
Raising his reverend hand, with a gesture he awed into silence
All that clamorous throng; and thus he spake to his people;
Deep were his tones and solemn; in accents measured and mournful
Spake he, as, after the tocsin's alarum, distinctly the clock strikes:
"What is this that ye do, my children? What madness has seized you?
Forty years of my life have I labored among you, and taught you,
Not in word alone, but in deed, to love one another!

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431. **royal commission**, king's order. 434. **natural make**, own disposition.

466. **tocsin's alarum**, warning signal.

Is this the fruit of my toils, of my vigils and prayers and privations?
Have you so soon forgotten all lessons of love and forgiveness?
This is the house of the Prince of Peace, and would you profane it
Thus with violent deeds and hearts overflowing with hatred?
Lo! where the crucified Christ from His cross is gazing upon you!
See in those sorrowful eyes what meekness and holy compassion!
Hark! how those lips still repeat the prayer, 'O Father, forgive them!'
Let us repeat that prayer in the hour when the wicked assail us;
Let us repeat it now, and say, 'O Father, forgive them!' "
Few were his words of rebuke, but deep in the hearts of his people
Sank they, and sobs of contrition succeeded the passionate outbreak,
And they repeated his prayer, and said, "O Father, forgive them!"

Then came the evening service. The tapers gleamed from the altar;
Fervent and deep was the voice of the priest, and the people responded,
Not with their lips alone, but their hearts; and the Ave Maria
Sang they, and fell on their knees; and their souls, with devotion translated,
Rose on the ardor of prayer, like Elijah ascending to heaven.

Meanwhile had spread in the village the tidings of ill; and on all sides
Wandered, wailing, from house to house, the women and children.
Long at her father's door Evangeline stood, with her right hand
Shielding her eyes from the level rays of the sun, that, descending,
Lighted the village street with mysterious splendor and roofed each
Peasant's cottage with golden thatch, and emblazoned its windows.
Long within had been spread the snow-white cloth on the table;
There stood the wheaten loaf, and the honey fragrant with wild flowers;
There stood the tankard of ale, and the cheese fresh brought from the dairy;
And at the head of the board the great armchair of the farmer.
Thus did Evangeline wait at her father's door, as the sunset
Threw the long shadows of trees o'er the broad, ambrosial meadows.
Ah! on her spirit within a deeper shadow had fallen;
And from the fields of her soul a fragrance celestial ascended—
Charity, meekness, love, and hope, and forgiveness, and patience!
Then, all forgetful of self, she wandered into the village,
Cheering with looks and words the disconsolate hearts of the women,
As o'er the darkening fields with lingering steps they departed,
Urged by their household cares, and the weary feet of their children.
Down sank the great red sun, and in golden, glimmering vapors
Veiled the light of his face, like the Prophet descending from Sinai.
Sweetly over the village the bell of the Angelus sounded.

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484. **Ave Maria** (ä'vā mä-rē'ă). 485. **Translated,** changed from anger to forgiving resignation. 486. **Elijah.** See *II Kings*, ii.

498. **ambrosial** (ăm-brō'zhĭ-ăl), fragrant. 507. **Prophet, etc.** See *Exodus* xxxiv.

Meanwhile, amid the gloom, by the church Evangeline lingered.
All was silent within; and in vain at the door and the windows
Stood she, and listened and looked, until, overcome by emotion,
"Gabriel!" cried she aloud with tremulous voice; but no answer
Came from the graves of the dead, nor the gloomier grave of the living.
Slowly at length she returned to the tenantless house of her father;
Smoldered the fire on the hearth; on the board stood the supper untasted.
Empty and drear was each room, and haunted with phantoms of terror.
Sadly echoed her step on the stair and the floor of her chamber.
In the dead of the night she heard the whispering rain fall
Loud on the withered leaves of the sycamore-tree by the window.
Keenly the lightning flashed; and the voice of the echoing thunder
Told her that God was in heaven, and governed the world He created!
Then she remembered the tale she had heard of the justice of Heaven;
Soothed was her troubled soul, and she peacefully slumbered till morning.

V

Four times the sun had risen and set; and now on the fifth day
Cheerily called the cock to the sleeping maids of the farmhouse.
Soon o'er the yellow fields, in silent and mournful procession,
Came from the neighboring hamlets and farms the Acadian women,
Driving in ponderous wains their household goods to the seashore,
Pausing and looking back to gaze once more on their dwellings,
Ere they were shut from sight by the winding road and woodland.
Close at their sides their children ran, and urged on the oxen,
While in their little hands they clasped some fragments of playthings.

Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth they hurried; and there on the sea-beach
Piled in confusion lay the household goods of the peasants.
All day long between the shore and the ships did the boats ply;
All day long the wains came laboring down from the village.
Late in the afternoon, when the sun was near to his setting,
Echoing far o'er the fields came the roll of drums from the churchyard.
Thither the women and children thronged. On a sudden the church-doors
Opened, and forth came the guard, and marching in gloomy procession
Followed the long-imprisoned, but patient, Acadian farmers.
Even as pilgrims, who journey afar from their homes and their country,
Sing as they go, and in singing forget they are weary and way-worn,
So with songs on their lips the Acadian peasants descended
Down from the church to the shore, amid their wives and their daughters.
Foremost the young men came; and, raising together their voices,
Sang they with tremulous lips a chant of the Catholic Missions:
"Sacred heart of the Savior! O inexhaustible fountain!

Fill our hearts this day with strength and submission and patience!"
Then the old men, as they marched, and the women that stood by the wayside
Joined in the sacred psalm; and the birds in the sunshine above them
Mingled their notes therewith, like voices of spirits departed.

Half-way down to the shore Evangeline waited in silence,
Not overcome with grief, but strong in the hour of affliction—
Calmly and sadly waited, until the procession approached her,
And she beheld the face of Gabriel pale with emotion.
Tears then filled her eyes, and, eagerly running to meet him,
Clasped she his hands, and laid her head on his shoulder, and whispered,
"Gabriel! be of good cheer; for if we love one another
Nothing, in truth, can harm us, whatever mischances may happen!"
Smiling she spake these words; then suddenly paused, for her father
Saw she, slowly advancing. Alas! how changed was his aspect!
Gone was the glow from his cheek, and the fire from his eye; and his footstep
Heavier seemed with the weight of the weary heart in his bosom.
But with a smile and a sigh she clasped his neck and embraced him,
Speaking words of endearment where words of comfort availed not.
Thus to the Gaspereau's mouth moved on that mournful procession.

There disorder prevailed, and the tumult and stir of embarking.
Busily plied the freighted boats; and in the confusion
Wives were torn from their husbands, and mothers, too late, saw their children
Left on the land, extending their arms, with wildest entreaties.
So unto separate ships were Basil and Gabriel carried,
While in despair on the shore Evangeline stood with her father.
Half the task was not done when the sun went down, and the twilight
Deepened and darkened around; and in haste the refluent ocean
Fled away from the shore, and left the line of the sand-beach
Covered with waifs of the tide, with kelp and the slippery seaweed.
Farther back in the midst of the household goods and the wagons,
Like to a gypsy camp, or a leaguer after a battle,
All escape cut off by the sea, and the sentinels near them,
Lay encamped for the night the houseless Acadian farmers.
Back to its nethermost caves retreated the bellowing ocean,
Dragging adown the beach the rattling pebbles, and leaving
Inland and far up the shore the stranded boats of the sailors.
Then, as the night descended, the herds returned from their pastures;
Sweet was the moist still air with the odor of milk from their udders;
Lowing they waited, and long, at the well-known bars of the farmyard,
Waited and looked in vain for the voice and the hand of the milkmaid.

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577. **waifs of**, things left by. **kelp**, seaweed. 579. **leaguer**, camp of a besieging army.

Silence reigned in the streets; from the church no Angelus sounded;
Rose no smoke from the roofs; and gleamed no lights from the windows.

But on the shores meanwhile the evening fires had been kindled,
Built of the drift-wood thrown on the sands from wrecks in the tempest.
Round them shapes of gloom and sorrowful faces were gathered,
Voices of women were heard, and of men, and the crying of children.
Onward from fire to fire, as from hearth to hearth in his parish,
Wandered the faithful priest, consoling and blessing and cheering,
Like unto shipwrecked Paul on Melita's desolate seashore.
Thus he approached the place where Evangeline sat with her father,
And in the flickering light beheld the face of the old man,
Haggard and hollow and wan, and without either thought or emotion,
E'en as the face of a clock from which the hands have been taken.
Vainly Evangeline strove with words and caresses to cheer him,
Vainly offered him food; yet he moved not, he looked not, he spake not,
But, with a vacant stare, ever gazed at the flickering fire-light.
"*Benedicite!*" murmured the priest, in tones of compassion.
More he fain would have said, but his heart was full, and his accents
Faltered and paused on his lips, as the feet of a child on a threshold,
Hushed by the scene he beholds, and the awful presence of sorrow.
Silently, therefore, he laid his hand on the head of the maiden,
Raising his eyes full of tears to the silent stars that above them
Moved on their way, unperturbed by the wrongs and sorrows of mortals.
Then sat he down at her side, and they wept together in silence.

Suddenly rose from the south a light, as in autumn the blood-red
Moon climbs the crystal walls of heaven, and o'er the horizon
Titan-like stretches its hundred hands upon mountain and meadow,
Seizing the rocks and the rivers, and piling huge shadows together.
Broader and ever broader it gleamed on the roofs of the village,
Gleamed on the sky and the sea, and the ships that lay in the roadstead.
Columns of shining smoke uprose, and flashes of flame were
Thrust through their folds and withdrawn, like the quivering hands of a martyr.
Then as the wind seized the gleeds and the burning thatch, and, uplifting,
Whirled them aloft through the air, at once from a hundred housetops
Started the sheeted smoke with flashes of flame intermingled.

These things beheld in dismay the crowd on the shore and on shipboard.
Speechless at first they stood, then cried aloud in their anguish,
"We shall behold no more our homes in the village of Grand-Pré!"
Loud on a sudden the cocks began to crow in the farmyards,

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597. **shipwrecked Paul.** The apostle Paul was shipwrecked off the coast of the island Melita (now Malta) in the Mediterranean. 605. **Benedicite** (bĕn′ē-dĭs′ĭ-tē), bless you.

615. **Titan-like**, like the fabled giants called Titans. 621. **gleeds**, flames.

Thinking the day had dawned; and anon the lowing of cattle
Came on the evening breeze, by the barking of dogs interrupted.
Then rose a sound of dread, such as startles the sleeping encampments
Far in the western prairies or forests that skirt the Nebraska,
When the wild horses affrighted sweep by with the speed of the whirlwind,
Or the loud bellowing herds of buffaloes rush to the river.
Such was the sound that arose on the night, as the herds and the horses
Broke through their folds and fences, and madly rushed o'er the meadows.
Overwhelmed with the sight, yet speechless, the priest and the maiden
Gazed on the scene of terror that reddened and widened before them;
And as they turned at length to speak to their silent companion,
Lo! from his seat he had fallen, and stretched abroad on the seashore,
Motionless lay his form, from which the soul had departed.
Slowly the priest uplifted the lifeless head; and the maiden
Knelt at her father's side and wailed aloud in her terror.
Then in a swoon she sank, and lay with her head on his bosom.
Through the long night she lay in deep, oblivious slumber;
And when she woke from the trance, she beheld a multitude near her.
Faces of friends she beheld, that were mournfully gazing upon her,
Pallid, with tearful eyes, and looks of saddest compassion.
Still the blaze of the burning village illumined the landscape,
Reddened the sky overhead, and gleamed on the faces around her,
And like the day of doom it seemed to her wavering senses.
Then a familiar voice she heard, as it said to the people—
"Let us bury him here by the sea. When a happier season
Brings us again to our homes from the unknown land of our exile,
Then shall his sacred dust be piously laid in the churchyard."
Such were the words of the priest. And there in haste by the seaside,
Having the glare of the burning village for funeral torches,
But without bell or book, they buried the farmer of Grand-Pré.
And as the voice of the priest repeated the service of sorrow,
Lo! with a mournful sound like the voice of a vast congregation
Solemnly answered the sea, and mingled its roar with the dirges.
'Twas the returning tide, that afar from the waste of the ocean
With the first dawn of the day, came heaving and hurrying landward.
Then recommenced once more the stir and noise of embarking,
And with the ebb of that tide the ships sailed out of the harbor,
Leaving behind them the dead on the shore, and the village in ruins.

631. **Nebraska**, the Platte River.

PART THE SECOND

I

Many a weary year had passed since the burning of Grand-Pré,
When on the falling tide the freighted vessels departed,
Bearing a nation, with all its household goods, into exile,
Exile without an end, and without an example in story.
Far asunder, on separate coasts, the Acadians landed;
Scattered were they, like flakes of snow, when the wind from the northeast
Strikes aslant through the fogs that darken the Banks of Newfoundland.
Friendless, homeless, hopeless, they wandered from city to city,
From the cold lakes of the North to sultry Southern savannas—
From the bleak shores of the sea to the lands where the Father of Waters
Seizes the hills in his hands, and drags them down to the ocean,
Deep in their sands to bury the scattered bones of the mammoth.
Friends they sought and homes; and many, despairing, heartbroken,
Asked of the earth but a grave, and no longer a friend nor a fireside.
Written their history stands on tablets of stone in the churchyards.
Long among them was seen a maiden who waited and wandered,
Lowly and meek in spirit, and patiently suffering all things.
Fair was she and young; but, alas: before her extended,
Dreary and vast and silent, the desert of life, and its pathway
Marked by the graves of those who had sorrowed and suffered before her,
Passions long extinguished, and hopes long dead and abandoned,
As the emigrant's way o'er the Western desert is marked by
Camp-fires long consumed, and bones that bleach in the sunshine.
Something there was in her life incomplete, imperfect, unfinished;
As if a morning of June, with all its music and sunshine,
Suddenly paused in the sky, and, fading, slowly descended
Into the east again, from whence it late had arisen.
Sometimes she lingered in towns, till, urged by the fever within her,
Urged by a restless longing, the hunger and thirst of the spirit,
She would commence again her endless search and endeavor;
Sometimes in churchyards strayed, and gazed on the crosses and tombstones;
Sat by some nameless grave, and thought that perhaps in its bosom
He was already at rest, and she longed to slumber beside him.
Sometimes a rumor, a hearsay, an inarticulate whisper,
Came with its airy hand to point and beckon her forward.
Sometimes she spake with those who had seen her beloved and known him,
But it was long ago, in some far-off place or forgotten.

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9. **savannas**, open, level, grassy regions. 12. **mammoth**, large, pre-historic animal.

34. **inarticulate**, indistinct.

"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said they; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He was with Basil the blacksmith, and both have gone to the prairies;
Coureurs-des-bois are they, and famous hunters and trappers."
"Gabriel Lajeunesse!" said others; "Oh, yes! we have seen him.
He is a *voyageur* in the lowlands of Louisiana."
Then would they say, "Dear child! why dream and wait for him longer?
Are there not other youths as fair as Gabriel? others
Who have hearts as tender and true, and spirits as loyal?
Here is Baptiste Leblanc, the notary's son, who has loved thee
Many a tedious year; come, give him thy hand and be happy!
Thou art too fair to be left to braid St. Catherine's tresses."
Then would Evangeline answer, serenely but sadly, "I cannot!
Whither my heart has gone, there follows my hand, and not elsewhere.
For when the heart goes before, like a lamp, and illumines the pathway,
Many things are made clear, that else lie hidden in darkness."
And thereupon the priest, her friend and father confessor,
Said, with a smile, "O daughter! thy God thus speaketh within thee!
Talk not of wasted affection; affection never was wasted;
If it enrich not the heart of another, its waters, returning
Back to their springs, like the rain, shall fill them full of refreshment;
That which the fountain sends forth returns again to the fountain.
Patience; accomplish thy labor; accomplish thy work of affection!
Sorrow and silence are strong, and patient endurance is godlike.
Therefore accomplish thy labor of love, till the heart is made godlike,
Purified, strengthened, perfected, and rendered more worthy of heaven!"
Cheered by the good man's words, Evangeline labored and waited.
Still in her heart she heard the funeral dirge of the ocean,
But with its sound there was mingled a voice that whispered, "Despair not!"
Thus did that poor soul wander in want and cheerless discomfort,
Bleeding, barefooted, over the shards and thorns of existence.
Let me essay, O Muse! to follow the wanderer's footsteps—
Not through each devious path, each changeful year of existence;
But as a traveler follows a streamlet's course through the valley:
Far from its margin at times, and seeing the gleam of its water
Here and there, in some open space, and at intervals only;
Then drawing nearer its bank, through sylvan glooms that conceal it,
Though he behold it not, he can hear its continuous murmur:
Happy, at length, if he find a spot where it reaches an outlet.

II

It was the month of May. Far down the Beautiful River,
Past the Ohio shore and past the mouth of the Wabash,

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40. **Coureurs-des-bois** (kōō'rûr' dȧ-bwä'), hunters and trappers of western North America, especially Canada. 42. **voyageur** (vwȧ'yȧ'zhûr), a transporter of goods for fur companies to and from stations. 48. **to braid St. Catherine's tresses**, to remain unmarried.

67. **shards**, stones. 68. **Muse**, goddess of poetry.

"IT WAS A BAND OF EXILES"

Into the golden stream of the broad and swift Mississippi,
Floated a cumbrous boat, that was rowed by Acadian boatmen.
It was a band of exiles—a raft, as it were, from the shipwrecked
Nation, scattered along the coast, now floating together,
Bound by the bonds of a common belief and a common misfortune;
Men and women and children, who, guided by hope or by hearsay,
Sought for their kith and their kin among the few-acred farmers
On the Acadian coast, and the prairies of fair Opelousas.
With them Evangeline went, and her guide, the Father Felician.
Onward o'er sunken sands, through a wilderness somber with forests,
Day after day they glided adown the turbulent river;
Night after night, by their blazing fires, encamped on its borders.
Now through rushing chutes, among green islands, where plumelike
Cotton-trees nodded their shadowy crests, they swept with the current;
Then emerged into broad lagoons, where silvery sandbars
Lay in the stream, and along the wimpling waves of their margin,
Shining with snow-white plumes, large flocks of pelicans waded.
Level the landscape grew, and along the shores of the river,
Shaded by china-trees, in the midst of luxuriant gardens,
Stood the houses of planters, with negro cabins and dovecots.
They were approaching the region where reigns perpetual summer,
Where through the Golden Coast, and groves of orange and citron,
Sweeps with majestic curve the river away to the eastward.

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85. **Opelousas** (ŏp′ĕ-lōō′sȧs), in Louisiana.

96. **china-tree**, a handsome, flowering shade tree that grows in tropical soil.

They, too, swerved from their course; and, entering the Bayou of Plaquemine,
Soon were lost in a maze of sluggish and devious waters,
Which, like a network of steel, extended in every direction.
Over their heads the towering and tenebrous boughs of the cypress
Met in a dusky arch, and trailing mosses in mid-air
Waved like banners that hang on the walls of ancient cathedrals.
Deathlike the silence seemed, and unbroken, save by the herons
Home to their roosts in the cedar-trees returning at sunset,
Or by the owl, as he greeted the moon with demoniac laughter.
Lovely the moonlight was as it glanced and gleamed on the water,
Gleamed on the columns of cypress and cedar sustaining the arches,
Down through whose broken vaults it fell as through chinks in a ruin.
Dreamlike, and indistinct, and strange were all things around them;
And o'er their spirits there came a feeling of wonder and sadness—
Strange forebodings of ill, unseen, and that cannot be compassed.
As, at the tramp of a horse's hoofs on the turf of the prairies,
Far in advance are closed the leaves of the shrinking mimosa,
So, at the hoof-beats of fate, with sad forebodings of evil,
Shrinks and closes the heart, ere the stroke of doom has attained it.
But Evangeline's heart was sustained by a vision, that faintly
Floated before her eyes, and beckoned her on through the moonlight.
It was the thought of her brain that assumed the shape of a phantom.
Through those shadowy aisles had Gabriel wandered before her,
And every stroke of the oar now brought him nearer and nearer.
Then in his place, at the prow of the boat, rose one of the oarsmen,
And, as a signal sound, if others like them peradventure
Sailed on those gloomy and midnight streams, blew a blast on his bugle.
Wild through the dark colonnades and corridors leafy the blast rang,
Breaking the seal of silence and giving tongues to the forest.
Soundless above them the banners of moss just stirred to the music.
Multitudinous echoes awoke and died in the distance,
Over the watery floor, and beneath the reverberant branches;
But not a voice replied; no answer came from the darkness;
And when the echoes had ceased, like a sense of pain was the silence.
Then Evangeline slept; but the boatmen rowed through the midnight,
Silent at times, then singing familiar Canadian boat-songs,
Such as they sang of old on their own Acadian rivers;
And through the night were heard the mysterious sounds of the desert,
Far off—indistinct—as of wave or wind in the forest,
Mixed with the whoop of the crane and the roar of the grim alligator.

Thus ere another noon they emerged from those shades; and before them
Lay, in the golden sun, the lakes of the Atchafalaya.

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101. **Bayou of Plaquemine** (bī'ōō plăk'mēn), inlet near the town of Plaquemine. 117. **mimosa** (mĭ-mō'sȧ), very sensitive tropical shrub.

142. **Atchafalaya** (ăch'ȧ-fȧ-lī'ȧ), bayou which is an inlet of the Red and the Mississippi Rivers.

Water-lilies in myriads rocked on the slight undulations
Made by the passing oars, and, resplendent in beauty, the lotus
Lifted her golden crown above the heads of the boatmen.
Faint was the air with the odorous breath of magnolia blossoms,
And with the heat of noon; and numberless sylvan islands,
Fragrant and thickly embowered with blossoming hedges of roses,
Near to whose shores they glided along, invited to slumber.
Soon by the fairest of these their weary oars were suspended.
Under the boughs of Wachita willows, that grew by the margin,
Safely their boat was moored; and scattered about on the greensward,
Tired with their midnight toil, the weary travelers slumbered.
Over them vast and high extended the cope of a cedar.
Swinging from its great arms, the trumpet-flower and the grapevine
Hung their ladder of ropes aloft like the ladder of Jacob,
On whose pendulous stairs the angels ascending, descending,
Were the swift humming birds, that flitted from blossom to blossom.
Such was the vision Evangeline saw as she slumbered beneath it.
Filled was her heart with love, and the dawn of an opening heaven
Lighted her soul in sleep with the glory of regions celestial.

Nearer and ever nearer, among the numberless islands,
Darted a light, swift boat, that sped away o'er the water,
Urged on its course by the sinewy arms of hunters and trappers.
Northward its prow was turned, to the land of the bison and beaver.
At the helm sat a youth, with countenance thoughtful and careworn.
Dark and neglected locks overshadowed his brow, and a sadness
Somewhat beyond his years on his face was legibly written.
Gabriel was it, who, weary with waiting, unhappy and restless,
Sought in the Western wilds oblivion of self and of sorrow.
Swiftly they glided along, close under the lee of the island,
But by the opposite bank, and behind a screen of palmettos;
So that they saw not the boat, where it lay concealed in the willows;
And undisturbed by the dash of their oars, and unseen, were the sleepers;
Angel of God was there none to awaken the slumbering maiden.
Swiftly they glided away, like the shade of a cloud on the prairie.
After the sound of their oars on the tholes had died in the distance,
As from a magic trance the sleepers awoke, and the maiden
Said with a sigh to the friendly priest, "O Father Felician!
Something says in my heart that near me Gabriel wanders.
Is it a foolish dream, an idle and vague superstition?
Or has an angel passed, and revealed the truth to my spirit?"
Then, with a blush, she added, "Alas for my credulous fancy!
Unto ears like thine such words as these have no meaning."
But made answer the reverend man, and he smiled as he answered:

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154. **cope**, canopy. 156. **ladder of Jacob**. See *Genesis* xxviii, 12.

"Daughter, thy words are not idle; nor are they to me without meaning.
Feeling is deep and still; and the word that floats on the surface
Is as the tossing buoy that betrays where the anchor is hidden.
Therefore trust to thy heart, and to what the world calls illusions.
Gabriel truly is near thee; for not far away to the southward,
On the banks of the Têche, are the towns of St. Maur and St. Martin.
There the long-wandering bride shall be given again to her bridegroom,
There the long-absent pastor regain his flock and his sheepfold.
Beautiful is the land, with its prairies and forests of fruit-trees;
Under the feet a garden of flowers, and the bluest of heavens
Bending above, and resting its dome on the walls of the forest.
They who dwell there have named it the Eden of Louisiana."

And with these words of cheer they arose and continued their journey.
Softly the evening came. The sun from the western horizon
Like a magician extended his golden wand o'er the landscape;
Twinkling vapors arose; and sky and water and forest
Seemed all on fire at the touch, and melted and mingled together.
Hanging between two skies, a cloud with edges of silver,
Floated the boat, with its dripping oars, on the motionless water.
Filled was Evangeline's heart with inexpressible sweetness.
Touched by the magic spell, the sacred fountain of feeling
Glowed with the light of love, as the skies and waters around her.
Then from a neighboring thicket the mocking-bird, wildest of singers,
Swinging aloft on a willow spray that hung o'er the water,
Shook from his little throat such floods of delirious music
That the whole air and the woods and the waves seemed silent to listen.
Plaintive at first were the tones and sad; then soaring to madness
Seemed they to follow or guide the revel of frenzied Bacchantes.
Single notes were then heard, in sorrowful, low lamentation;
Till, having gathered them all, he flung them abroad in derision,
As when, after a storm, a gust of wind through the tree-tops
Shakes down the rattling rain in a crystal shower on the branches.
With such a prelude as this, and hearts that throbbed with emotion,
Slowly they entered the Têche, where it flows through the green Opelousas,
And, through the amber air, above the crest of the woodland,
Saw the column of smoke that arose from a neighboring dwelling;
Sounds of a horn they heard, and the distant lowing of cattle.

III

Near to the bank of the river, o'ershadowed by oaks from whose branches
Garlands of Spanish moss and of mystic mistletoe flaunted,
Such as the Druids cut down with golden hatchets at Yule-tide,
Stood, secluded and still, the house of the herdsman. A garden

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191. **Têche** (tĕsh), a river in Louisiana.

213. **frenzied Bacchantes** (bă-kăn'tēz), riotous merrymakers.

Girded it round about with a belt of luxuriant blossoms,
Filling the air with fragrance. The house itself was of timbers
Hewn from the cypress-tree, and carefully fitted together.
Large and low was the roof; and on slender columns supported,
Rose-wreathed, vine-encircled, a broad and spacious veranda,
Haunt of the humming-bird and the bee, extended around it.
At each end of the house, amid the flowers of the garden,
Stationed the dovecots were, as love's perpetual symbol,
Scenes of endless wooing, and endless contentions of rivals.
Silence reigned o'er the place. The line of shadow and sunshine
Ran near the tops of the trees; but the house itself was in shadow,
And from its chimney-top, ascending and slowly expanding
Into the evening air, a thin blue column of smoke rose.
In the rear of the house, from the garden gate, ran a pathway
Through the great groves of oak to the skirts of the limitless prairie,
Into whose sea of flowers the sun was slowly descending.
Full in his track of light, like ships with shadowy canvas
Hanging loose from their spars in a motionless calm in the tropics,
Stood a cluster of trees, with tangled cordage of grapevines.
Just where the woodlands met the flowery surf of the prairie,
Mounted upon his horse, with Spanish saddle and stirrups,
Sat a herdsman, arrayed in gaiters and doublet of deerskin.
Broad and brown was the face that from under the Spanish sombrero
Gazed on the peaceful scene, with the lordly look of its master.
Round about him were numberless herds of kine that were grazing
Quietly in the meadows, and breathing the vapory freshness
That uprose from the river, and spread itself over the landscape.
Slowly lifting the horn that hung at his side, and expanding
Fully his broad, deep chest, he blew a blast, that resounded
Wildly and sweet and far, through the still damp air of the evening.
Suddenly out of the grass the long white horns of the cattle
Rose like flakes of foam on the adverse currents of ocean.
Silent a moment they gazed, then bellowing rushed o'er the prairie,
And the whole mass became a cloud, a shade in the distance.
Then, as the herdsman turned to the house, through the gate of the garden
Saw he the forms of the priest and the maiden advancing to meet him.
Suddenly down from his horse he sprang in amazement, and forward
Rushed with extended arms and exclamations of wonder;
When they beheld his face, they recognized Basil the blacksmith.
Hearty his welcome was, as he led his guests to the garden.
There in an arbor of roses with endless question and answer
Gave they vent to their hearts, and renewed their friendly embraces,
Laughing and weeping by turns, or sitting silent and thoughtful.
Thoughtful, for Gabriel came not; and now dark doubts and misgivings

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248. **doublet**, a close-fitting coat.

"IT IS ONLY TODAY HE DEPARTED"

Stole o'er the maiden's heart; and Basil, somewhat embarrassed,
Broke the silence and said, "If you came by the Atchafalaya,
How have you nowhere encountered my Gabriel's boat on the bayous?"
Over Evangeline's face at the words of Basil a shade passed.
Tears came into her eyes, and she said, with a tremulous accent,
"Gone? is Gabriel gone?" and, concealing her face on his shoulder,
All her o'erburdened heart gave way, and she wept and lamented.
Then the good Basil said—and his voice grew blithe as he said it—
"Be of good cheer, my child; it is only today he departed.
Foolish boy! he has left me alone with my herds and my horses.
Moody and restless grown, and tired and troubled, his spirit
Could no longer endure the calm of this quiet existence.
Thinking ever of thee, uncertain and sorrowful ever,
Ever silent, or speaking only of thee and his troubles,
He at length had become so tedious to men and to maidens,
Tedious even to me, that at length I bethought me, and sent him
Unto the town of Adayes to trade for mules with the Spaniards.
Thence he will follow the Indian trails to the Ozark Mountains,
Hunting for furs in the forests, on rivers trapping the beaver.
Therefore be of good cheer; we will follow the fugitive lover;
He is not far on his way, and the Fates and the streams are against him.
Up and away tomorrow, and through the red dew of the morning,
We will follow him fast, and bring him back to his prison."
Then glad voices were heard, and up from the banks of the river,

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287. Adayes (ä-dā'ēz).

Borne aloft on his comrade's arms, came Michael the fiddler.
Long under Basil's roof had he lived, like a god on Olympus,
Having no other care than dispensing music to mortals.
Far renowned was he for his silver locks and his fiddle.
"Long live Michael," they cried, "our brave Acadian minstrel!"
As they bore him aloft in triumphal procession; and straightway
Father Felician advanced with Evangeline, greeting the old man
Kindly and oft, and recalling the past, while Basil, enraptured,
Hailed with hilarious joy his old companions and gossips,
Laughing loud and long, and embracing mothers and daughters.
Much they marveled to see the wealth of the ci-devant blacksmith,
All his domains and his herds, and his patriarchal demeanor;
Much they marveled to hear his tales of the soil and the climate,
And of the prairies, whose numberless herds were his who would take them;
Each one thought in his heart that he, too, would go and do likewise.
Thus they ascended the steps, and, crossing the breezy veranda,
Entered the hall of the house, where already the supper of Basil
Waited his late return; and they rested and feasted together.

Over the joyous feast the sudden darkness descended.
All was silent without; and, illuming the landscape with silver,
Fair rose the dewy moon and the myriad stars; but within doors,
Brighter than these, shone the faces of friends in the glimmering lamplight.
Then from his station aloft, at the head of the table, the herdsman
Poured forth his heart and his wine together in endless profusion.
Lighting his pipe, that was filled with sweet Natchitoches tobacco,
Thus he spake to his guests, who listened, and smiled as they listened:
"Welcome once more, my friends, who so long have been friendless and homeless,
Welcome once more to a home, that is better perchance than the old one!
Here no hungry winter congeals our blood like the rivers;
Here no stony ground provokes the wrath of the farmer;
Smoothly the plowshare runs through the soil, as a keel through the water.
All the year round the orange-groves are in blossom; and grass grows
More in a single night than a whole Canadian summer.
Here, too, numberless herds run wild and unclaimed in the prairies;
Here, too, lands may be had for the asking, and forests of timber
With a few blows of the ax are hewn and framed into houses.
After your houses are built, and your fields are yellow with harvests,
No King George of England shall drive you away from your homesteads,
Burning your dwellings and barns, and stealing your farms and your cattle."
Speaking these words, he blew a wrathful cloud from his nostrils,

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305. **ci-devant** (sē′dẽ-vän′), former.

319. **Natchitoches** (năk′tŏsh′; here, four syllables for meter), a town in Louisiana.

And his huge, brawny hand came thundering down on the table,
So that the guests all started; and Father Felician, astounded,
Suddenly paused, with a pinch of snuff halfway to his nostrils.
But the brave Basil resumed, and his words were milder and gayer:
"Only beware of the fever, my friends, beware of the fever!
For it is not like that of our cold Acadian climate,
Cured by wearing a spider hung round one's neck in a nutshell!"
Then there were voices heard at the door, and footsteps approaching
Sounded upon the stairs and the floor of the breezy veranda.
It was the neighboring Creoles and small Acadian planters,
Who had been summoned all to the house of Basil the herdsman.
Merry the meeting was of ancient comrades and neighbors.
Friend clasped friend in his arms; and they who before were as strangers,
Meeting in exile, became straightway as friends to each other,
Drawn by the gentle bond of a common country together.
But in the neighboring hall a strain of music, proceeding
From the accordant strings of Michael's melodious fiddle,
Broke up all further speech. Away, like children delighted,
All things forgotten beside, they gave themselves to the maddening
Whirl of the dizzy dance, as it swept and swayed to the music,
Dreamlike, with beaming eyes and the rush of fluttering garments.
Meanwhile, apart, at the head of the hall, the priest and the herdsman
Sat, conversing together of past and present and future;
While Evangeline stood like one entranced, for within her
Olden memories rose, and loud in the midst of the music
Heard she the sound of the sea, and an irrepressible sadness
Came o'er her heart, and unseen she stole forth into the garden.
Beautiful was the night. Behind the black wall of the forest,
Tipping its summit with silver, arose the moon. On the river
Fell here and there through the branches a tremulous gleam of the moonlight,
Like the sweet thoughts of love on a darkened and devious spirit.
Nearer and round about her, the manifold flowers of the garden
Poured out their souls in odors, that were their prayers and confessions
Unto the night, as it went its way, like a silent Carthusian.
Fuller of fragrance than they, and as heavy with shadows and night-dews,
Hung the heart of the maiden. The calm and the magical moonlight
Seemed to inundate her soul with indefinable longings,
As, through the garden gate, beneath the brown shade of the oak-trees,
Passed she along the path to the edge of the measureless prairie.
Silent it lay, with a silvery haze upon it, and fireflies
Gleaming and floating away in mingled and infinite numbers.

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344. **Creoles**, persons of Spanish or French descent brought up in a colonial possession.

368. **Carthusian** (kär-thū'zhăn), one of an order of monks whose rigid vows compel almost absolute silence.

Over her head the stars, the thoughts of God in the heavens,
Shone on the eyes of man, who had ceased to marvel and worship,
Save when a blazing comet was seen on the walls of that temple,
As if a hand had appeared and written upon them "Upharsin."
And the soul of the maiden, between the stars and the fireflies,
Wandered alone, and she cried, "O Gabriel! O my beloved!
Art thou so near unto me, and yet I cannot behold thee?
Art thou so near unto me, and yet thy voice does not reach me?
Ah! how often thy feet have trod this path to the prairie!
Ah! how often thine eyes have looked on the woodlands around me!
Ah! how often beneath this oak, returning from labor,
Thou hast lain down to rest, and to dream of me in thy slumbers!
When shall these eyes behold, these arms be folded about thee?"
Loud and sudden and near the note of a whippoorwill sounded
Like a flute in the woods; and anon, through the neighboring thickets,
Farther and farther away it floated and dropped into silence.
"Patience!" whispered the oaks from oracular caverns of darkness;
And, from the moonlight meadow, a sigh responded, "Tomorrow!"

Bright rose the sun next day; and all the flowers of the garden
Bathed his shining feet with their tears, and anointed his tresses
With the delicious balm that they bore in their vases of crystal.
"Farewell!" said the priest, as he stood at the shadowy threshold;
"See that you bring us the Prodigal Son from his fasting and famine,
And, too, the Foolish Virgin, who slept when the bridegroom was coming."
"Farewell!" answered the maiden, and, smiling, with Basil descended
Down to the river's brink, where the boatmen already were waiting.
Thus beginning their journey with morning, and sunshine, and gladness,
Swiftly they followed the flight of him who was speeding before them,
Blown by the blast of fate like a dead leaf over the desert.
Not that day, nor the next, nor yet the day that succeeded,
Found they trace of his course, in lake or forest or river,
Nor, after many days, had they found him; but vague and uncertain
Rumors alone were their guides through a wild and desolate country;
Till, at the little inn of the Spanish town of Adayes,
Weary and worn, they alighted, and learned from the garrulous landlord
That on the day before, with horses and guides and companions,
Gabriel left the village, and took the road of the prairies.

IV

Far in the West there lies a desert land, where the mountains
Lift, through perpetual snows, their lofty and luminous summits.
Down from their jagged, deep ravines, where the gorge, like a gateway,

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379. **Upharsin** (ū-fär′sĭn). See *Daniel* v.

398. **Prodiġal Son.** See *St. Luke* xv, 11-32.

409. **Adayes** (ä-dā′ĕz).

Opens a passage rude to the wheels of the emigrant's wagon, 416
Westward the Oregon flows and the Walleway and Owyhee.
Eastward, with devious course, among the Wind-river Mountains,
Through the Sweet-water Valley precipitate leaps the Nebraska;
And to the south, from Fontaine-qui-bout and the Spanish sierras, 420
Fretted with sands and rocks, and swept by the wind of the desert,
Numberless torrents, with ceaseless sound, descend to the ocean,
Like the great chords of a harp, in loud and solemn vibrations.
Spreading between these streams are the wondrous, beautiful prairies,
Billowy bays of grass ever rolling in shadow and sunshine, 425
Bright with luxuriant clusters of roses and purple amorphas.
Over them wander the buffalo herds, and the elk and the roebuck;
Over them wander the wolves, and herds of riderless horses;
Fires that blast and blight, and winds that are weary with travel;
Over them wander the scattered tribes of Ishmael's children, 430
Staining the desert with blood; and above their terrible war-trails
Circles and sails aloft, on pinions majestic, the vulture,
Like the implacable soul of a chieftain slaughtered in battle,
By invisible stairs ascending and scaling the heavens. 434
Here and there rise smokes from the camps of these savage marauders;
Here and there rise groves from the margins of swift-running rivers;
And the grim, taciturn bear, the anchorite monk of the desert,
Climbs down their dark ravines to dig for roots by the brookside;
And over all is the sky, the clear and crystalline heaven,
Like the protecting hand of God inverted above them. 440

Into this wonderful land, at the base of the Ozark Mountains,
Gabriel far had entered, with hunters and trappers behind him.
Day after day, with their Indian guides, the maiden and Basil
Followed his flying steps, and thought each day to o'ertake him.
Sometimes they saw, or thought they saw, the smoke of his campfire 445
Rise in the morning air from the distant plain; but at nightfall,
When they had reached the place, they found only embers and ashes.
And, though their hearts were sad at times and their bodies were weary,
Hope still guided them on, as the magic Fata Morgana 449
Showed them her lakes of light, that retreated and vanished before them.

Once, as they sat by their evening fire, there silently entered
Into the little camp an Indian woman, whose features
Wore deep traces of sorrow, and patience as great as her sorrow.
She was a Shawnee woman returning home to her people,
From the far-off hunting grounds of the cruel Comanches, 455
Where her Canadian husband, a coureur-des-bois, had been murdered.

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426. **amorphas** (ȧ-môr′fȧs), the amorpha, a flowering plant. 430. **Ishmael's children** (ĭsh′mā-ĕl), Indians who, like Ishmael, "lived in the wilderness" and were archers (see *Genesis* xxi, 20). 434. **scaling**, reaching.

437. **anchorite monk** (ăng′kō-rīt), so called because it roams about by itself, as an anchorite monk lives by himself. 449. **Fata Morgana** (fä′tä môr-gä′nä), a fairy who deceived people by making them think they saw things that did not really exist.

"THEY FOUND ONLY EMBERS AND ASHES"

Touched were their hearts at her story, and warmest and friendliest welcome
Gave they, with words of cheer; and she sat and feasted among them
On the buffalo-meat and the venison cooked on the embers.
But when their meal was done, and Basil and all his companions,
Worn with the long day's march and the chase of the deer and the bison,
Stretched themselves on the ground, and slept where the quivering fire-light
Flashed on their swarthy cheeks, and their forms wrapped up in their blankets,
Then at the door of Evangeline's tent she sat and repeated
Slowly, with soft, low voice, and the charm of her Indian accent,
All the tale of her love, with its pleasures, and pains, and reverses.
Much Evangeline wept at the tale, and to know that another
Hapless heart like her own had loved and had been disappointed.
Moved to the depths of her soul by pity and woman's compassion,
Yet in her sorrow pleased that one who had suffered was near her,
She in turn related her love and all its disasters.
Mute with wonder the Shawnee sat, and when she had ended
Still was mute; but at length, as if a mysterious horror
Passed through her brain, she spake, and repeated the tale of the Mowis;
Mowis, the bridegroom of snow, who won and wedded a maiden,
But, when the morning came, arose and passed from the wigwam,
Fading and melting away and dissolving into the sunshine,
Till she beheld him no more, though she followed far into the forest.
Then, in those sweet, low tones, that seemed like a weird incantation,

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474. **Mowis** (mō'ĭs).

Told she the tale of the fair Lilinau, who was wooed by a phantom,
That, through the pines o'er her father's lodge, in the hush of the twilight
Breathed like the evening wind, and whispered love to the maiden,
Till she followed his green and waving plume through the forest,
And nevermore returned, nor was seen again by her people.
Silent with wonder and strange surprise, Evangeline listened
To the soft flow of her magical words, till the region around her
Seemed like enchanted ground, and her swarthy guest the enchantress.
Slowly over the tops of the Ozark Mountains the moon rose,
Lighting the little tent, and with a mysterious splendor
Touching the somber leaves, and embracing and filling the woodland.
With a delicious sound the brook rushed by, and the branches
Swayed and sighed overhead in scarcely audible whispers.
Filled with the thoughts of love was Evangeline's heart, but a secret,
Subtle sense crept in of pain and indefinite terror,
As the cold, poisonous snake creeps into the nest of the swallow.
It was no earthly fear. A breath from the region of spirits
Seemed to float in the air of night; and she felt for a moment
That, like the Indian maid, she, too, was pursuing a phantom.
And with this thought she slept, and the fear and the phantom had vanished.

Early upon the morrow the march was resumed, and the Shawnee
Said, as they journeyed along—"On the western slope of these mountains
Dwells in his little village the Black Robe chief of the Mission.
Much he teaches the people, and tells them of Mary and Jesus;
Loud laugh their hearts with joy, and weep with pain, as they hear him."
Then, with a sudden and secret emotion, Evangeline answered,
"Let us go to the Mission, for there good tidings await us!"
Thither they turned their steeds; and behind a spur of the mountains,
Just as the sun went down, they heard a murmur of voices,
And in a meadow green and broad, by the bank of a river,
Saw the tents of the Christians, the tents of the Jesuit Mission.
Under a towering oak, that stood in the midst of the village,
Knelt the Black Robe chief with his children. A crucifix fastened
High on the trunk of the tree, and overshadowed by grapevines,
Looked with its agonized face on the multitude kneeling beneath it.
This was their rural chapel. Aloft, through the intricate arches
Of its aërial roof, arose the chant of their vespers,
Mingling its notes with the soft susurrus and sighs of the branches.
Silent, with head uncovered, the travelers, nearer approaching,
Knelt on the swarded floor, and joined in the evening devotions.
But when the service was done, and the benediction had fallen
Forth from the hands of the priest, like seed from the hands of the sower,

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480. **Lilinau** (lĭ-lĭn'ou).

517. **susurrus** (sū-sŭr'ŭs), whispering. 519. **swarded**, grassy.

Slowly the reverend man advanced to the strangers, and bade them
Welcome; and when they replied, he smiled with benignant expression,
Hearing the homelike sounds of his mother-tongue in the forest,
And, with words of kindness, conducted them into his wigwam.
There upon mats and skins they reposed, and on cakes of the maize-ear
Feasted, and slaked their thirst from the water-gourd of the teacher.
Soon was their story told; and the priest with solemnity answered:
"Not six suns have risen and set since Gabriel, seated
On this mat by my side, where now the maiden reposes,
Told me this same sad tale; then arose and continued his journey!"
Soft was the voice of the priest, and he spake with an accent of kindness;
But on Evangeline's heart fell his words as in winter the snowflakes
Fall into some lone nest from which the birds have departed.
"Far to the north he has gone," continued the priest; "but in autumn,
When the chase is done, will return again to the Mission."
Then Evangeline said, and her voice was meek and submissive,
"Let me remain with thee, for my soul is sad and afflicted."
So seemed it wise and well unto all; and betimes on the morrow,
Mounting his Mexican steed, with his Indian guides and companions,
Homeward Basil returned, and Evangeline stayed at the Mission.
  Slowly, slowly, slowly the days succeeded each other—
Days and weeks and months; and the fields of maize that were springing
Green from the ground when a stranger she came, now waving above her,
Lifted their slender shafts, with leaves interlacing, and forming
Cloisters for mendicant crows and granaries pillaged by squirrels.
Then in the golden weather the maize was husked, and the maidens
Blushed at each blood-red ear, for that betokened a lover,
But at the crooked laughed, and called it a thief in the cornfield.
Even the blood-red ear to Evangeline brought not her lover.
"Patience!" the priest would say; "have faith, and thy prayer will be answered!
Look at this delicate plant that lifts its head from the meadow,
See how its leaves all point to the north, as true as the magnet;
It is the compass-flower, that the finger of God has suspended
Here on its fragile stalk to direct the traveler's journey
Over the sea-like, pathless, limitless waste of the desert.
Such in the soul of man is faith. The blossoms of passion,
Gay and luxuriant flowers, are brighter and fuller of fragrance,
But they beguile us, and lead us astray, and their odor is deadly.
Only this humble plant can guide us here, and hereafter
Crown us with asphodel flowers, that are wet with the dews of nepenthe."

  So came the autumn, and passed, and the winter—yet Gabriel came not;
Blossomed the opening spring, and the notes of the robin and bluebird

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561. **asphodel** (ăs′fô′dĕl), in Greek mythology, a flower associated with the dead. **nepenthe** (nĕ-pĕn′thē), a drink producing forgetfulness of pain.

Sounded sweet upon wold and in wood, yet Gabriel came not.
But on the breath of the summer winds a rumor was wafted
Sweeter than song of bird, or hue or odor of blossom.
Far to the north and east, it said, in the Michigan forests,
Gabriel had his lodge by the banks of the Saginaw River.
And, with returning guides, that sought the lakes of St. Lawrence,
Saying a sad farewell, Evangeline went from the Mission.
When over weary ways, by long and perilous marches,
She had attained at length the depths of the Michigan forests,
Found she the hunter's lodge deserted and fallen to ruin!

Thus did the long sad years glide on, and in seasons and places
Divers and distant far was seen the wandering maiden:
Now in the Tents of Grace of the meek Moravian Missions,
Now in the noisy camps and the battle-fields of the army,
Now in secluded hamlets, in towns and populous cities.
Like a phantom she came, and passed away unremembered.
Fair was she and young, when in hope began the long journey;
Faded was she and old, when in disappointment it ended.
Each succeeding year stole something away from her beauty,
Leaving behind it, broader and deeper, the gloom and the shadow.
Then there appeared and spread faint streaks of gray o'er her forehead,
Dawn of another life, that broke o'er her earthly horizon,
As in the eastern sky the first faint streaks of the morning.

V

In that delightful land which is washed by the Delaware's waters,
Guarding in sylvan shades the name of Penn the apostle,
Stands on the banks of its beautiful stream the city he founded.
There all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still reëcho the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There from the troubled sea had Evangeline landed, an exile,
Finding among the children of Penn a home and a country.
There old René Leblanc had died; and when he departed,
Saw at his side only one of all his hundred descendants.
Something at least there was in the friendly streets of the city,
Something that spake to her heart, and made her no longer a stranger;
And her ear was pleased with the Thee and Thou of the Quakers,
For it recalled the past, and old Acadian country
Where all men were equal, and all were brothers and sisters.
So, when the fruitless search, the disappointed endeavor,
Ended, to recommence no more upon earth, uncomplaining,
Thither, as leaves to the light, were turned her thoughts and her footsteps.
As from a mountain's top the rainy mists of the morning

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575. **Divers** (dī'vērz), many. 576. **Moravian**, pertaining to the sect known as United Brethren.

Roll away, and afar we behold the landscape below us,
Sun-illumined, with shining rivers and cities and hamlets,
So fell the mists from her mind, and she saw the world far below her,
Dark no longer, but all illumined with love; and the pathway
Which she had climbed so far, lying smooth and fair in the distance.
Gabriel was not forgotten. Within her heart was his image,
Clothed in the beauty of love and youth, as last she beheld him,
Only more beautiful made by his deathlike silence and absence.
Into her thoughts of him time entered not, for it was not.
Over him years had no power; he was not changed, but transfigured;
He had become to her heart as one who is dead, and not absent;
Patience and abnegation of self, and devotion to others,
This was the lesson a life of trial and sorrow had taught her.
So was her love diffused, but, like to some odorous spices,
Suffered no waste nor loss, though filling the air with aroma.
Other hope had she none, nor wish in life, but to follow,
Meekly with reverent steps, the sacred feet of her Savior.
Thus many years she lived as a Sister of Mercy, frequenting
Lonely and wretched roofs in the crowded lanes of the city,
Where distress and want concealed themselves from the sunlight,
Where disease and sorrow in garrets languished neglected.
Night after night when the world was asleep, as the watchman repeated
Loud, through the gusty streets, that all was well in the city,
High at some lonely window he saw the light of her taper.
Day after day, in the gray of the dawn, as slow through the suburbs
Plodded the German farmer, with flowers and fruits for the market,
Met he that meek, pale face, returning home from its watchings.

Then it came to pass that a pestilence fell on that city,
Presaged by wondrous signs, and mostly by flocks of wild pigeons,
Darkening the sun in their flight, with naught in their craws but an acorn;
And, as the tides of the sea arise in the month of September,
Flooding some silver stream, till it spreads to a lake in the meadow,
So death flooded life, and, o'erflowing its natural margin,
Spread to a brackish lake the silver stream of existence.
Wealth had no power to bribe, nor beauty to charm, the oppressor;
But all perished alike beneath the scourge of his anger;
Only, alas! the poor, who had neither friends nor attendants,
Crept away to die in the almshouse, home of the homeless.
Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands;
Now the city surrounds it; but still, with its gateway and wicket,
Meek in the midst of splendor, its humble walls seem to echo
Softly the words of the Lord: "The poor you always have with you."
Thither, by night and by day, came the Sister of Mercy. The dying

Looked up into her face, and thought, indeed, to behold there
Gleams of celestial light encircle her forehead with splendor,
Such as the artist paints o'er the brows of saints and apostles,
Or such as hangs by night o'er a city seen at a distance.
Unto their eyes it seemed the lamps of the city celestial,
Into whose shining gates erelong their spirits would enter.
Thus, on a Sabbath morn, through the streets, deserted and silent,
Wending her quiet way, she entered the door of the almshouse.
Sweet on the summer air was the odor of flowers in the garden,
And she paused on her way to gather the fairest among them,
That the dying once more might rejoice in their fragrance and beauty.
Then, as she mounted the stairs to the corridors, cooled by the east-wind,
Distant and soft on her ear fell the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church,
While, intermingled with these, across the meadows were wafted
Sounds of psalms, that were sung by the Swedes in their church at Wicaco.
Soft as descending wings fell the calm of the hour on her spirit;
Something within her said, "At length thy trials are ended";
And, with light in her looks, she entered the chambers of sickness.
Noiselessly moved about the assiduous, careful attendants,
Moistening the feverish lip, and the aching brow, and in silence
Closing the sightless eyes of the dead, and concealing their faces,
Where on their pallets they lay, like drifts of snow by the roadside.
Many a languid head, upraised as Evangeline entered,
Turned on its pillow of pain to gaze while she passed, for her presence
Fell on their hearts like a ray of the sun on the walls of a prison.
And, as she looked around, she saw how Death, the consoler,
Laying his hand upon many a heart, had healed it forever.
Many familiar forms had disappeared in the night-time;
Vacant their places were, or filled already by strangers.
Suddenly, as if arrested by fear or a feeling of wonder,
Still she stood, with her colorless lips apart, while a shudder
Ran through her frame, and, forgotten, the flowerets dropped from her fingers,
And from her eyes and cheeks the light and bloom of the morning.
Then there escaped from her lips a cry of such terrible anguish
That the dying heard it, and started up from their pillows.
On the pallet before her was stretched the form of an old man.
Long, and thin, and gray were the locks that shaded his temples;
But, as he lay in the morning light, his face for a moment
Seemed to assume once more the forms of its earlier manhood;
So are wont to be changed the faces of those who are dying.
Hot and red on his lips still burned the flush of the fever,
As if life, like the Hebrew, with blood had besprinkled its portals,
That the Angel of Death might see the sign, and pass over.

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663. **Wicaco** (wĭ-kä'kō).

690. **like the Hebrew.** See *Exodus* xii, 21, 30.

Motionless, senseless, dying, he lay, and his spirit exhausted
Seemed to be sinking down through infinite depths in the darkness,
Darkness of slumber and death, forever sinking and sinking.
Then through those realms of shade, in multiplied reverberations,
Heard he that cry of pain, and through the hush that succeeded
Whispered a gentle voice, in accents tender and saintlike,
"Gabriel! O my beloved!" and died away into silence.
Then he beheld, in a dream, once more the home of his childhood:
Green Acadian meadows, with sylvan rivers among them,
Village, and mountain, and woodlands; and, walking under their shadow,
As in the days of her youth, Evangeline rose in his vision.
Tears came into his eyes; and as slowly he lifted his eyelids,
Vanished the vision away, but Evangeline knelt by his bedside.
Vainly he strove to whisper her name, for the accents unuttered
Died on his lips, and their motion revealed what his tongue would have spoken.
Vainly he strove to rise; and Evangeline kneeling beside him,
Kissed his dying lips, and laid his head on her bosom.
Sweet was the light of his eyes; but it suddenly sank into darkness,
As when a lamp is blown out by a gust of wind at a casement.

All was ended now, the hope, and the fear, and the sorrow,
All the aching of heart, the restless, unsatisfied longing,
All the dull, deep pain, and constant anguish of patience!
And, as she pressed once more the lifeless head to her bosom,
Meekly she bowed her own, and murmured, "Father, I thank thee!"

Still stands the forest primeval; but far away from its shadow,
Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping.
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie, unknown and unnoticed.
Daily the tides of life go ebbing and flowing beside them:
Thousands of throbbing hearts, where theirs are at rest and forever;
Thousands of aching brains, where theirs no longer are busy;
Thousands of toiling hands, where theirs have ceased from their labors;
Thousands of weary feet, where theirs have completed their journey!

Still stands the forest primeval; but under the shade of its branches
Dwells another race, with other customs and language.
Only along the shore of the mournful and misty Atlantic
Linger a few Acadian peasants, whose fathers from exile
Wandered back to their native land to die in its bosom.
In the fisherman's cot the wheel and the loom are still busy;
Maidens still wear their Norman caps and their kirtles of homespun,
And by the evening fire repeat Evangeline's story,
While from its rocky caverns the deep-voiced, neighboring ocean
Speaks, and in accents disconsolate answers the wail of the forest.

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

"CRAIGIE HOUSE," LONGFELLOW'S HOME IN CAMBRIDGE

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 188.

Explanatory Note

At a dinner at Craigie House, Longfellow's home in Cambridge, Reverend H. L. Conoely repeated the following legend he had heard from a French Canadian:

"On the marriage-day of a young couple in Acadie all of the men in the Province were summoned to assemble in the church to hear a proclamation. They were all then seized and shipped off to various places in New England—the new bridegroom was among their number. His bride spent her lifetime wandering about in search of him, and finally, when old age had come upon her, she found him on his deathbed. The shock was so great that it killed her."

Hawthorne, who was also present at the dinner and had previously heard the story, showed but little interest in it, and readily gave his consent to Longfellow to use the plot. Later Hawthorne read the poem *Evangeline*, and wrote to Longfellow that he had read it "with more pleasure than it would be decorous to express."

Historical Note

The conflict for supremacy between the French and the English is a part of the early history of Nova Scotia, which was called Acadia by the French. The Acadians were French in their blood and in their sympathies, though the English were from time to time in authority over the country. At one time the English demanded an oath of allegiance from the Acadians. This they refused to take unless it should be so modified as to exempt them from bearing arms against France. It was finally decided to remove the Acadians from the country, and to scatter them throughout the American colonies. Accordingly, they were driven on board the English transports, and three thousand of them banished (1755). In the confusion, families and friends were separated, in many cases never to meet again.

On July 29, 1920, a bronze statue of "Evangeline" was unveiled at Grand Pré.

Questions and Topics

1. Where did Longfellow get the basic facts for his story? (See Explanatory Note.) What historical facts must you

know to get the full meaning of the poem?

2. What do you believe is the chief function of the Prelude? Briefly describe the village life of Grand Pré. In what four lines is the theme of the whole poem definitely stated? (See Prelude.)

3. Summarize each Part in one clear, concise sentence. Contrast the feelings of the main characters in Parts I and II.

4. The love story is the background for the central thought of the poem; state this thought in one sentence.

5. Compare the loyalty and perseverance of Evangeline with some character in history or story. List the qualities of the heroine that made it possible for her to catch and hold your interest.

6. List all of the flowers and birds mentioned by Longfellow in this poem. Contrast the home life in Acadia with that in Louisiana.

Class Reading. Read aloud in class the Prelude; the description of the happy village in Part I; the scene of the embarkation; the description you liked best.

Theme Topics. (Written essays.) 1. A character sketch of Evangeline, Basil, Gabriel, or Benedict. 2. Evangeline as a Sister of Mercy. 3. The great lesson Longfellow teaches in this poem. (Use quotations from the poem in these essays.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. Trace the wanderings of Evangeline in her search for her lover, keeping the events in correct order. 2. Describe "Louisiana, the Eden of America." 3. The stories of the Shawnee squaw. 4. Contrast the character of Basil with that of Benedict.

Memorization. You will wish to memorize the Prelude and some of the other beautiful passages.

Library Reading. *Stories of the Land of Evangeline,* Rogers.

SONG OF THE CHATTAHOOCHEE[*][†]

SIDNEY LANIER

Out of the hills of Habersham,
Down the valleys of Hall,
I hurry amain to reach the plain,
Run the rapid and leap the fall,
Split at the rock and together again,
Accept my bed, or narrow or wide,
And flee from folly on every side
With a lover's pain to attain the plain
Far from the hills of Habersham,
Far from the valleys of Hall.

All down the hills of Habersham,
All through the valleys of Hall,
The rushes cried, "Abide, abide";
The willful water-weeds held me thrall;
The laving laurel turned my tide;
The ferns and the fondling grass said, "Stay";
The dewberry dipped for to work delay;
And the little reeds sighed, "Abide, abide,"
Here in the hills of Habersham,
Here in the valleys of Hall.

High o'er the hills of Habersham,
Veiling the valleys of Hall,
The hickory told me manifold
Fair tales of shade; the poplar tall
Wrought me her shadowy self to hold;
The chestnut, the oak, the walnut, the pine,
Overleaning, with flickering meaning and sign,
Said: "Pass not so cold, these manifold
Deep shades of the hills of Habersham,
These glades in the valleys of Hall."

And oft in the hills of Habersham,
And oft in the valleys of Hall,
The white quartz shone, and the smooth brook stone

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[*] From *Poems of Sidney Lanier,* copyright 1884, 1891, by Mary D. Lanier; published by Charles Scribner's Sons.

[†] **Chattahoochee** (chăt-ȧ-hōō′chē), a river in Georgia.

14. **thrall**, in slavery.

Did bar me of passage with friendly
brawl;
And many a luminous jewel lone
(Crystals clear or a-cloud with mist
Ruby, garnet, or amethyst),
Made lures with the lights of streaming stone
In the clefts of the hills of Habersham,
In the beds of the valleys of Hall.

But oh! not the hills of Habersham,
And oh! not the valleys of Hall
Avail; I am fain for to water the plain.
Downward the voices of Duty call;
Downward to toil and be mixed with the main.
The dry fields burn and the mills are to turn,
And a myriad flowers mortally yearn,
And the lordly main from beyond the plain
Calls o'er the hills of Habersham,
Calls through the valleys of Hall.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 76.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. In this poem the river is represented as talking; in which line of the first stanza does it tell its purpose? In which line of the last stanza does it tell why it holds to this purpose? What temptation to loiter does it mention in the second stanza? In the third? In the fourth? Which lines in the last stanza show that the river was not turned aside from its duty?

2. Which lines show that the river intended to give itself in service to others when it reached the plain? Do you think the poet is drawing a parallel between the Chattahoochee and life?

3. If the poet, in the second stanza, may have had in mind the small delights that make for contentment, what may he have had in mind in the third? In the fourth?

4. Find examples of alliteration—that is, the repetition of the same letter or sound at the beginning of two or more words in close succession. What do you notice in the structure of the third and the eighth lines of each stanza? What line rimes with these two? Find other lines in the poem which have the same rime-scheme.

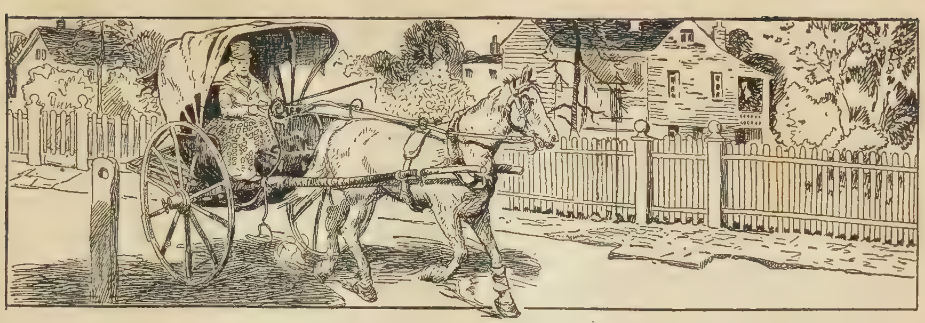
Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. The river's call of duty. 2. Service is the price we pay for living. 3. Ways by which Lanier made this poem pleasing.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read Tennyson's "The Brook."

Library Reading. "Little Rivers," van Dyke (in *The van Dyke Book*); "The Cataract of Lodore," Southey (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

BIRTHPLACE OF SIDNEY LANIER, MACON, GEORGIA



THE DEACON'S MASTERPIECE

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES

Have you heard of the wonderful one-hoss shay,
That was built in such a logical way
It ran a hundred years to a day,
And then, of a sudden, it—ah, but stay.
I'll tell you what happened without delay,
Scaring the parson into fits,
Frightening people out of their wits—
Have you ever heard of that, I say?

Seventeen hundred and fifty-five.
Georgius Secundus was then alive—
Snuffy old drone from the German hive.
That was the year when Lisbon-town
Saw the earth open and gulp her down,
And Braddock's army was done so brown,
Left without a scalp to its crown.
It was on the terrible Earthquake-day
That the Deacon finished the one-hoss shay.

Now in building of chaises, I tell you what,
There is always *somewhere* a weakest spot—
In hub, tire, felloe, in spring or thill,
In panel, or crossbar, or floor, or sill,
In screw, bolt, thoroughbrace—lurking, still,
Find it somewhere you must and will—
Above or below, or within or without—
And that's the reason, beyond a doubt,
A chaise *breaks down*, but doesn't *wear out.*

But the Deacon swore (as Deacons do,
With an "I dew vum," or an "I tell *yeou*")
He would build one shay to beat the taown
'N' the keounty 'n' all the kentry raoun';
It should be so built that it *couldn'* break daown.
—"Fur," said the Deacon, "'t's mighty plain
Thut the weakes' place mus' stan' the strain;
'N' the way t' fix it, uz I maintain, is only jest
T' make that place uz strong uz the rest."

So the Deacon inquired of the village folk

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10. **Georgius Secundus** (jôr′jŭs sē-kŭn′dŭs). George II, king of England (1727-1760), was born in Germany.
12. **Lisbon**, a city of Portugal which suffered an earthquake in 1755.

Where he could find the strongest oak,
That couldn't be split nor bent nor broke—
That was for spokes and floor and sills;
He sent for lancewood to make the thills;
The crossbars were ash, from the straightest trees,
The panels of white-wood, that cuts like cheese,
But lasts like iron for things like these;
The hubs of logs from the "Settler's ellum"—
Last of its timber—they couldn't sell 'em;
Never an ax had seen their chips;
And the wedges flew from between their lips,
Their blunt ends frizzled like celery-tips;
Step and prop-iron, bolt and screw,
Spring, tire, axle, and linchpin too,
Steel of the finest, bright and blue;
Thoroughbrace, bison skin, thick and wide;
Boot, top, dasher, from tough old hide
Found in the pit when the tanner died.
That was the way he "put her through."—
"There!" said the Deacon, "naow she'll dew."

Do! I tell you, I rather guess
She was a wonder, and nothing less!
Colts grew horses, beards turned gray
Deacon and deaconess dropped away,
Children and grandchildren—where were they?
But there stood the stout old one-hoss shay
As fresh as on Lisbon-earthquake-day!

EIGHTEEN HUNDRED—it came and found
The Deacon's masterpiece strong and sound.
Eighteen hundred increased by ten—
"Hahnsum kerridge" they called it then.
Eighteen hundred and twenty came—
Running as usual; much the same.
Thirty and forty at last arrive,
And then came fifty, and FIFTY-FIVE.

Little of all we value here
Wakes on the morn of its hundredth year
Without both feeling and looking queer.
In fact, there's nothing that keeps its youth,
So far as I know, but a tree and truth.
(This is a moral that runs at large;
Take it.—You're welcome.—No extra charge.)

FIRST OF NOVEMBER, the Earthquake-day—
There are traces of age in the one-hoss shay,
A general flavor of mild decay,
But nothing local, as one may say.
There couldn't be—for the Deacon's art
Had made it so like in every part
That there wasn't a chance for one to start.
For the wheels were just as strong as the thills,
And the floor was just as strong as the sills,
And the panels just as strong as the floor,
And the whippletree neither less nor more,
And the back-crossbar as strong as the fore,

And spring and axle and hub *encore*.
And yet, *as a whole*, it is past a doubt
In another hour it will be *worn out!*

First of November, fifty-five!
This morning the parson takes a drive.
Now, small boys, get out of the way!
Here comes the wonderful one-hoss shay,
Drawn by a rat-tailed, ewe-necked bay.
"Huddup!" said the parson.—Off went they.
The parson was working his Sunday's text—
Had got to *fifthly*, and stopped perplexed
At what the—Moses—was coming next.
All at once the horse stood still,
Close by the meet'n'-house on the hill.

First a shiver, and then a thrill,
Then something decidedly like a spill—
And the parson was sitting upon a rock,
At half-past nine by the meet'n'-house clock—
Just the hour of the Earthquake shock!
What do you think the parson found,
When he got up and stared around?
The poor old chaise in a heap or mound
As if it had been to the mill and ground.
You see, of course, if you're not a dunce,
How it went to pieces all at once—
All at once, and nothing first—
Just as bubbles do when they burst.

End of the wonderful one-hoss shay.
Logic is logic. That's all I say.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 397.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. This poem consists of two parts, (1) the building of the chaise, (2) the wreck of the chaise; tell the story of each part.

2. Have you ever heard of a carriage or coach that lasted for one hundred years? Is it the thought of the chaise lasting one hundred years that is funny, or is it the thought of its going to pieces "all at once" that is funny? Do you think Holmes ever heard of such a thing happening?

3. Read lines that you think are particularly funny. Do you consider this poem an example of wholesome humor? Give reasons for your answers.

4. Of what value to America is the spirit of laughter? Of what use is a poem such as "The One-Hoss Shay"? Make a list of all the ways in which humor is presented to the people of the United States. Which do you enjoy more, the cartoon, or humorous stories and poems? What is the value of the nonsense column of the daily paper? Distinguish between laughing *with* people and laughing *at* them.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. Influence of cartoons. 2. A humorous monologue: A Boy Scout telling a funny incident that occurred on a hike; a Girl Scout describing camp life humorously; a Camp Fire Girl telling a humorous incident of a ceremonial meeting; a sailor spinning a funny yarn, etc.

Suggested Problem. Prepare a program for "Humor Day" in your school. Bring to class humorous selections — stories, poems, clippings, pictures, and cartoons—that you and your family have enjoyed. A committee of pupils may plan interesting ways of presenting this material. Let the class artist give a talk illustrated by his own drawings.

Library Reading. "The Height of the Ridiculous," Holmes (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "The Dorchester Giant," Holmes (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*).

91. **encore** (än′kōr′), also. 98. **ewe-neck**, with a thin, hollowed-out neck.

NEW ENGLAND WEATHER

MARK TWAIN

There is a sumptuous variety about the New England weather that compels the stranger's admiration—and regret. The weather is always doing something there; always attending strictly to business; always getting up new designs and trying them on the people to see how they will go. But it gets through more business in spring than in any other season. In the spring I have counted one hundred thirty-six different kinds of weather within four and twenty hours. It was I who made the fame and fortune of the man who had that marvelous collection of weather on exhibition at the Centennial, which so astounded the foreigners. He was going to travel around the world and get specimens from all climes. I said, "Don't do it; just come to New England on a favorable spring day." I told him what we could do in the way of style, variety, and quantity. Well, he came, and he made his collection in four days. As to variety, he confessed that he got hundreds of kinds of weather that he had never heard of before. And as to quantity, after he had picked out and discarded all that was blemished in any way, he not only had weather enough, but weather to spare, weather to hire out, weather to sell, weather to deposit, weather to invest, and weather to give to the poor.

Old Probabilities has a mighty reputation for accurate prophecy and thoroughly deserves it. You take up the paper and observe how crisply and confidently he checks off what today's weather is going to be on the Pacific, down South, in the Middle States, in the Wisconsin region. See him sail along in the joy and pride of his power till he gets to New England, and then see his tail drop. *He* doesn't know what the weather is going to be in New England. Well, he mulls over it, and by and by he gets out something like this: "Probable northeast to southwest winds, varying to the southward and westward and eastward and points between; high and low barometer, swapping around from place to place; probable areas of rain, snow, hail, and drought, succeeded or preceded by earthquakes with thunder and lightning." Then he jots down this postscript from his wandering mind, to cover accidents: "But it is possible that the program may be wholly changed in the meantime." Yes, one of the brightest gems in the New England weather is the dazzling uncertainty of it. There is certain to be plenty of weather, a perfect grand review, but you never can tell which end of the procession is going to move first. You fix up for the drought; you leave your umbrella in the house and sally out with your sprinkling pot, and two to one you are drowned. You make up your mind that an earthquake is due; you stand from under and take hold of something to steady yourself, and the first thing you know you are struck by lightning.

But, after all, there are at least two or three things about that weather (or, if you please, the effects produced by it) which we residents would not like to part with. If we hadn't our bewitching autumn foliage, we should still have to credit the weather with one feature which compensates for all its bullying vagaries—the ice storm. Every bough and twig is strung with ice beads, frozen dewdrops, and the whole tree sparkles cold and white like the Shah of Persia's diamond plume. Then the wind waves the branches, and the sun comes out and turns all those myriads of beads and drops to prisms that glow and burn and flash with all manner of colored fires; which change and change again, with inconceivable rapidity, from blue to red, from red to green, and green to gold. The tree becomes a spraying fountain, a very explosion of dazzling jewels, and it stands there the acme, the climax, the supremest possibility in art or nature, of bewildering, intoxicating, intolerable magnificence. One cannot make the words too strong. Month after month I lay up hate and grudge against the New England weather; but when the ice storm comes at last I say: "There, I forgive you now; the books are square between us; you don't owe me a cent; your little faults and foibles count for nothing; you are the most enchanting weather in the world."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Mark Twain (Samuel L. Clemens, 1835–1910) is best known to boys and girls through his book, *The Adventures of Tom Sawyer,* which pictures well the author's boyhood life. He was born in Florida, Missouri, but while he was still a child the family moved to Hannibal, a town on the Mississippi; here the life of "the real Tom Sawyer" began. The great river was a continual source of happiness to him. He learned to swim better than any other boy of his own age in town, and he frequently ventured out on the mile-wide river in almost any kind of boat. He often felt a longing to travel on the great steamers that went by daily, and he once said, "You can hardly imagine what it meant to a boy, shut in as we were, to see those steamers pass up and down, and never take a trip on them." His highest ambition, like that of every other boy who lived near the river, was to be a pilot on one of the big river boats—a dream which he one day realized.

When Mark Twain was twelve years old, his father died, and he was obliged to leave school and go into a printing office. While he was learning the trade he worked for his board and clothes—"more board than clothes, and not much of either." Within a year he had learned typesetting, and a good deal more connected with the running of the paper. Later, his brother Orion purchased the Hannibal *Journal,* and Samuel worked for him. But Orion was a hard taskmaster, and when Samuel was eighteen years old he left his brother. After four years of traveling about the country and working here and there as a printer, he returned to his old ambition of becoming a river pilot. At the age of twenty-two he became a "cub pilot" aboard the *Paul Jones* under Horace Bixby.

Twain's book, *Life on the Mississippi* written at a later date, gives an interesting account of his experiences as a pilot. In 1858, at the end of eighteen months' work, he obtained a full license as a Mississippi River pilot. His teacher, Horace Bixby, said, "Sam was not only a pilot, but a good one." At this time Samuel Clemens believed that river-piloting was to be his life work, but the Civil War broke up river traffic, and after some brief attempts at soldiering, which ended in a severe illness, he went with his brother Orion, who had been appointed Secretary of Nevada Territory, as his private secretary.

After various mining experiences Clemens gradually turned again to newspaper work. He also began to use the name "Mark Twain," of which he says: "It is an old river term, a call, signifying two fathoms—twelve feet. It has a richness about it; it was always a pleasant sound for a pilot to hear on a dark night; it meant safe water." With the publication, in 1869, of *Innocents Abroad*, Mark Twain became famous, and from that time his fame as a humorist increased steadily, until he was one of the best-loved men in America.

QUESTIONS AND TOPICS

1. What do you *know* to be true of the New England climate? What has the author done to this well-known fact to produce the humor of the selection?

2. Who is meant by "Old Probabilities"? In what way does the weather forecast for New England, as outlined by the author, differ from forecasts you read in the daily newspapers? Why does the author predict earthquakes for New England?

3. In what part of the selection do you think the writer is in earnest? Find the lines that describe the effect of the sun upon the ice-covered trees. What does this description tell you about the author's powers of observation? For what does he say this beautiful sight atones?

4. How does the author make his story humorous? Find particularly good examples of his humor in this selection.

Class Reading. Bring to class and read a humorous selection from *Life*, or another magazine devoted to humor.

Suggested Problem. Prepare for the Bulletin Board an exhibit for a "Mark Twain Day," of anecdotes, incidents, photographs, clippings, quotations, and cartoons, illustrating scenes from his writings, etc.

Library Reading. *Huckleberry Finn*, Mark Twain; *The Boy's Life of Mark Twain*, Paine; "The Stolen White Elephant," Twain (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "The Celebrated Jumping Frog," Twain (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*).

THE RANSOM OF RED CHIEF

O. HENRY

It looked like a good thing; but wait till I tell you. We were down south, in Alabama—Bill Driscoll and myself—when this kidnaping idea struck us. It was, as Bill afterwards expressed it, "during a moment of temporary mental apparition"; but we didn't find that out till later.

There was a town down there, as flat as a flannel cake, and called Summit, of course. It contained inhabitants of as undeleterious and self-satisfied a class of peasantry as ever clustered around a Maypole.

Bill and me had a joint capital of about six hundred dollars, and we needed just two thousand dollars more to pull off a town-lot scheme in Western Illinois. We talked it over on the front steps of the hotel. Philoprogenitiveness, says we, is strong in semi-rural communities; therefore, and for other reasons, a kidnaping project ought to do better there than in the radius of newspapers that send reporters out in plain clothes to stir up talk about such things. We knew that Summit couldn't get after us with anything stronger than constables and, maybe, some lackadaisical blood-hounds and a diatribe or two in the *Weekly Farmers' Budget*. So it looked good.

We selected for our victim the only

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7. **mental apparition.** Bill meant "mental aberration," confusion of mind.

20. **philoprogenitiveness** (fĭl′ō-prȯ-gĕn′ĭ-tĭv-nĕs), love for one's own children. 31. **diatribe** (dī′ȧ-trīb), an article of abuse.

child of a prominent citizen named Ebenezer Dorset. The father was respectable and tight, a mortgage fancier and a stern, upright collection-plate passer and forecloser. The kid was a boy of ten, with bas-relief freckles, and hair the color of the cover of the magazine you buy at the news stand when you want to catch a train. Bill and me figured that Ebenezer would melt down for a ransom of two thousand dollars to a cent. But wait till I tell you.

About two miles from Summit was a little mountain covered with a dense cedar brake. On the rear elevation of this mountain was a cave. There we stored provisions.

One evening after sundown, we drove in a buggy past old Dorset's house. The kid was in the street, throwing rocks at a kitten on the opposite fence.

"Hey, little boy!" says Bill, "would you like to have a bag of candy and a nice ride?"

The boy catches Bill neatly in the eye with a piece of brick.

That boy put up a fight like a welterweight cinnamon bear; but, at last, we got him down in the bottom of the buggy and drove away. We took him up to the cave, and I hitched the horse in the cedar brake. After dark I drove the buggy to the little village, three miles away, where we had hired it, and walked back to the mountain.

Bill was pasting court-plaster over the scratches and bruises on his features. There was a fire burning behind the big rock at the entrance of the cave, and the boy was watching a pot of boiling coffee, with two buzzard tail feathers stuck in his red hair. He points a stick at me when I come up, and says:

"Ha! cursed paleface, do you dare to enter the camp of Red Chief, the terror of the plains?"

"He's all right now," says Bill, rolling up his trousers and examining some bruises on his shins. "We're playing Indian. We're making Buffalo Bill's show look like magic-lantern views of Palestine in the town hall. I'm Old Hank, the Trapper, Red Chief's captive, and I'm to be scalped at daybreak. By Geronimo! that kid can kick hard."

Yes, sir, that boy seemed to be having the time of his life. The fun of camping out in a cave had made him forget that he was a captive himself. He immediately christened me Snake-eye, the Spy, and announced that, when his braves returned from the warpath, I was to be broiled at the stake at the rising of the sun.

Then we had supper; and he filled his mouth full of bacon and bread and gravy, and began to talk. He made a during-dinner speech something like this:

"I like this fine. I never camped out before; but I had a pet 'possum once, and I was nine last birthday. I hate to go to school. Rats ate up sixteen of Jimmy Talbot's aunt's speckled hen's eggs. Are there any real Indians in these woods? I want some more gravy. Does the trees moving make the wind blow? We had five puppies. What makes your nose so red, Hank? My father has lots of money. Are the stars hot? I whipped Ed Walker twice, Saturday. I don't like girls. You dassent catch toads unless with a string. Do oxen make any noise? Why are oranges round?

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3. **mortgage fancier**, made a business of loaning money. 6. **bas-relief** (bä), standing out from the rest of his face. 30. **welterweight**, medium-weight. 34. **brake**, thicket.

Have you got beds to sleep on in this cave? Amos Murray has got six toes. A parrot can talk, but a monkey or a fish can't. How many does it take to make twelve?"

Every few minutes he would remember that he was a pesky redskin, and pick up his stick rifle and tiptoe to the mouth of the cave to rubber for the scouts of the hated paleface. Now and then he would let out a warwhoop that made Old Hank, the Trapper, shiver. That boy had Bill terrorized from the start.

"Red Chief," says I to the kid, "would you like to go home?"

"Aw, what for?" says he. "I don't have any fun at home. I hate to go to school. I like to camp out. You won't take me back home again, Snake-eye, will you?"

"Not right away," says I. "We'll stay here in the cave a while."

"All right!" says he. "That'll be fine. I never had such fun in all my life."

"We went to bed about eleven o'clock. We spread down some wide blankets and quilts and put Red Chief between us. We weren't afraid he'd run away. He kept us awake for three hours, jumping up and reaching for his rifle and screeching: "Hist! pard," in mine and Bill's ears, as the fancied crackle of a twig or the rustle of a leaf revealed to his young imagination the stealthy approach of the outlaw band. At last I fell into a troubled sleep, and dreamed that I had been kidnaped and chained to a tree by a ferocious pirate with red hair.

Just at daybreak I was awakened by a series of awful screams from Bill. They weren't yells, or howls, or shouts, or whoops, or yawps, such as you'd expect from a manly set of vocal organs—they were simply indecent, terrifying, humiliating screams, such as women emit when they see ghosts or caterpillars. It's an awful thing to hear a strong, desperate, fat man scream incontinently in a cave at daybreak.

I jumped up to see what the matter was. Red Chief was sitting on Bill's chest, with one hand twined in Bill's hair. In the other he had the sharp case knife we used for slicing bacon; and he was industriously and realistically trying to take Bill's scalp, according to the sentence that had been pronounced upon him the evening before.

I got the knife away from the kid and made him lie down again. But from that moment Bill's spirit was broken. He lay down on his side of the bed, but he never closed an eye again in sleep as long as that boy was with us. I dozed off for a while, but along toward sun-up I remembered that Red Chief had said I was to be burned at the stake at the rising of the sun. I wasn't nervous or afraid; but I sat up and lit my pipe and leaned against a rock.

"What you getting up so soon for, Sam?" asked Bill.

"Me?" says I. "Oh, I got a kind of a pain in my shoulder. I thought sitting up would rest it."

"You're a liar!" says Bill. "You're afraid. You was to be burned at sunrise, and you was afraid he'd do it. And he would, too, if he could find a match. Ain't it awful, Sam? Do you think anybody will pay out money to get a little imp like that back home?"

"Sure," said I. "A rowdy kid like

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52. **incontinently**, uncontrollably.

that is just the kind that parents dote on. Now you and the Chief get up and cook breakfast, while I go up on the top of this mountain and reconnoiter."

I went up on the peak of the little mountain and ran my eye over the contiguous vicinity. Over toward Summit I expected to see the sturdy yeomanry of the village armed with scythes and pitchforks beating the countryside for the dastardly kidnapers. But what I saw was a peaceful landscape dotted with one man plowing with a dun mule. Nobody was dragging the creek, no couriers dashed hither and yon, bringing tidings of no news to the distracted parents. There was a sylvan attitude of somnolent sleepiness pervading that section of the external outward surface of Alabama that lay exposed to my view. "Perhaps," says I to myself, "it has not yet been discovered that the wolves have borne away the tender lambkin from the fold. Heaven help the wolves!" says I, and I went down the mountain to breakfast.

When I got to the cave I found Bill backed up against the side of it, breathing hard, and the boy threatening to smash him with a rock half as big as a cocoanut.

"He put a red-hot boiled potato down my back," explained Bill, "and then mashed it with his foot; and I boxed his ears. Have you got a gun about you, Sam?"

I took the rock away from the boy and kind of patched up the argument. "I'll fix you," says the kid to Bill. "No man ever yet struck the Red Chief but what he got paid for it. You better beware!"

After breakfast the kid takes a piece of leather with strings wrapped around it out of his pocket and goes outside the cave unwinding it.

"What's he up to now?" says Bill, anxiously. "You don't think he'll run away, do you, Sam?"

"No fear of it," says I. "He don't seem to be much of a home body. But we've got to fix up some plan about the ransom. There don't seem to be much excitement around Summit on account of his disappearance; but maybe they haven't realized yet that he's gone. His folks may think he's spending the night with Aunt Jane or one of the neighbors. Anyhow, he'll be missed today. Tonight we must get a message to his father demanding the two thousand dollars for his return."

Just then we heard a kind a war whoop, such as David might have emitted when he knocked out the champion Goliath. It was a sling that Red Chief had pulled out of his pocket, and he was whirling it around his head.

I dodged, and heard a heavy thud and a kind of a sigh from Bill, like one a horse gives out when you take his saddle off. A niggerhead rock the size of an egg had caught Bill just behind his left ear. He loosened himself all over and fell in the fire across the frying pan of hot water for washing the dishes. I dragged him out and poured cold water on his head for half an hour.

By and by Bill sits up and feels behind his ear and says: "Sam, do you know who my favorite Biblical character is?"

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8. **contiguous** (kŏn-tĭg'ū-ŭs), adjoining.

68. **David.** See *I Samuel*, xvii.

"Take it easy," says I. "You'll come to your senses presently."

"King Herod," says he. "You won't go away and leave me here alone, will you, Sam?"

I went out and caught that boy and shook him until his freckles rattled.

"If you don't behave," says I, "I'll take you straight home. Now, are you going to be good, or not?"

"I was only funning," says he sullenly. "I didn't mean to hurt Old Hank. But what did he hit me for? I'll behave, Snake-eye, if you won't send me home, and if you'll let me play the Black Scout today."

"I don't know the game," says I. "That's for you and Mr. Bill to decide. He's your playmate for the day. I'm going away for a while, on business. Now, you come in and make friends with him and say you are sorry for hurting him, or home you go, at once."

I made him and Bill shake hands, and then I took Bill aside and told him I was going to Poplar Cove, a little village three miles from the cave, and find out what I could about how the kidnaping had been regarded in Summit. Also, I thought it best to send a peremptory letter to old man Dorset that day, demanding the ransom and dictating how it should be paid.

"You know, Sam," says Bill, "I've stood by you without batting an eye in earthquake, fire, and flood—in poker games, dynamite outrages, police raids, train robberies, and cyclones. I never lost my nerve yet till we kidnaped that two-legged skyrocket of a kid. He's got me going. You won't leave me long with him, will you, Sam?"

"I'll be back some time this afternoon," says I. "You must keep the boy amused and quiet till I return. And now we'll write the letter to old Dorset."

Bill and I got paper and pencil and worked on the letter while Red Chief, with a blanket wrapped around him, strutted up and down, guarding the mouth of the cave. Bill begged me tearfully to make the ransom fifteen hundred dollars instead of two thousand. "I ain't attempting," says he, "to decry the celebrated moral aspect of parental affection, but we're dealing with humans, and it ain't human for anybody to give up two thousand dollars for that forty-pound chunk of freckled wildcat. I'm willing to take a chance at fifteen hundred dollars. You can charge the difference up to me."

So, to relieve Bill, I acceded, and we collaborated a letter that ran this way:

"Ebenezer Dorset, Esq.:

"We have your boy concealed in a place far from Summit. It is useless for you or the most skillful detectives to attempt to find him. Absolutely the only terms on which you can have him restored to you are these: We demand fifteen hundred dollars in large bills for his return; the money to be left at midnight tonight at the same spot and in the same box as your reply —as hereinafter described. If you agree to these terms, send your answer in writing by a solitary messenger tonight at half-past eight o'clock. After crossing Owl Creek, on the road to Poplar Cove, there are three large trees about a hundred yards apart, close to the fence of the wheat field on the right-hand side. At the bottom of the fence post, opposite the third tree, will be found a small pasteboard box.

3. **King Herod**, who slew the children (*Matthew* ii, 16).

"The messenger will place the answer in this box and return immediately to Summit.

"If you attempt any treachery or fail to comply with our demand as stated, you will never see your boy again.

"If you pay the money as demanded, he will be returned to you safe and well within three hours. These terms are final, and if you do not accede to them, no further communication will be attempted.

"Two Desperate Men."

I addressed this letter to Dorset, and put it in my pocket. As I was about to start, the kid comes up to me and says:

"Aw, Snake-eye, you said I could play the Black Scout while you was gone."

"Play it, of course," says I. "Mr. Bill will play with you. What kind of a game is it?"

"I'm the Black Scout," says Red Chief, "and I have to ride to the stockade to warn the settlers that the Indians are coming. I'm tired of playing Indian myself. I want to be the Black Scout."

"All right," says I. "It sounds harmless to me. I guess Mr. Bill will help you foil the pesky savages."

"What am I to do?" asks Bill, looking at the kid suspiciously.

"You are the hoss," says Black Scout. "Get down on your hands and knees. How can I ride to the stockade without a hoss?"

"You'd better keep him interested," said I, "till we get the scheme going. Loosen up."

Bill gets down on his all fours, and a look comes in his eye like a rabbit's when you catch it in a trap.

"How far is it to the stockade, kid?" he asks, in a husky manner of voice.

"Ninety miles," says the Black Scout. "And you have to hump yourself to get there on time. Whoa, now!"

The Black Scout jumps on Bill's back and digs his heels in his side.

"For heaven's sake," says Bill, "hurry back, Sam, as soon as you can. I wish we hadn't made the ransom more than a thousand. Say, you quit kicking me, or I'll get up and warm you good."

I walked over to Poplar Cove and sat around the post office and store, talking with the chawbacons that come in to trade. One whiskerando says that he hears Summit is all upset on account of Elder Ebenezer Dorset's boy having been lost or stolen. That was all I wanted to know. I bought some smoking tobacco, referred casually to the price of black-eyed peas, posted my letter surreptitiously, and came away. The postmaster said the mail carrier would come by in an hour to take the mail on to Summit.

When I got back to the cave Bill and the boy were not to be found. I explored the vicinity of the cave, and risked a yodel or two, but there was no response.

So I lighted my pipe and sat down on a mossy bank to await developments.

In about half an hour I heard the bushes rustle, and Bill wabbled out into the little glade in front of the cave. Behind him was the kid, stepping softly like a scout, with a broad grin on his face. Bill stopped, took off his hat and wiped his face with a red handkerchief. The kid stopped about eight feet behind him.

"Sam," says Bill, "I suppose you'll

think I'm a renegade, but I couldn't help it. I'm a grown person with masculine proclivities and habits of self-defense, but there is a time when all systems of egotism and predominance fail. The boy is gone. I have sent him home. All is off. There was martyrs in old times," goes on Bill, "that suffered death rather than give up the particular graft they enjoyed. None of 'em ever was subjugated to such supernatural tortures as I have been. I tried to be faithful to our articles of depredation; but there came a limit."

"What's the trouble, Bill?" I asks.

"I was rode," says Bill, "the ninety miles to the stockade, not barring an inch. Then when the settlers was rescued, I was given oats. Sand ain't a palatable substitute. And then, for an hour I had to try to explain to him why there was nothin' in holes, how a road can run both ways, and what makes the grass green. I tell you, Sam, a human can only stand so much. I takes him by the neck of his clothes and drags him down the mountain. On the way he kicks my legs black-and-blue from the knees down; and I've got two or three bites on my thumb and hand cauterized."

"But he's gone,"—continues Bill—"gone home. I showed him the road to Summit and kicked him about eight feet nearer there at one kick. I'm sorry we lose the ransom; but it was either that or Bill Driscoll to the madhouse."

"Bill," says I, "there isn't any heart disease in your family, is there?"

"No," says Bill, "nothing chronic except malaria and accidents. Why?"

"Then you might turn around," says I, "and have a look behind you."

Bill turns and sees the boy, and loses his complexion and sits down plump on the ground and begins to pluck aimlessly at grass and little sticks. For an hour I was afraid for his mind. And then I told him that my scheme was to put the whole job through immediately and that we would get the ransom and be off with it by midnight if old Dorset fell in with our proposition. So Bill braced up enough to give the kid a weak sort of smile and a promise to play the Russian in a Japanese war with him as soon as he felt a little better.

I had a scheme for collecting that ransom without danger of being caught by counterplots that ought to commend itself to professional kidnapers. The tree under which the answer was to be left—and the money later on—was close to the road fence with big, bare fields on all sides. If a gang of constables should be watching for anyone to come for the note they could see him a long way off crossing the fields or in the road. But no, sirree! At half-past eight I was up in that tree as well hidden as a tree toad, waiting for the messenger to arrive.

Exactly on time, a half-grown boy rides up the road on a bicycle, locates the pasteboard box at the foot of the fence post, slips a folded piece of paper into it and pedals away again back toward Summit.

I waited an hour and then concluded the thing was square. I slid down the tree, got the note, slipped along the fence till I struck the woods, and was back at the cave in another half an hour. I opened the note, got near the lantern, and read it to Bill. It was

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14. **articles of depredation**, agreement in the kidnaping plot.

written with a pen in a crabbed hand, and the sum and substance of it was this:

"Two Desperate Men.

"Gentlemen: I received your letter today by post, in regard to the ransom you ask for the return of my son. I think you are a little high in your demands, and I hereby make you a counter-proposition, which I am inclined to believe you will accept. You bring Johnny home and pay me two hundred and fifty dollars in cash, and I agree to take him off your hands. You had better come at night, for the neighbors believe he is lost, and I couldn't be responsible for what they would do to anybody they saw bringing him back.

"Very respectfully,

"Ebenezer Dorset."

"Great pirates of Penzance!" says I, "of all the impudent—"

But I glanced at Bill, and hesitated. He had the most appealing look in his eyes I ever saw on the face of a dumb or a talking brute.

"Sam," says he, "what's two hundred and fifty dollars, after all? We've got the money. One more night of this kid will send me to a bed in Bedlam. Besides being a thorough gentleman, I think Mr. Dorset is a spendthrift for making us such a liberal offer. You ain't going to let the chance go, are you?"

"Tell you the truth, Bill," says I, "this little he ewe lamb has somewhat got on my nerves, too. We'll take him home, pay the ransom, and make our get-away."

We took him home that night. We got him to go by telling him that his father had bought a silver-mounted rifle and a pair of moccasins for him, and we were going to hunt bears the next day.

It was just twelve o'clock when we knocked at Ebenezer's front door. Just at the moment when I should have been abstracting the fifteen hundred dollars from the box under the tree, according to the original proposition, Bill was counting out two hundred and fifty dollars into Dorset's hand.

When the kid found out we were going to leave him at home he started up a howl like a calliope and fastened himself as tight as a leech to Bill's leg. His father peeled him away gradually, like a porous plaster.

"How long can you hold him?" asks Bill.

"I'm not as strong as I used to be," says old Dorset, "but I think I can promise you ten minutes."

"Enough," says Bill. "In ten minutes I shall cross the Central, Southern, and Middle Western States, and be legging it trippingly for the Canadian border."

And, as dark as it was, and as fat as Bill was, and as good a runner as I am, he was a good mile and a half out of Summit before I could catch up with him.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

William Sidney Porter (1862–1910), better known by his pen name, O. Henry, was born in Greensboro, North Carolina. His teacher was his aunt, who encouraged his love of stories and story-telling. As a boy he read widely and showed a natural gift for sketching. When a mere boy he went to Texas, where he spent two years on a sheep ranch. He became a reporter

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31. **Bedlam**, an insane asylum.

for the *Daily Post* of Houston, Texas, and later he wrote extensively for the leading magazines. In 1902 he went to New York City to live, and from that time he devoted himself almost exclusively to short-story writing. He holds a prominent place among the world's greatest short-story writers. His best known books are *The Four Million*, *Whirligigs*, and *Heart of the West*, protraying life in Texas. His stories are drawn from real situations and picture the various types found in ordinary American life.

"How Detective Juggins Found Mary Snyder" (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Seven*) has been chosen by Franklin K. Mathiews, Chief Scout Librarian of the Boy Scouts of America, as one of a collection of O. Henry stories selected for *Every Boy's Library*, Boy Scout Edition. In this story, as well as in "The Adventures of Shamrock Jolnes," another story in the same volume, the author makes fun of the marvelous feats of Sherlock Holmes, Conan Doyle's great detective.

O. Henry has been compared to Harun-al-Rashid, the caliph of Bagdad, who, in disguise, explored the city of Bagdad in search of adventure. O. Henry's Bagdad was New York, and he often "prowled about in curious corners, brushed up against curious individuals, and ferreted out curious secrets, curious heart mysteries, and curious little lights on the human machine—all of which subsequently found their way into his stories."

One of the most striking characteristics of O. Henry's stories is the surprise ending. One critic says, "The soul of his art is unexpectedness. Humor at every turn there is, and sentiment and philosophy and surprise. One never may be sure of himself. The end is always a sensation. No foresight may predict it, and the sensation is always genuine."

In 1918 the literary friends of O. Henry, in order to keep alive his service to the art of the short story, established a memorial to the author, consisting of an unusual Prize Short-Story Contest, the winner to receive a cash prize. A volume of stories selected from those submitted in this contest is issued each year under the title *O. Henry Memorial Award Prize Stories*.

Questions and Topics

1. O. Henry is recognized as one of the leading American humorists; what method did he use in developing the humor in this story? Find examples of comic exaggeration. Read aloud the most humorous bit of conversation.

2. What is the climax of the story? Can you think of an outcome that would furnish greater surprise than Dorset's counter-proposal? What is the outstanding characteristic of O. Henry's stories? (See Biographical Note.) What other stories have you read by this author? Did each one of O. Henry's stories you have read have a surprise ending?

3. Tell this story to some group outside of school who have not read it. Which do you think is the most humorous character in the story? Cite passages to support your choice.

4. Does the character Red Chief remind you of someone you have known or read about before? If so, tell the class about him. Show that "The Ransom of Red Chief" is a typical short story. (See Note, page 162.)

Library Reading. "How Detective Juggins Found Mary Snyder," O. Henry (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Seven*); "The Diamond of Kali," O. Henry (in *Sixes and Sevens*); "The Detective Detector," O. Henry (in *Waifs and Strays*).

THE BALLAD OF THE OYSTERMAN

Oliver Wendell Holmes

It was a tall young oysterman lived by
the riverside.
His shop was just upon the bank; his
boat was on the tide.
The daughter of a fisherman, that was
so straight and slim,
Lived over on the other bank, right
opposite to him.

It was the pensive oysterman that saw
a lovely maid 5

Upon a moonlight evening, a-sitting in
the shade;
He saw her wave a handkerchief, as
much as if to say,
"I'm wide awake, young oysterman,
and all the folks away."

Then up arose the oysterman, and to
himself said he,
"I guess I'll leave the skiff at home,
for fear that folks should see;
I read it in the story book, that, for
to kiss his dear,
Leander swam the Hellespont—and I
will swim this here."

And he has leaped into the waves, and
crossed the shining stream,
And he has clambered up the bank, all
in the moonlight gleam;
Oh, there are kisses sweet as dew, and
words as soft as rain—
But they have heard her father's steps,
and in he leaps again!

Out spoke the ancient fisherman: "Oh,
what was that, my daughter?"
"'Twas nothing but a pebble, sir, I
threw into the water."
"And what is that, pray tell me, love,
that paddles off so fast?"
"It's nothing but a porpoise, sir, that's
been a-swimming past."

Out spoke the ancient fisherman:
"Now bring me my harpoon!
I'll get into my fishing boat, and fix
the fellow soon."
Down fell the pretty innocent, as falls
a snow-white lamb;
Her hair drooped round her pallid
cheeks, like seaweed on a clam.

Alas for those two loving ones! she
waked not from her swound,
And he was taken with the cramp,
and in the waves was drowned;
But Fate has metamorphosed them,
in pity of their woe,
And now they keep an oyster shop for
mermaids down below.

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12. **Leander**, in Greek legend, the lover of Hero. He swam the Hellespont (Dardanelles) each night to visit her.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For Biography see page 397.

Questions and Topics

1. Is this a ballad? Give reasons for your answer. What is the purpose of a ballad? What is the poet's purpose in telling this story? Does Holmes expect you to believe it?

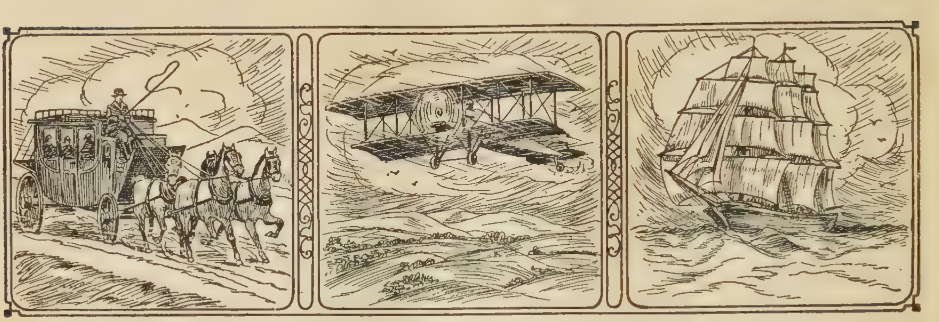
2. Tell the story of Leander and Hero. What expression used by the oysterman makes his resolve to swim across the river ludicrous instead of heroic?

3. To what does the poet compare the pale face of the girl with the hair falling around it? What comparison might he have made if he had wished to arouse your sympathy?

4. In this group you have read selections from three great American humorists; in which one are you most interested? Why? What have great humorists done for the world?

Library Reading. "Get Up and Bar the Door" (in *Junior High School Literature, Book Three*).

TRANSPORTATION AND COMMUNICATION



TRAVEL IN THE COLONIES

RUPERT SARGENT HOLLAND

The first white settlers in North America traveled overland as did the Indians, on their own feet. Through forests they made their trails, and over streams they improvised bridges of fallen trees. These paths were trodden by the heavy shoes of the colonists, widened by the passage of cattle going to and returning from pasture, and improved to permit the passage of carts and other vehicles. In New England these primitive roads were called in the court-records "trodden paths," and one of the earliest, that between Boston and Plymouth, was officially established by the General Court in 1669. Paths or roads were ordered to be built "between towns for horse and foot," and in this fashion settlements along the coast were linked with each other and with other towns as far west as Albany.

The settlers soon acquired horses, importing various breeds, and everyone who could afford it traveled astride. Dignitaries maintained private coaches and so did some wealthy people. A visitor to Boston in 1740 wrote: "There are several families in Boston that keep a coach and a pair of horses, and some few drive with four horses; but for chaises and saddle-horses, considering the bulk of the place, they outdo London. They have some nimble, lively horses for the coach, but not any of that beautiful black breed so common in London. Their saddle-horses all pace naturally, and are generally counted sure-footed; but they are not kept in that fine order as in England. The common draft-horses used in carts about town are very small and poor, and seldom have their fill of anything but labor. The country carts and wagons are generally drawn by oxen, from two to six according to the distance or the burden they are laden with."

Travel by horse was convenient for short journeys, but not for long distances nor for the transportation of goods. Commerce was carried on by water, and to facilitate this, most of the settlements were made on the coast or along the rivers. As the country developed, however, trade could not be dependent altogether on waterways, and for inland commerce it became customary, as in Europe, to employ pack horses.

These pack horses were driven along Indian trails through the wilderness. By such a primitive route General Braddock had to march his troops when he set out in 1755 on his expedition into western Pennsylvania. For his use the trail was widened to a wagon road, and this road became the favorite route for the pioneers who crossed the Allegheny Mountains and settled southwestern Pennsylvania and western Virginia.

Over this route, every autumn, trains of pack horses carried furs and hides to Baltimore and the eastern markets and received in exchange the iron and steel and various commodities desired by the pioneers. The pack horse system became a regular common-carrier business, and all the important towns along the road had their pack-horse companies.

On the track of the pack-horse trains came the Conestoga wagon. This famous vehicle, which played an important part in the history of America, had a body shaped like a boat with a curved bottom, which kept the freight in place regardless of how the wagon might tilt. The body was usually painted gray or blue, with red sideboards. At the side was a tool-chest, and under the rear axletree hung a tar-bucket and water-pail. The tires of the wheels were very broad, sometimes almost a foot wide. Over the body of the wagon arched six or eight bows, those in the middle being lower than those at the ends. These bows were covered with a strong hempen top that was corded tightly at the sides and ends of the wagon, which could be loaded with freight right up to the top. The wagons carried from four to six tons each, or about a ton of weight for each horse.

The Conestoga breed of horses were fine, powerful animals, admirably adapted to their work. Their harness was of the best leather, and frequently each horse except the saddle-horse wore a set of musical bells. Sometimes the driver walked alongside his team, sometimes he sat on the saddle-horse or on an adjustable seat called a lazy-board that hung at the wagon's side.

These Conestoga wagons were the great freight-carriers of pioneer days. There were three thousand at one time traveling back and forth between Philadelphia and western Pennsylvania towns. In the Revolution they rendered great service to the Continental army, and during the War of 1812 transported arms and supplies to the troops on the frontier. From Pennsylvania the use of the Conestoga spread to every section of the country, and under the new name of "prairie schooner" the Conestoga wagon carried the early tides of emigration across the plains and the Rocky Mountains to the Pacific Coast.

As roads improved, stagecoaches after the English fashion were introduced into the colonies. A "stage-chaise" ran between Salem and Boston in 1767, and a "stage-chariot" between Boston and Marblehead in 1772. The first line of stages between New York and Philadelphia took about three days to make the journey. This advertisement was carried in the *Weekly Mercury* of March 8, 1759:

"Philadelphia Stage Waggon and New York Stage Boat perform their stages twice a week. John Butler with his waggon sets out on Monday from his house at the sign of the 'Death of the Fox' in Strawberry Alley and

A CONESTOGA WAGON

drives the same day to Trenton Ferry, where Francis Holman meets him, and the passengers and goods being shifted into the waggon of Issac Fitzrandolph, he takes them to the New York Blazing Star to Jacob Fitzrandolph's the same day, where Rubin Fitzrandolph with a boat well suited will receive them and take them to New York that night; John Butler, returning to Philadelphia on Tuesday with the passengers and goods delivered to him by Francis Holman, will set out again for Trenton Ferry on Thursday, and Francis Holman, etc., will carry his passengers and goods with the same expedition as above to New York."

Among the most important of the early turnpikes was the one known as the National Road, which was first built from Cumberland to Wheeling and afterwards extended. This was a fine highway, and during one period there were four lines of stagecoaches employed on it, the National Line, Pioneer, Good Intent, and June Bug. It was over this road that the first mail-coach carrying United States mail traveled in August, 1818. The mail-coach left Wheeling at six in the morning and drove to Cumberland in twenty-four hours. Often as many as fourteen stagecoaches loaded with passengers started off together over this road.

After the Revolution a great many people moved West from New England, and in the winter of 1795 twelve hundred sleighs passed through Albany bound for the Genesee Valley. Other prospectors came on horseback, and among these were two young surveyors from Connecticut who noted the bad roads and heavy travel and set about constructing a turnpike. This turnpike first reached from Albany to Schenectady and was later continued to Utica; it was called the Mohawk Turnpike, and over it journeyed an immense volume of traffic; there was a tavern at every mile and sometimes a tavern would be stabling a hundred horses at a time.

Although there was so much traveling in the colonies and young republic there was little of that highway robbery that was so common in England. One reason for this is that while Englishmen persisted in carrying gold and bank notes Americans early adopted the habit of using drafts and bills of exchange. Plenty of rascals came out to the colonies, but few took to the career of highwaymen.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Rupert Sargent Holland (1878–), poet, historian, story-teller, lecturer, and lawyer, was born in Louisville, Kentucky. He received his education at Harvard and the University of Pennsylvania.

Writing has always been Holland's main ambition. He tells us that he quit practicing law and devoted himself entirely to his writing as soon as the financial returns were sufficient for his needs. Walter Scott was one of the boyhood heroes of Mr. Holland, and it occurred to him one day to write a story of the boyhood of his idol. This was so enthusiastically received by the boy and girl readers that the author wrote a book, *Boyhoods of Famous Men.* This book was soon followed by a volume called *Girlhoods of Famous Women.* These two books were the first of a series; of the others in the set, *Historic Inventions* has been the most popular and has been printed in Braille type for the use of the blind. *Historic Ships* is a book Mr. Holland says he very much enjoyed writing, as ships have always seemed to him "preëminently romantic and beautiful." *Historic Railroads* is a later book in the series.

Mr. Holland finds much enjoyment in his work as an author of exceptional historical stories for boys and girls. He tells us he "likes to set spurs to his horse and gallop away; for children love action, and the glamour and trappings of history."

King Arthur and Robin Hood were two of the chief boyhood heroes of this delightful story-writer, and they are still heroes and good friends to him. He believes that the friends a child makes in the pages of his books are among his greatest treasures, and that if an author supplies a boy or girl with a hero or heroine to be loved and admired he ought to enjoy the satisfaction that comes from doing a good turn to someone.

You will enjoy reading *Blackbeard's Island; The Boy Scouts of Snow-Shoe Lodge;* and *The Boy Scouts of Birch-Bark Island.*

Questions and Topics

1. How were the first roads built in America? What were these roads called by the General Court? What method of travel was used by the colonists in 1639?

2. Compare the horses used for travel in America in 1740 with those used in England at that time. How was commerce carried on? What brought about the use of the pack horse? What road was built in 1755? How did this increase commerce in that part of the country?

3. Describe the "Conestoga wagon." In what way has "this famous vehicle played an important part in the history of America"? Compare the time taken by stagecoach in 1772 between New York and Philadelphia with the time it now takes a railroad train to make the same journey.

4. Where and when did "the first mail coach carrying United States mail travel"? Tell about the westward movement following the Revolutionary War. Trace on your map the first turnpike in America. Account for the fact that there were few highwaymen in America in the early period of our history.

5. Trace the development of travel on foot in the colonies to the building of the first turnpike. Give as many reasons as you can for the rapid development of roads.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. The Pony Express. 2. Roman Roads. 3. "The First Railway across the Continent" (in *Lessons in Community and National Life*, Series C, Judd and Marshall). 4. The Prairie Schooner.

Library Reading. *Trails of the Pathfinders*, Grinnell; *Life on the Mississippi*, Twain; *Running the River*, Eggleston; *On the Overland Stage*, Sabin; *The Covered Wagon*, Hough; *The Old Boston Post Road*, Jenkins; *A History of Travel in America*, Dunbar; *On the Trail of the Pioneers*, Faris; *The Pony Express*, Gilpin; *The Boys' Book of Railroads*, Crump.

"LINDBERGH FLIES ALONE"

Alone?

Is he alone at whose right side rides Courage, with Skill within the cockpit and Faith upon the left? Does solitude surround the brave when Adventure leads the way and Ambition reads the dials? Is there no company with him for whom the air is cleft by Daring and the darkness is made light by Emprise?

True, the fragile bodies of his fellows do not weigh down his plane; true, the fretful minds of weaker men are lacking from his crowded cabin; but as his airship keeps her course he holds communion with those rarer spirits that inspire to intrepidity and by their sustaining potency give strength to arm, resource to mind, content to soul.

Alone? With what other companions would that man fly to whom the choice were given?

—Editorial, *New York Sun*

NEW YORK TO PARIS*

CHARLES A. LINDBERGH

On the morning of May nineteenth, a light rain was falling and the sky was overcast. Weather reports from land stations and ships along the great circle course were unfavorable, and there was apparently no prospect of taking off for several days at least. In the morning I visited the Wright plant at Paterson, New Jersey, and had planned to attend a theater performance in New York that evening. But about six o'clock I received a special report from the New York Weather Bureau. A high pressure area was over the entire North Atlantic, and the low pressure over Nova Scotia and Newfoundland was receding. The North Atlantic should be clear with only local storms on the coast of Europe. The moon had just passed full, and the percentage of days with fog over Newfoundland and the Grand Banks was increasing so that there seemed to be no advantage in waiting longer.

We went to Curtiss Field as quickly as possible and made arrangements for the barograph to be sealed and installed, and for the plane to be serviced and checked. We decided partially to fill the fuel tanks in the hangar before towing the ship on a truck to Roosevelt Field, which adjoins Curtiss on the east, where the servicing would be completed.

I left the responsibility for conditioning the plane in the hands of the men on the field, while I went into the hotel for about two and one-half hours of rest; but at the hotel there were several more details which had to be completed, and I was unable to get any sleep that night.

I returned to the field before daybreak on the morning of the twentieth. A light rain was falling, which continued until almost dawn; consequently we did not move the ship to Roosevelt Field until much later than we had planned, and the take-off was delayed from daybreak until nearly eight o'clock. At dawn the shower had passed, although the sky was overcast, and occasionally there would be some slight precipitation. About 7:40 the motor was started and at 7:52 I took off on the flight for Paris.

I turned slightly to the right to avoid some high trees on a hill directly ahead, but by the time I had gone a few hundred yards I had sufficient altitude to clear all obstructions. I

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took up a compass course at once and soon reached Long Island Sound, where the Curtiss *Oriole* with its photographer, which had been escorting me, turned back.

The haze soon cleared, and from Cape Cod through the southern half of Nova Scotia the weather and visibility were excellent. I was flying very low, sometimes as close as ten feet from the trees and water.

On the three-hundred-mile stretch of water between Cape Cod and Nova Scotia I passed within view of numerous fishing vessels. The northern part of Nova Scotia contained a number of storm areas, and several times I flew through cloudbursts.

I had taken up a course for St. Johns, which is south of the great Circle from New York to Paris, so that there would be no question of the fact that I had passed Newfoundland in case I was forced down in the north Atlantic. I passed over numerous icebergs after leaving St. Johns, but saw no ships except near the coast.

Darkness set in about 8:15 and a thin, low fog formed over the sea through which the white bergs showed up with surprising clearness. This fog became thicker and increased in height until within two hours I was just skimming the top of storm clouds at about ten thousand feet. Even at this altitude there was a thick haze, through which only the stars directly overhead could be seen.

There was no moon, and it was very dark. The tops of some of the storm clouds were several thousand feet above me and at one time, when I attempted to fly through one of the larger clouds, sleet started to collect on the plane; and I was forced to turn around and get back into clear air immediately, and then fly around any clouds which I could not get over.

The moon appeared on the horizon after about two hours of darkness; then the flying was much less complicated.

Dawn came about 1 A.M., New York time, and the temperature had risen until there was practically no remaining danger of sleet.

Shortly after sunrise the clouds became more broken, although some of them were far above me and it was often necessary to fly through them, navigating by instruments only. As the sun became higher, holes appeared in the fog. Through one the open water was visible, and I dropped down until less than a hundred feet above the waves. There was a strong wind blowing from the northwest, and the ocean was covered with white caps.

After a few miles of fairly clear weather the ceiling lowered to zero, and for nearly two hours I flew entirely blind through the fog at an altitude of about 1500 feet. Then the fog lifted, and the water was visible again.

On several more occasions it was necessary to fly by instrument for short periods; then the fog broke up into patches. These patches took on forms of every description. Numerous shore-lines appeared, with trees perfectly outlined against the horizon. In fact, the mirages were so natural that, had I not been in mid-Atlantic and known that no land existed along my route, I would have taken them to be actual islands.

As the fog cleared I dropped down closer to the water, sometimes flying within ten feet of the waves and seldom higher than two hundred.

There is a cushion of air close to the

ground or water through which a plane flies with less effort than when at a higher altitude, and for hours at a time I took advantage of this factor. Also, it was less difficult to determine the wind drift near the water. During the entire flight the wind was strong enough to produce whitecaps on the waves. When one of these formed, the foam would be blown off, showing the wind's direction and approximate velocity. This foam remained on the water long enough for me to obtain a general idea of my drift.

During the day I saw a number of porpoises and a few birds but no ships, although I understand that two different boats reported me passing over.

The first indication of my approach to the European coast was a small fishing boat which I first noticed a few miles ahead and slightly to the south of my course. There were several of these fishing boats grouped within a few miles of each other. I flew over the first boat without seeing any signs of life. As I circled over the second, however, a man's face appeared, looking out of the cabin window.

I have carried on short conversations with people on the ground by flying low with throttled engine, shouting a question, and receiving the answer by some signal. When I saw this fisherman I decided to try to get him to point toward land. Of course the attempt was useless, and I continued on my course.

Less than an hour later a rugged and semi-mountainous coastline appeared to the northeast. I was flying less than two hundred feet from the water when I sighted it. The shore was fairly distinct and not over ten or fifteen miles away. A light haze coupled with numerous local storm areas had prevented my seeing it from a long distance.

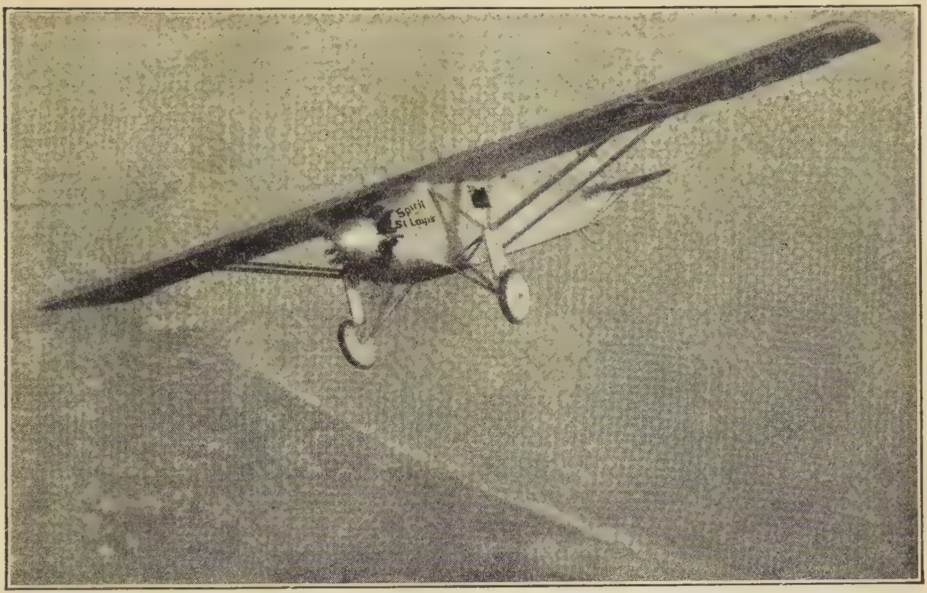
The coastline came down from the north, curved over toward the east. I had very little doubt that it was the southwestern end of Ireland, but in order to make sure I changed my course toward the nearest point of land. I located Cape Valentia and Dingle Bay, then resumed my compass course toward Paris.

After leaving Ireland I passed a number of steamers and was seldom out of sight of a ship. In a little over two hours the coast of England appeared. My course passed over southern England and a little south of Plymouth; then across the English Channel, striking France over Cherbourg. The visibility was good, and the country could be seen for miles around. The sun went down shortly after I passed Cherbourg, and soon the beacons along the Paris-London airway become visible.

I first saw the lights of Paris a little before ten P.M., or five P.M. New York time, and a few minutes later I was circling the Eiffel Tower at an altitude of about 4000 feet. The lights of Le Bourget were plainly visible, but appeared to be very close to Paris.

I had understood that the field was farther from the city, and so continued out to the northeast into the country for four or five miles to make sure that there was not another field farther out which might be Le Bourget. Then I returned and spiralled down closer to the lights. Presently I could make out long lines of hangars, and the roads appeared to be jammed with cars.

I flew low over the field once, then circled around into the wind and landed. After the plane stopped



Photograph by Underwood and Underwood

THE "SPIRIT OF ST. LOUIS"

rolling I turned it around and started to taxi back to the lights. The entire field ahead, however, was covered with thousands of people all running toward my ship.

I cut the switch to keep the propeller from killing someone, and attempted to organize an impromptu guard for the plane. The impossibility of any immediate organization became apparent, and when parts of the ship began to crack from the pressure of the multitude I decided to climb out of the cockpit in order to draw the crowd away.

Speaking was impossible; no words could be heard in the uproar, and nobody apparently cared to hear any. I started to climb out of the cockpit, but as soon as one foot appeared through the door I was dragged the rest of the way without assistance on my part. For nearly half an hour I was unable to touch the ground, during which time I was ardently carried around in what seemed to be a very small area, and in every position it is possible to be in. Everyone had the best of intentions but no one seemed to know just what they were.

The French military flyers very resourcefully took the situation in hand. A number of them mingled with the crowd; then, at a given signal, they placed my helmet on an American correspondent and cried: "Here is Lindbergh." That helmet on an American was sufficient evidence. The correspondent immediately became the center of attraction, and while he was being taken protestingly to the Reception Committee via a rather devious route, I managed to get inside one of the hangars.

Meanwhile a second group of soldiers and police had surrounded the plane and soon placed it out of danger in another hangar. The French ability to handle an unusual situation with speed and capability was remarkably demonstrated that night at Le Bourget.

Ambassador Herrick extended me an invitation to remain at his Embassy while I was in Paris, which I gladly accepted. But grateful as I was at the time, it did not take me long to realize that a kind Providence had placed me in Ambassador Herrick's hands. The ensuing days found me in situations that I had certainly never expected to be in and in which I relied on Ambassador Herrick's sympathetic aid.

These situations were brought about by the whole-hearted welcome to me—an American—that touched me beyond any point that any words can express. I left France with a debt of gratitude which, though I cannot repay it, I shall always remember. If the French people had been acclaiming their own gallant airmen, Nungesser and Coli, who were lost only after fearlessly departing in the face of conditions insurmountably greater than those that confronted me, their enthusiastic welcome and graciousness could not have been greater.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Charles A. Lindbergh (1902–   ), "The Lone Scout of the Sky," spent his boyhood years in Little Falls, Minnesota, where he was graduated from high school. He entered the University of Wisconsin to study mechanical engineering, but his interest in aviation led him, two years later, to an Army aviation school, from which he was graduated in 1925 as an airplane pilot. Shortly after, he became connected with the United States Mail Service, and carried the mail between St. Louis and Chicago. Lindbergh's flight from New York to Paris, May 20-21, 1927, commanded the acclaim and admiration of the whole world.

Questions and Topics

1. Contrast Lindbergh's flight across the Atlantic with the voyage of Columbus in 1492, noting as many points of difference as you can mention. Which of these heroic adventurers do you think faced the greater dangers? Give reasons.

2. Lindbergh flew alone; what, if anything, had this fact to do with the acclaim given his daring flight? You will enjoy reading aloud in class and discussing, "Lindbergh Flies Alone."

Library Reading. "Why the World Makes Lindbergh Its Hero," *The Literary Digest*, June 25, 1927; "The Making of an Air Pilot," Lindbergh (in *World's Work*, September, 1927); "To Bogota and Back by Air," Lindbergh (in *National Geographic Magazine*, May, 1928); "The Perils of Flying the Night Air Mail," Mingoes (in *World's Work*, August, 1927); *The Lone Scout of The Sky*, West.

A NARROW ESCAPE*

Richard E. Byrd

We warmed up the engines gradually and took our places in the plane. Lieutenant George O. Noville sat with his hand on the dump valve to release the gasoline in case we could not get off the ground or should a crash threaten at the end of the runway. Bernt Balchen, our young Norwegian relief pilot and mechanic, was working aft among the spare fuel.

We put the engines on full; the plane strained at its leash like a live thing. Tom Mulroy, our chief engineer on the North Pole voyage, knife in hand, stood ready to cut the rope that held the plane. The tug of the great engines suddenly broke the line, as I learned later, and we started a little sooner than we had expected. That was very bad. The engines were not warmed up as much as we had intended and it looked for some moments as if we might not get into the

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air before reaching the end of the runway. Bert Acosta at the wheel raised his hand to Noville to dump. It was a tense moment—everything hung in the balance. But just then the wheels left the ground and we set forth on the toughest air battle, I believe, that has ever taken place. I remember Balchen shouted with joy.

Slowly the great ship gained altitude with its tremendous load. This was a critical time because, should any one of the three engines stop or even falter until we could get an altitude of 400 or 500 feet, the dump valve would be of no value, and the plane would crash.

I made notes in my log and remarks in my diary, the same diary carried over the North Pole with me. I find this entry made a few minutes after leaving Roosevelt Field: "Altitude 300 feet, turning; after turn completed, altitude 400 feet." The *America* had climbed on a turn and was proving herself a very great plane.

With the engines roaring at maximum revolutions we went through the air at one hundred miles an hour. Naturally, for the same wing surface, it is necessary to fly faster with a heavy load than it is with a lighter one in order to keep in the air.

Slowly we climbed. Shortly afterwards I find the following note in my log: "Raining, fog, clouds low, standard compass 83½°, wind southwest on surface, drift 5° right, air speed one hundred miles an hour, altitude 3000 feet."

We had to change the course of the plane five degrees to the left to allow for this drift. I had been taking our speed from the ground and found that at our altitude of 3000 feet we were getting probably the maximum assistance from the winds.

The air navigator of the future, I believe, will select the shortest route through the air by flying at that altitude which yields the maximum assistance from the wind. We wanted to prove the truth of this theory. The wind changes, both in speed and direction, at various altitudes. Greater speed and quicker time can be obtained by taking advantage of this fact, as we proved on our way to Newfoundland.

The rain continued for several hours and the weather was slightly foggy; but these factors did not bother us to any extent.

When we reached Nova Scotia the weather became clear. The air was very bumpy and rough. But we expected that. We kept a sharp lookout for the plane of Nungesser and Coli, thinking it might have crashed on the rough land below. These two Frenchmen had heroically tried to fly from Paris to New York shortly before, and had never been heard from again. There were practically no landing places that I could see. At one time I thought I saw their big white plane beneath, but it was a curiously shaped, whitish rock.

The ground was covered with trees and rocks, and we passed over many small lakes. When we passed near Halifax, we were flying over beautiful white clouds, but the sun was bright above us. The shadow of the plane was etched on the clouds, and around it was a rainbow. Here was an omen of good luck, following us on the white clouds beneath, at the rate of one hundred miles an hour.

When we reached Newfoundland we found everything covered with fog. We had not expected such a tough break. Then for 2000 miles we saw nothing beneath us, and it looked as if we would reach Europe without seeing the ocean, and we almost did it. I hope no other pilots have that experience. It is not a very pleasant one.

There would be no chance to take a departure from St. John's and thus be entirely certain of our position before striking out over the ocean. We would have to fly "blind" for many miles over the land before hitting the water.

At 2 P.M. all the gasoline cans had been emptied and I asked Noville for a check on the gasoline consumption. This check showed that it had been greater than we had anticipated and I gave instructions to "lean" the mixture and to cut down the revolutions as much as possible. We had been going with almost a full throttle on account of the heavy load.

When we met fog, it was, we thought, advisable to fight our way above it, and so in climbing with our heavy load, we again had to run the engines at full speed. Slowly we got altitude, and at 5:50 P.M. we found ourselves about a mile high, but in fog most of the time, and the plane was drenched. It would grow colder as night drew on and we would have to watch the temperature carefully, because, within fifteen minutes, a plane so drenched could be precipitated into the ocean should the water freeze on the propeller and wings.

Finally we came to a point where we calculated that St. John's was beneath us, but we could barely see the tips of the wings, so dense was the fog. Little did we think, as we went into the fog, how many hours would pass before we could see the land or the sea. After we had left the land some hours behind, I again asked Noville for his gasoline consumption. I told him to be conservative. His figures indicated that it was much greater than we had expected. One reason for this, I thought, was our struggle in attempting to get above the clouds and fog. This had caused us to run the motors much faster than we had intended.

I made some careful calculations and showed Noville—in writing, of course, because the roar of the three engines prevented conversation—that, at that rate, with the slightest winds against us, we would drop into the sea from lack of fuel before reaching Europe.

I told him that I was responsible for the lives of all on board and that, regardless of my feelings, I wanted to know how they felt about turning back. He promptly answered that he knew of no landing place between Newfoundland and the States, except St. John's, that was now covered with fog, and that, therefore, it was just as safe to go ahead as to go back. I was glad he felt that way, because I did not wish to retreat. We didn't mention our predicament to Acosta and Balchen—they had enough troubles of their own.

Here it was that we staked our lives on our theory that if we flew at the proper altitude we should have favoring winds. If I were wrong, then we should fall into the sea and be lost before making a landfall on the other side.

I had studied thoroughly the velocity and directions of winds over the Atlantic. So far as I could learn, no reliable data had been procured upon the winds' strength at high altitudes, but several meteorologists of the Weather Bureau, as well as I, believed that a plane could fly high enough to get strong winds from the west, even though there might at the same time be easterly winds on the surface.

So whenever any of us took the wheel we flew as high as possible. If we could have the winds with us, we should easily make Europe; if not, we should fall far short of it, if Noville's estimate of the gasoline on hand was correct. I also knew, from Dr. Kimball's weather map, which I had spread before me on the chart board, that I now was flying at first on the southern side of the storm area and later would be flying on the northern side of a high-pressure area.

We were now flying nearly two miles high. Above the ocean at night, bitterly cold, lost in storm clouds, so dark that we couldn't see our hands before our faces! It was not the pleasantest situation in the world.

I find notations made hour after hour in my log, as follows: "It is impossible to navigate."

Our safety depended upon winds behind us. It was a strain, I must admit. Only an aviator knows what it means to fly 2000 miles without seeing the ground or water beneath. I doubt whether any other plane had ever flown blindly for half that time.

One notation in the log stated: "Ice is forming on the plane." We were at a dangerous temperature. That was to be expected, flying two miles high in fog, because the temperature decreases considerably with altitude. I passed a note to Acosta warning him to make every effort to get out of the clouds, which he very soon did.

Acosta and Balchen deserve great credit for their fine work during this critical period.

Several times I took my turn at the wheel and realized what a strain Acosta and Balchen must have been under, steering for hours entirely by instrument.

Our night lights worked well. We also had powerful flash lights. We did not use the latter very much, because every time we flashed them we were blinded.

I had left behind my rather heavy thermos bottle of tea, but during the night Noville gave me some of his coffee. It was only lukewarm, but it tasted good. We had plenty of drinking water. I ate a little roast chicken, but did not want to eat too much, because I knew it would be necessary to keep awake.

On one occasion in a thick cloud the plane got temporarily out of control. We must have been going downward at a terrific rate, judging from the roaring of the engines. Balchen, with great skill, finally steadied the ship again on her course.

I note in our record that I sent the following radio at 6.50 P.M. on June 30: "We have seen neither land nor sea since three o'clock yesterday. Everything completely covered with fog. Whatever happens I take my hat off to these great fellows."

In those minutes between twilight and dusk we reached sufficient altitude to skim the tops of the clouds, and the spectacle was extraordinary. On the side of the sun, which, of course, was far below the cloud horizon, the clouds took on weird shapes and colors, but on the other side they were ominous and gloomy. During the day we had some terrifying views; there were fog valleys, dark and sinister, hundreds of feet beneath us. At times distant cloud peaks took on shapes and colors of rugged Arctic land and mountains.

I had another bad time when I discovered a leak near the bottom of one of the main gasoline tanks. We had provided against such an emergency by bringing along some of a patent putty-like substance. This nearly stopped the leak but a little of the precious fuel kept dribbling out. Along toward morning the leak stopped of its own accord. This I told myself could mean but one thing: that the fuel had got down to the leak. This meant further that we had only fuel in the four wing tanks. It checked up with what Noville had told me about over-consumption of gas, and confirmed the disagreeable fact that we should never reach the other side. I could have been saved much anxiety had I only known that the leak was somehow stopped from inside the tank after all, and that the tank was far from empty at the time.

From a study of the weather maps I concluded we were being drifted to the south.

From time to time we sent and received radio messages and it seemed miraculous that, flying two miles above the ocean, hidden in dense clouds, we could get messages from safe, comfortable places.

At one time Noville reported he had a message from a steamer somewhere beneath us, and our signals were so clear that we must have been very near it. We were in dense fog at the time. He asked for conditions of weather at the surface, and the ship reported fog. We got its position and a radio bearing. This showed we were on a certain line and indicated we had been right in judging that the wind had drifted us to the south.

A little later we had the position of another ship, the S. S. *Paris*, and this information put us somewhere on another line. Where the two lines intersected was our exact position. We were certain then that we had been drifted to the south; so instead of bucking winds to go to Ireland, we set our course directly for Finisterre, France. Indeed, by allowing ourselves to go with the wind we had made better speed toward our objective. I could now, however, allow for the wind to a nicety and knew exactly where we would hit land, although we were still several hundred miles away.

We must give Noville credit for this radio information. It was a remarkable feat and another triumph of science at which to marvel. Surely our whole flight was worth while, to demonstrate this one thing alone which we had been anxious to prove.

Our position indicated that we had been assisted by the wind about thirty miles an hour all the way from Newfoundland. We had made splendid speed.

I wanted to find out the worst about the gasoline, and so asked Noville for an exact estimate. He came to me in a few minutes and wrote: "I made a mistake in the first estimate. We have enough gasoline to fly to Rome."

"Wish I had known that eighteen hours ago," I wrote back.

The error was caused I think by the fact that the tail of the plane was somewhat down on account of the weight and the gasoline gauge did not register accurately.

Not long after that in the afternoon of the second day, we came out of the thick, solid cloud layers into broken cloud fields and we could see the water beneath us. Though it was fairly rough it was a most welcome sight. We could see it only every now and then, but that was enough to allow me to get my drift and to verify the fact that the wind was blowing from the northwest.

What a great contrast was our situation now compared to what it appeared to be a few hours earlier! We could get glimpses of the sun and water; by our navigation we now knew exactly where we were; there was enough gasoline to get to Rome, and all engines were hitting perfectly. When I squeezed up into the pilot's compartment to take a turn at the wheel, I could tell from the faces of my shipmates that they were much relieved.

Soon we were getting many radio signals. They began to increase rapidly in number, and Noville reported to me that he thought the whole of Europe was calling us.

We hit land about the time and at the place we calculated, and I am sure France never looked so beautiful to any one of us before. We passed over Brest and set our course for Paris.

We had flown nearly a whole day without seeing land. Since one's processes seem to quicken when flying, the period seemed more like two days.

We had fairly good weather, now, but it looked thick ahead. I asked Noville to radio to Paris to find out the condition of the weather there. It was reported thick fog and squally. Another battle was before us. The worst that we had anticipated—fog at our destination—had happened.

In a way we welcomed the fight ahead. Here would be another test of aviation, and I felt we could conquer the elements with the gasoline we had left. We probably could have flown to Rome on the edge of the storm area and set the world on fire with this long distance record, but that would not have been "carrying the message to Garcia."

We were able to locate accurately our position by the cities beneath us and the coastline to the left. But before long darkness began to descend, and with it came thick, rainy, and ominous weather. Soon we got only occasional glimpses of the lights of the towns, and the thick, low-lying fogs or clouds drenched the plane, and again we were tossed about in the blackness without being able to see our hands before our faces.

It was so inky dark that every time we put on the flash light to give an order it blinded us temporarily, so that we could only dimly see the luminous instrument board. However, the personnel and the many mechanisms of the plane continued to function efficiently, and I had every confidence of hitting Paris. If we hit Finisterre after almost 2000 miles of blind flying, I thought we certainly ought to be able to reach Paris, a few hundred miles off.

We were using the earth-induction compass, and it had been excellent to steer by, better than the ordinary magnetic compass. The pilot had before him the pointer of the earth-induction compass, which was supposed to synchronize with a pointer in the navigator's compartment. A number of times I found my pointer considerably off and at first I blamed it on the pilot, but found that one of the pointers apparently was sticky.

We would tap the dial, and by checking with the standard compass we always managed to get on the course again.

I always take two or three compasses on an important trip to check for accuracy. In spite of a few minor mechanical difficulties, the earth-induction compass undoubtedly is the aviation compass of the future.

About the time we expected to hit Paris we got temporarily out of the thick weather. I saw bright lights ahead and a revolving light which I took to be Le Bourget. Our dead reckoning showed us to be just about at Paris.

Our troubles seemed at an end. It was a relief. I wrote out the following radio for Mr. Wanamaker: "Paris is in sight. It has been a great trip. I wish to tell you with enthusiasm that Noville, Acosta, and Balchen have faced grave dangers with the greatest possible courage and calmness. They have been wonderful, and we all send our best wishes to you."

That radio was never to be sent. I looked down and saw the revolving light flash for an instant on water. It was a lighthouse. I knew there was no ocean lighthouse near Paris. We were somewhere on the coast of France! I was astonished very greatly indeed.

The compass had gone wrong—had taken us in a great circle. By the flares of our flash lights, I conferred on paper with the pilots and concluded that we had made a circle to the left. There had either been some local affection of the compass in the plane, or the pilot's dial had stuck badly. The only way to get on again would be to lay some course and check up the compasses.

We tapped the dials, checked them with the extra standard compass we carried, and got them O.K. Again we set out for Paris and again were tossed about in the storm and darkness. It was raining very hard on the coast and visibility was bad. It was much stormier inland. We afterwards found that the center of the storm was over Paris. I watched the course carefully after that and checked compasses every few minutes. I knew we were heading toward Paris. The inky darkness was broken occasionally by the flashes of our lights as we needed them temporarily, and the fire from the engine exhaust pipes. The rough air made it a little difficult to steer, especially in the darkness, but we kept a pretty good general course.

Then arose the necessity of watching the gasoline very carefully, for a forced landing in the darkness would not only have meant certain disaster for us, but also for some of those perchance beneath us.

Finally, our dead reckoning showed us to be at Paris, but we could see nothing—nothing beneath us—nothing but the luminous lights of our steering instruments. We had got to the point beyond which, if we had continued, we could not have returned to the coastal waters, on account of the diminished gasoline. We knew that we would need a few gallons of reserve in order to cruise around for a landing place that we might not even then find. I believe at the moment we turned we were near Paris; our motors were heard by many people at Le Bourget through a sound intensifier, but I could not flirt any more with the lives of my shipmates.

The French trans-Atlantic flyer

Lebrix twice said during speeches at his reception in New York, on February 15 and 16, 1928, that he and all the French aviators waiting for us at Le Bourget agreed that not only should we not have been able to land on account of the very thick weather but that we should have surely killed people had we attempted it.

In a flash it came to me that the compass needle taking us in a great circle right up to that lighthouse was an act of Providence. A decision had to be made. My big job now was to try not to kill anyone beneath us and to save my shipmates. The only thing to do was to turn back to water. It would probably be difficult for the laymen to visualize our predicament, tossed around in the inky darkness of the storm, drenched by rain.

I doubt if anyone could realize the strain of this part of the flight. We had no assurance that the plane could be landed safely on the water, but there was no chance of a safe landing on the land where we could see nothing.

Thus the decision to turn back did not carry safety with it. It meant that even should we find water we could not be certain of landing without disaster, because I never heard of anyone landing in the water when it was pitch dark and when the water could not be seen. We could not even be certain of landing a great plane like ours safely in the water in the daytime.

So, when we turned, we faced uncertainty ahead, but there was nothing else we could do under the circumstances that would give us any chance whatever to save the lives of the crew and to avoid endangering the people beneath us.

We set a course for the lighthouse we had seen. The wind might blow us off a bit in the darkness, but if the fog were not too thick there, we were confident of hitting it, provided we were where we thought we were while over Paris. Much of the way we could see nothing beneath us, and we were flying so low that Noville had to pull in the antenna of his wireless to prevent it from hitting objects on the ground. Finally, when I thought we were near the lighthouse, I asked Balchen to get down lower. He was afraid of running into something but we had to take the risk. We emerged from the mists, and there was the lighthouse ahead of us. That shows, again, I think, that we had not been lost—that we had been at Paris.

We cruised over it slowly, but in spite of the light the area around it was black, and we could only guess its topography. We could find no landing place. We had hoped there would be a beach and had written out a message on a weighted streamer asking the people to clear the beach and make some kind of light for our landing.

We then flew over the lighthouse and, by the quick flash of the revolving beacon, we could tell that we were over water and dimly distinguish the shore line. We could not discern the character of the beach. It was still raining and dismally thick.

I wrote a note to my shipmates, which I passed around with the flashlight which read: "Stand by to land." I knew there would be a hard bump.

We decided to land near enough to the beach line to swim ashore, if necessary, and to salvage the plane, if it were not too badly wrecked. At the same time we had to be far enough away to miss any rocks, should the beach be rocky. That, of course, we could not tell.

We had some navigation flares with us which ignite upon striking the water and give a light for a few minutes. We carried these to sight on at night, when over the ocean, to get the drift caused by the wind and to use in case of a forced landing. I had thrown half of them overboard to rid us of the weight, but had saved enough for such an emergency as this.

We now dropped a number of flares as nearly in a line as we could, about a hundred yards from the beach line. They all ignited, and although they made a light in a pool of blackness, we hoped we would be able to judge the distance of the plane above the water as we descended. Of course, if we could not judge it, we should go into the water at flying speed, which would smash everything badly, since water does not give much when hit hard.

Those hours in the black storm had not been pleasant. I felt myself entirely responsible for the lives of my shipmates. I don't believe they thought there was much chance of getting down safely, but still they faced gallantly, with steady courage, whatever fate lay ahead. In a few moments the story would be ended, but to the last they calmly obeyed orders.

The gasoline was running low; we must not wait for it to give out and be forced to land. Balchen happened to be at the wheel. I gave the orders to land.

We were landing with the plane in control and the engines functioning perfectly. At that moment, in spite of our danger, I marveled at the three engines that for forty-two hours had made some 1500 revolutions a minute without missing a beat. I thought of the Wright Aeronautical Corporation, that made the engines, and of my friend, Charles Lawrance, who had designed them.

Bennett and I had often wondered what would happen to a great three-engine plane landing in the water. Everyone thought the plane would turn over. Some thought the flyers would get hurt. Others thought not. Anyhow we were about to find out. Only we had the added difficulty of landing at night.

As we neared the water we could not see it; only the flares ahead of us and beneath us. The wheels touched, and though the landing gear is secured to the plane with a tremendous factor of safety, it was sheared off, along with the wheels, with hardly a jar of the plane, as though a great knife had cut it, thus demonstrating the tremendous resistance of water when hit by a rapidly moving object. No one had predicted that.

It seemed just a second after that the crash came. I suppose I was dazed a little. I know I got a stiff blow over the heart that made it beat irregularly for many months afterward. I found myself in the water outside swimming around in pitchy dark and rain. I could hear Noville calling for me, but not another sound in the extraordinary stillness, which contrasted so vividly with the roar of the great motors which had been pounding on our eardrums for forty-two hours like tom-toms of Hades.

The plane instantly filled with water. Noville was getting out of the window. I yelled at him that I was unharmed and asked him how he was, but he did not answer—just kept on yelling for me. I was a little worried about him, but I knew that he could not have been badly hurt. Hearing nothing from Balchen and Acosta and worried beyond measure about them, I swam to where they had been; the cockpit, of course, was under water. I yelled as loud as I could but got no answer.

I found Balchen slightly caught under water and trying to extricate himself. When he got clear I asked him how he felt. He didn't answer but asked me how I felt. He talked a blue streak but didn't talk to me. I couldn't make it out exactly but concluded that he, too, was somewhat dazed.

Thinking that Acosta must have been caught under water in the cockpit, we dived down, but he was not there. I yelled for him, but there was no answer. A moment later he appeared, apparently from nowhere, swimming toward the wing, the leading edge of which was now down to the water. He must have been swimming around out there somewhere in the darkness all the time.

I asked Acosta the same question I had asked the others, but he too didn't answer—asked me how I felt. Bert also talked a blue streak but not to either one of us. In the course of his talking I found he had broken his collar-bone.

It was a weird sensation to have three shipmates there in the dark who would not talk to me or each other, but it was the most thankful moment of my life to find them still "kicking." The very worst thing we had anticipated had happened, and we had come through.

With grunts and groans we dragged ourselves upon the wing. The wing was down in the water by that time. So it must have happened with all the land planes that landed in the ocean that summer.

Noville, still functioning perfectly, was carrying out his orders given before leaving the States, which were to rip open the emergency cabin in case of landing in the water and pump up the rubber boat. He was at his job, although he could hardly stand up and was falling every minute or two.

It had been with considerable difficulty that all hands got on top of the wing. I then found that the reason I could not get any answer from them was that the three engines roaring for forty-two hours over their heads had temporarily deafened them. As I had used ear protectors my hearing was normal. No plane had ever flown that long for a distant objective, though endurance tests, where the engine would not have to be run so fast, of course, had been longer.

The great question was solved at last. We could land without seriously injuring the personnel. The plane did not turn over, as many thought it would, and we had placed the emergency compartment in about the only situation in the ship where we could get at our rubber boat and other emergency supplies when landing in the water.

My next thought was one of great admiration for Balchen's landing. My mind turned to Norway, which had produced this kind of soul, cool and courageous in emergency.

We were stiff and bruised, tired and

watersoaked, and it was with some difficulty that we pumped up the rubber boat. As the wing was almost flush with the water there was no difficulty in launching it.

We placed our most precious cargo, which included a piece of the original American Flag, in a compartment we had made in the great wing; this we thought was the safest place. After finding the things in there were only slightly wet, we shipped oars in the rubber boat, and wearily made for the shore in the dark.

We were a mile from the village. Even after we reached it we spent much time going from house to house trying to arouse someone. But there were fences with locked gates around these houses, and we were unsuccessful. Suddenly a boy on a bicycle passed us. We tried to stop him, but he took one look at us and kept on going. Wet and bedraggled, we certainly were not prepossessing.

Finally, we found the lighthouse keeper and his wife up in the lighthouse tower but they wouldn't come down. Noville could talk French but was deaf. My French wasn't much and seemed to add to their idea that we were a gang of roughnecks under the weather. But when at last they realized that we had landed at Ver-sur-Mer, having come all the way from America, their astonishment and excitement were intense.

Here began an experience with the people of France which was so remarkable that words fail me in describing it.

Balchen and I left Acosta and Noville there while we went back to the *America* to get the United States mail and to salvage what we could of our precious records. In the meantime the tide had been going out rapidly, and when we reached the plane it was nearly high and dry. Some of the villagers appeared and helped us carry our records and a few other belongings up to the village. So long as we live we can never forget the kindness of the people of Ver-sur-Mer, and before leaving France we motored back there to tell them "good-by."

The wild scenes of joy and welcome which we received wherever we went in France are far beyond my power to describe. When we arrived at Paris, it was a long time before we could get away from the station. The entire city seemed to have turned out to welcome us. The people were mad with joy at our escape, though yet mourning the loss of their own beloved airmen.

The glass in one of our automobiles was broken, and the machine in which I was riding was almost upset several times by the crowds that surged against it. Some of the people must have been crushed and injured, but they did not seem to mind. We could not start the automobile engines, but were simply shoved along by the crowd. My good friend, Herbert Adams Gibbons, finally rescued us and helped us through the balance of our exciting stay in France.

It seemed to us that if everyone in France had been our blood-relatives we could not have received a more joyous welcome. If the reader thinks I exaggerate he has only to make a non-stop flight to France to find out the truth.

From the greatest statesmen down to their humblest citizens, we received warm expressions of admiration and friendship, but their words were not necessary to show us how they felt.

The expressions on their faces were more eloquent than any words could have been. France gave us her very best. We were made citizens of three French cities. It would take a book to tell all they did for us.

There can be no doubt about the deep friendship of France for the people of this country. I vowed at the time to bring this fact back home. Since my return I have spoken of it publicly in more than half a hundred leading cities in the United States. The response my word has received has convinced me that France's friendship is fully reciprocated.

France saw in us, from the moment of our great welcome, the embodiment and the spirit of America, and it was that for which they poured out their friendship and affection. They were saluting the Stars and Stripes which we for the moment carried.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Commander Richard E. Byrd (1888-), naval officer and aviator, is noted for high adventure. At the age of twelve he made a trip around the world alone. After he was graduated from the Naval Academy, Byrd distinguished himself by notable service with the United States battleship fleet. He thrilled the world by his North Pole flight and by his flight from New York to France. Byrd tells of his various flights in *Skyward*, from which this selection is taken.

Questions and Topics

1. Compare Byrd's transatlantic flight with that of Lindbergh's, noting likeness of storm conditions and fog. Account for the fact that Byrd flew the *America* at a high altitude for the most part.

2. Why did the *America* not reach Paris? Describe the landing of the airplane. How were the flyers received by the French people?

Library Reading. "The Coming Age in Aviation," Byrd (in *World's Work*, October 1927); "Why I Am Going to the South Pole," Byrd (*World's Work*, December, 1927).

AIR PIONEERING IN THE ARCTIC*

Lincoln Ellsworth

It is fortunate that in the quest of the explorer romance joins with reality and that great adventure is found often to contribute to the welfare of mankind. It is strange how often big ambitions of life find realization from very small happenings. A chance acquaintance, an item in a newspaper, may prove to have been turning-points in life if you take the trouble to trace things back to their beginnings. Take my own case. I am certain I never should have gone to the Arctic had I not seen a small news-item buried inside one of our dailies, telling of Captain Amundsen's arrival in America on a lecture tour. This was in October, 1924. I was all packed ready to start for South America; in fact, I had my ticket bought—but the result of a chance meeting changed my plans and instead of South America I went to the North Pole.

To those of us who participated in both adventures—North to 88° by airplane, and the first crossing of the Polar Sea by dirigible; the first, of course, will always be remembered as the greatest, both because it was the first successful penetration of the Arctic via air and because so miraculous seemed the numerous escapes from destruction that it prompted the Bishop of Arizona to say to me,

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*From *Boys' Life*, published by the Boy Scouts of America. Reprinted by permission.

“Someone, surely, must have been watching over you.”

Yes, I have no doubt in my mind that such was the case. Just listen to them in the order they occurred. But first the purpose of our flight with two airplanes must be made clear; neither Amundsen nor myself was interested in reaching the North Pole, because Perry had already been there. But beyond—lay what? Mystery—a mystery as luminous and yet as impenetrable as its own mirage, enveloped an area twice the size of Alaska. But in order to cover this immense area it would be necessary to land at the Pole, to refuel one plane from the other which we intended to abandon, so that we might reach Alaska, 1500 miles away.

We purposely chose five o’clock on the evening of May 21 for our start, so that the sun, which never sets at this time of year in that latitude, would be dead ahead in its circuit of the heavens, for we wanted a clear image unobstructed by the wings of the planes in order to hold our course by the sun-compass and at the same time secure sextant observations for latitude upon nearing the Pole.

As we had no idea upon what we were going to land, only faith that we would land safely on something, our two all-metal Dornier Wal planes were equipped for landing either in water or on ice.

As we ran smoothly over the ice of King’s Bay for a mile in our take-off, little did we realize with what good luck fortune favored us, for the following year when we again returned to Spitzbergen for our dirigible flight, although the same time of year, lo and behold! instead of smooth ice, the harbor was nothing but a mass of upturned ice-blocks and open water. As the total weight of each plane with its load was six tons, we never could have taken off from land.

Everyone was skeptical about our being able to “take the air.” Even the designer of our planes, who accompanied us to Spitzbergen, said that the attempt would be suicidal, and that he would assume no responsibility whatsoever. We attempted no trial flight before starting, fearful of some mishap; the control wires were stiff, we had an overload of 800 pounds apiece, and because of its weight and cost carried no radio equipment. Although the rivets in the bottom of my plane were torn loose in sliding down the steep bank on to the harbor-ice, for the take-off, which later was to cause her loss, and although we nearly met catastrophe by running into King’s Bay Glacier, we did get off, telling the people that if we returned in three hours to consider it as our trial flight, but if we didn’t then they would know we were on the way to the Pole.

They were not informed of our plan to continue on from the Pole, and so, instead of sixteen hours, when they expected our return, we gave them twenty-five days in which to think it over. And what a twenty-five days it was! Our trouble began when our trial flight should have ended—three hours after leaving King’s Bay—when my mechanic, Omdal, passed a slip of paper to Dietrichson the pilot, telling him that the rear engine was hot; but there was no turning back now, although ever since leaving land we were being heavily drifted to the westward by a strong northeast wind.

Amundsen describes the flight as “Just like jumping blindfolded into the Universe.” There we sat, he in the navigating cock-pit of one plane and I in the other, with nothing separating us from Eternity, so it seemed, but the thin metal bow in front. Behind sat the pilot, so far away, it seemed, as to give me a feeling of utter loneliness, and I seemed to be floating alone through the void like a lost soul, beyond the confines of a three-dimensional world. The 640 H.P. Rolls Royce motors above us roared defiance to the mystery and desolation that surrounded us and broke, for the first time, the silence, since the birth of this weird, strange world. With every hour that passed we were speeding seventy-five miles farther into the unknown.

Through rifts in the fog, which rolled beneath us like a great billowy ocean, we could see what lay beneath us. First we crossed a great stretch of open sea, then on over an area of loosely floating ice-cakes—the broken fringe of the frozen Polar Sea, and on until, finally, as if by magic, the fog lifted to reveal to our astonished gaze the great "Polar-pack" in all its glory, and we looked down in wonder and amazement upon the most spectacular panorama of snow and ice ever beheld by the eyes of man. It seemed to me almost as though it were a sacrilege to intrude for the first time upon this serenely beautiful world, and as I gazed down upon it I mutely hoped that it might never be desecrated by the foot of man; but that also is an affair of the spirit.

Eight hours had passed, and although it was thirteen degrees below freezing, still we didn't feel the cold. Directly ahead the sun, glowing a dull red, hung like an inanimate thing in a murky sky without cheer and without warmth. Could this be the North Pole? Yes, it must surely be, for I saw Amundsen's plane, which was ahead, descend and start to circle, and I knew he was looking for a landing, but, where among that chaos of "pressure-ridges" and upturned ice-blocks which looked as though some prehistoric giant had tried to wage war against the Polar Ice? Surely not into those narrow streaks and little lagoons of open water that nestled amongst the upturned ice and showing so dark green in contrast to the surrounding white?

Fortune was kind to us in our take-off from Spitzbergen. Here again is where it favored us. While we had flown six hundred miles, the exact distance of the Pole from Spitzbergen, our heavy drift to the westward of the meridian we should have followed made our "dead reckoning" longitude uncertain, and as we had been unable to obtain an observation for latitude, because of the foggy horizon, it behooved us to land somehow, in order to find out where we were. Here is where the miraculous came in. Both my own and Amundsen's mechanic had just reported the fuel supply half-consumed. Below us lay the first open water, big enough for a plane to land in, that we had seen in our whole six hundred mile journey northward. Surely fortune was kind to us.

Upon landing we found ourselves to be in latitude 87° 44′ N. and longitude 10° 20′ W. Thus our drift of fifty miles off from our course, which means a great loss of longitude at that latitude because of the convergence of the meridians at the Pole, was responsible for the loss in latitude and the fuel necessary to carry us to the Pole.

After emptying our bags we began to wonder where Amundsen was. While Omdal kept at his bailing, Dietrichson and I climbed up on all the high ridges and ice-cakes we could find to scan the horizon with our glasses, but no Amundsen. "He must have gone on to the Pole," remarked Dietrichson. "No," replied Omdal when he returned to the plane; "that's not like Amundsen."

It was not until six hours later that, with our glasses, we spied his plane, three miles off. Only the bow was visible, tilted up at an angle of forty-five degrees above the top of the rough ice which surrounded it. Just ahead stood a great upturned block of blue ice. Of course we thought he had crashed until he told us by semaphore the second day—until which time he had no knowledge of our whereabouts—that in landing, his plane had nosed up on to an ice-shelf, which accounted for the position in which we saw it, just in time to break its momentum and avert a crash. He also informed us that while his forward motor had backfired in coming down, he hoped to repair it. Again fortune had favored us.

Each crew now set to work trying to get its plane out of the water up on to an ice-cake so that the pressure from the surrounding ice-field, which was gradually closing in upon us, would not crush them. But our task was hopeless because we had only one motor; after landing we could never start up again the rear motor of our plane which had caused trouble soon after leaving Spitzbergen. We did, however, succeed in getting the nose of our plane up on to an ice-shelf, but that was all; for the tail, full of water, lay deeply submerged, although day and night we took turns in trying to pump and bail her out. Had we not been able to do this we could never have salvaged the gas-tanks, and without this reserve supply we could never have returned again to Spitzbergen with even one plane, as we finally succeeded in doing.

Although we tried three times to reach Amundsen's plane, the new thin ice that covered what water there was between us was just strong enough to bar our progress in our canvas canoe, and not strong enough to hold us up. But on the fifth day the surrounding ice-fields, which had been slowly and steadily pressing in upon us ever since our arrival, had brought the two planes within a half mile of one another. Again we were in luck, for the drift might just as well have been in the opposite direction, but it wasn't. We *must* get over to *N-25* with all possible speed if we were ever to get back again to civilization.

With our feet shoved loosely into our skis, for we never fastened them on here for fear of getting tangled up, should we fall into the sea, we shuffled along, slowly feeling our way over the thin ice. Omdal was in the lead, myself and Dietrichson—who had recovered from his slight attack of snow-blindness the next day—following in that order. Suddenly I heard Dietrichson yelling behind me, and before I knew what it was all about Omdal ahead of me cried out also and disappeared as though the ice beneath him had suddenly opened and swallowed him. The ice under me started to sag, and I quickly jumped sideways to avoid the same fate that had overtaken my companions. There just happened to be some old ice beside me, and that was what saved me. Lying down on my stomach, partly on this ledge of old ice, and partly out on the new ice, I reached the skis out and pulled Dietrichson over to where I could grab his pack and partly pull him out on to the firmer ice, where he lay panting and exhausted. Then I turned my attention to Omdal. Only his pallid face showed above the water. It is strange, when I think that both these Norwegians had been conversing almost wholly in their native tongue, that Omdal was now crying in English, "I'm gone! I'm gone!"—and he was almost gone, too. The only thing that kept him from going way under was the fact that he kept digging his fingers into the ice. I reached him just before he sank and held him by his pack until Dietrichson could crawl over to me and hold him up, while I cut off the pack. It took all the remaining strength of the two of us to drag Omdal up on to the old ice.

Our companions could not reach us, neither could they see us, as a few old ice hummocks of great size stood directly in front of *N-25*. They could do nothing but listen to the agonizing cries of their fellow men in distress. We finally succeeded in getting over to our companions, who gave us dry clothes and hot chocolate, and we were soon all right again, except for Omdal's swollen and lacerated hands. Both men had lost their skis. In view of the probability of being forced to tramp to Greenland, 400 miles away, the loss of these skis seemed a calamity.

I was surprised at the change only five days had wrought in Captain Amundsen. He seemed to me to have aged ten years. We now joined with our companions in the work of freeing the *N-25* from her precarious position. We were enabled to get the fuel-tanks which we had cut out of my plane over to Amundsen on our improvised ski-sledge. This reserve supply proved to be our salvation, for without it we never could have returned home.

At last we were together again, and the twenty ensuing days we spent dragging our plane from ice-cake to ice-cake in the attempt to find one big enough from which to take off.

The mournful sound of the wind blowing through the rigging of our plane made us quick to seek shelter in its interior after our day's labor. Although our four-walled compartment was of metal and heavily-coated with hoar-frost, it shut out the damp, fog-bound waste in which we were but mites in a colorless waste that seemed to reach into infinity. The scanty heat from our "Primus," together with that given out by our bodies, was sufficient to raise the temperature above freezing. The hoar-frost, melting, dripped down our necks and spattered into our mugs of chocolate, but nothing seemed to dampen our spirits, not even the thought of Riiser-Larsen's fast-diminishing supply of black chewing tobacco, which we were now smoking; for was not the thought of the warm sleeping-bag, with the ten malted-milk tablets, each man's daily allotment to munch contentedly as we dozed off to sleep and forgetfulness, that of Heaven itself? I never knew the real feelings of my companions, for the talk was mostly in Norwegian as we sat over our chocolate or pemmican soup, but I learned to accept what each day had to offer with abiding faith. Spitzbergen was but eight hours away. Maybe tomorrow we would be on the way. Thus passed twenty-four days, for the open water for which we longed never came.

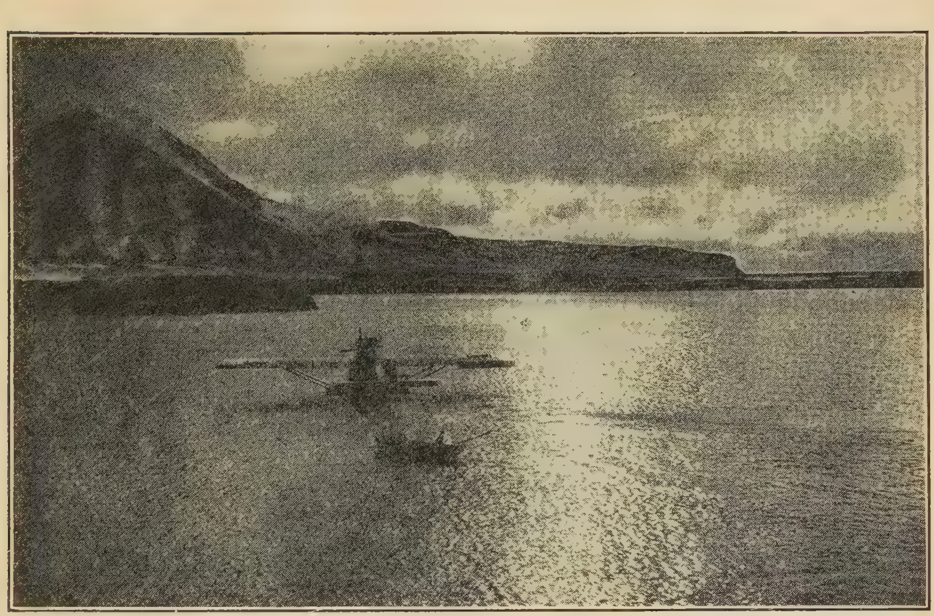
On May 29, eight days after landing, we took an inventory and found that we would have sufficient provisions to enable us to reach the Greenland coast, 400 miles away, with a ration of one-half pound per day per man providing we started on June 15. Each man was given his choice either of remaining with the plane, hoping for open water from which to take off, or of starting for Greenland on June 15. While all were loath to leave behind us two powerful engines, that might at any moment whisk us home, and start on a forlorn march to Greenland, which we knew we could never reach, with thirty pounds apiece on our backs and dragging behind us on our ski-sledge the canoe with which to cross the open leads, the majority of us voted to go on the date set.

But on June 7, after a search lasting all day and far into the night, Riiser-Larsen and Omdal returned to report that they had found an "ice-floe" 500 meters in diameter, the proper dimension for a take-off. As the floe was nearly a mile away, it was not until June 10 that we succeeded in getting our plane safely on to it, and the night of the fourteenth before the snow was cleared and ready for a take-off. That night we made a try. We required a speed of 100 kilometers an hour with which to rise, but as all we could get was 60, the plane bumped over the course just as she had done so many times previously. We spent most of that night on hands and knees shaving off with our sheath-knives every hummock and bump that we could find. That night it happened to be my patrol. Each night we took turns at this in order to be ever watchful for open water, or any other eventuality that might suddenly occur. The ice-cake on which we rested might at any moment give way and drop us into the sea (they were all badly creviced), or a stray hungry bear raid our provisions. We never knew what to expect, and it was this mental strain that told on us.

Around and around the ice-cake I shuffled on my skis with my gun slung over my shoulder. The mean average temperature during the first two weeks of our stay had been ten degrees below freezing, but on June 2, with the breaking of Arctic summer, the fogs descended upon us, the thermometer rose to freezing and did not vary more than four degrees during the rest of our stay. That night it dropped to three, and in the morning the course was as hard and smooth as glass.

We dumped practically everything, sleeping-bags, fur "parkas," skis, cameras, field glasses, rifles, and ammunition. We even left our boots behind. All we stored in the plane was one canvas canoe, a shot gun, two packages of chocolate, and one can of pemmican. We got into the plane and started off. She bumped for 400 meters, then rose; our efforts were rewarded, and one plane with six men in it left there forever, on the day we had actually set, two weeks before, to start on foot for the Greenland coast.

Our return journey to Spitzbergen, which consumed eight hours and twenty-five minutes, was a wonderful piece of navigation, considering that we had been drifting around in the fog, 600 miles away, for twenty-five days. Our course lay straight for the island, but we almost met catastrophe within sight of home, when, just after passing the "drift-ice" we were forced down into the heavy open sea by a falling aileron with only ninety liters (one-half hour's fuel supply) left in the tanks. But on we came in the wash of the incoming tide.



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HOMEWARD BOUND, FROM SPITZBERGEN

And what a change the interval had wrought in the appearance of the solid land, too. When we left, on May 21, Spitzbergen was buried deep in snow, but now, on June 15, the barren sun-warmed coastline echoed to the shrill cries of little hawks and gulls, while deep in the sheltering arms of the fjords eiderducks and geese were mating and building their nests, all happily oblivious to the kingdom of silence and death that lay so close at hand.

The scientific results, from an expedition that cost $150,000, consisted in the exploration of 120,000 square miles of hitherto unknown region and the taking of two soundings, which showed the depth of the Polar Basin at that latitude to be more than 12,000 feet, thus precluding the likelihood of any land on the European side of the North Pole. But we had had our compensations—we had blazed a trail, we had shown the way into the Arctic.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Lincoln Ellsworth (1880–   ) is one of the world's famous explorers. His scientific expedition across the Andes, his explorations in the northwest part of the United States and Canada, and his part in the Canadian government's round-up of surviving buffalo, were excellent preparation for his explorations in the Arctic regions. In 1924 he and Amundsen made a polar expedition in planes, but failed to reach the North Pole. A year later, however, they resumed their expedition in an airship, the *Norge*, and sailed over the North Pole and the Polar Sea to Alaska, a crowning achievement.

Questions and Topics

1. Compare the North Pole flight of Amundsen and Ellsworth with the transatlantic flight of Commander Byrd as to dangers and results.

2. You will enjoy reading "The First Crossing of the Polar Sea," Ellsworth (in *Boys' Life*, May, 1928).

Library Reading. "North to 88° and the First Crossing of the Polar Sea," Ellsworth (*Natural History*, May-June, 1927).

A HIGHWAY UNDER THE HUDSON

Marion T. Colley

Here is another new style in tunnels and also a new style in bridges—a vehicle tube, 9250 feet long, connecting New York and New Jersey, under the Hudson River. It is the longest vehicle tunnel in the world, and there were many peculiar problems to be overcome in its construction.

On a July morning in 1919, three young engineers, experts in the delicate feat of pushing tunnels beneath rivers, met together in a big, bright office, high above New York City, to work out a plan for the greatest under-water vehicular highway that the world had ever known—the only one of its kind in all the Western Hemisphere. They were Clifford Milburn Holland, chief engineer of the project, Milton H. Freeman, engineer of construction, and Ole Singstad, engineer of design.

Today, that marvelous thoroughfare is a reality. Encased in two gigantic cast-iron tubes, it lies through the silt and sand, the gravel and rock, sixty feet below the mean low tide of the Hudson, like monstrous twin serpents of mythological days. Within each of these immense tubes is that most modern acquisition to the road maps—a one-way subaqueous street, two miles in length, with a headway of thirteen feet and six inches, a narrow sidewalk, and a road twenty feet wide, which is divided to accommodate two lines of traffic, one of slow-moving and the other of fast-moving vehicles.

Lights, covered with diffusing glass and sunk into the concrete walls in bronze-framed niches, twenty feet apart, fill these passages with the luminous whiteness of day, and are so arranged as to eliminate glare and to banish sharp shadows. The smooth surface of the pavement has the quality of reducing vibration, lessening noise to the utmost degree possible. Throughout the length of the interiors, the air is changed forty-two times every minute to free it from too large an admixture of the deadly carbon monoxide gas. In every least detail, this new way, linking New York and New Jersey, is as perfect as scientific knowledge and engineering skill could make it.

But of the three men who came together that July morning to design its creation, only one has lived to see it completed. The world's greatest under-water vehicular tunnel cost the lives of its first two chief engineers—Holland, and Freeman, who succeeded to his office. And in the spring of 1925, Ole Singstad was commissioned to assume the task, which had all at once become to him a sacred one, of carrying to conclusion the epoch-making public work for which his comrades had died.

When this tunnel is formally opened it is estimated that more than 46,000 automobiles, motor trucks, horse-drawn wagons, and vehicles of all kinds, will pass through it daily. The states of New York and New Jersey have spent between forty-eight and forty-nine million dollars in building it.

But these figures tell nothing. Drama and high adventure, years of research and investigation, have gone into its making. The story of its construction, as told by Ole Singstad, began when five huge shafts, with double walls of steel, were floated up the Hudson from Staten Island and sunk by compressed air at the tunnel sites. Within four of these shafts, stout steel cylinders, or shields—30 feet, 2 inches in diameter, and 16 feet, 4 inches long—were erected. These were divided into two compartments, and the advance rim was equipped with a cutting edge. When all was in readiness, compressed air was introduced into them, and thirty jacks, having a combined thrust of 6000 tons, pushed them through ports in the shafts, two from the New York side and two from the Jersey shore, and drove them forth on their laborious expedition of four years—to bore and burrow and shove a new kind of passageway for human beings through the darkness and dangers of an under-river world. Within these strangest of all craft that ever set out on a perilous enterprise were the men who were to do the actual work of excavation and construction, and the engineers who were to direct this work.

"At the very front of the shield," related Mr. Singstad, "shut off from the rest by a steel bulkhead, and with a breast of thick planks projected across the front as a barrier to the endless mass of mud without, was a working pocket, provided for the sand-hogs. Here, 107 feet below the city streets, under compressed air pressure which had to balance the hydrostatic force and hold the enveloping water at bay, they toiled with trowel and pick and shovel, frequently up to their knees in mire and slush, and surrounded by dangers so great that it is impossible to exaggerate them.

"As the shield moved forward," he continued, "the air pressure was reduced to admit a certain amount of material through openings in the lower part of the bulkhead. And when this was done, the working pocket would become so dense with fog that the men could no longer see a foot ahead of them. There would be the sound of water swishing into the pipes on either side. And the sand-hogs, standing still and tense, would wait for what the next moment might bring.

"It was a moment," said Mr. Singstad, "charged with awful possibilities. For if the reduced air power proved insufficient to withstand the pressure of the wall of mud through which the shield forced its passage, this would cave in and bury them. In case the cutting edge struck a boulder, they would have to leave their protecting envelope of steel and get outside, in the formless world of silt and rock and water, and drill and blast the obstruction away. Should a blowout occur, they might be shot upward to their death, or drowned by the resulting flood of water running in upon them."

When the shield had progressed thirty inches, and none of these catastrophes had materialized, they fell to work clearing the compartment of the inflowing muck. Removing the breastboards, one by one, they dug out the exposed earth immediately in front, prepared the path ahead, braced back the floor of the river with timbers driven into place by hand-operated jacks—each task being performed at the risk of their lives.

"Often," observed Mr. Singstad, "we are asked how men can be persuaded to do this work which involves such hazards that no insurance company will underwrite them. But, curious to say, we do not have to persuade them. The sand-hog represents one of the most steady laborers that

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33. **sand-hog**, a construction worker in sand.

we have. After trying it once, the men come back. There is something about it that holds them. The wages are high, but it cannot be this, for no amount of money could compensate for the hazards under which they work. I can explain it," he added, "only on the principle of the irresistible attraction that danger and daring possess for men who are without fear."

When the air pressure in the shield was kept within twenty-one and twenty-nine pounds, the law permitted the men to remain there for three hours on a stretch; then after staying outside for that length of time they could return and put in another three hours of labor. But when it mounted to forty-five pounds, their working day was limited to two thirty-minute periods with an interval of five and a half hours of rest in the upper air.

Only those who could pass the most rigid physical examination were allowed in these compartments. On leaving them, they at once entered a safety lock, where the pressure was gradually decreased and hot coffee was served them to stimulate the action of the heart. All compressed air work was under the most intensive supervision of the engineering force. And while the perils surrounding the sand-hogs were far greater, these men also were exposed to hazards enough to have satisfied the soul of Robert Louis Stevenson, who urged all people to live dangerously.

In the rear of the shield were assembled successive rings of the cast-iron lining, each composed of fourteen segments, six feet long and two feet six inches wide. And with every advance of two and a half feet an enormous erector swung down, lifted one of these mighty sections weighing a ton and a half apiece, moved with it around the circle and placed it, repeating the process until the ring was complete. Then pressing against this sturdy circumference as a bearing, the thirty jacks shoved the shield forward another two and a half feet. Sometimes, this progress could be made in twenty minutes; at other times it took a full twenty-four hours.

The operation of these jacks that guided and drove the shields demanded the most meticulous exactitude on the part of the engineers, in order to keep the tunnel in line and grade. If the shield pursuing its course through the uneven and varied strata of the river bed was found to be deviating in the slightest degree from its theoretically fixed path, the jacks controlling that movement had to be instantly cut off and the error remedied during the next shove. No correction could be made afterward. "A slight mistake here," Mr. Singstad emphasized, "would have very serious consequences." That matter of alignment could never for an instant be forgotten, and things were always cropping up to make it even more troublesome than it already was.

During this period, when construction went on day and night, Sundays and holidays, the chief engineer kept in closest touch with every part of the work. By means of an independent telephone system connecting all compressed air compartments he was able to maintain direct communication with every under-river working chamber, and nothing occurred without his knowledge. In all those years, he never left his home or office for an hour without notifying the engineers in charge at the tunnel of his whereabouts, so that he could be notified instantly if anything came up requiring his attention. His job was to see that nothing interfered with the progress of the tunnel. And the tension of this responsibility never for a moment relaxed until the air no longer came roaring into the working pockets to deafen the sand-hogs, to change their voices into unrecognizable trebles, to quicken the beating of their stout hearts—for the long journey was done, and the shields had holed through!

The holing through of the first two of these shields was to have been the occasion of a great celebration in the tunnel. Years had been spent in making surveys to insure the meeting of these tubes from opposite shores. Angles had been measured at night to avoid the smoke, triangulation made only in winter, when the atmosphere was freest of haze and fog—yet, in the end, who could be sure? As they drew nearer together in mid-river, great excitement prevailed. The all-absorbing question on everyone's lips was: "Would they actually meet at last, or miss each other in their narrow separate channels?" But when they finally came head-on together, with a difference of only the merest fraction of an inch in their alignment, all joy had gone from the event, and the triumphant outcome was attended by no demonstration of any kind. Three days before, Clifford Holland, the tunnel's chief engineer, for whom the tubes were named, exhausted by overwork and the unremitting strain, had died at a sanitarium at Battle Creek, Michigan. And it was a strangely silent lot of men who bored through the final remaining barrier of rock and earth, burned down the shields which they had manned, and wedded the tubes with a last half-ring of the tunnel lining.

As long ago as a third of a century, farseeing men urged the construction of a subaqueous road of this sort beneath the Hudson. But people did not then think in terms of vehicular tunnels, and nothing came of it until 1906, when the legislatures of New York and New Jersey created commissions to deal with the matter of connecting the two states by highways across the intervening river. The new tunnel is due to the vision of these men, who from the day of their appointment until now have served their commonwealths in this capacity without pay.

From the very outset, the engineers in charge of this project found themselves confronted by problems never before encountered in their work, the solution of which required years of scientific study and experiment.

"The most perplexing of these problems," said Mr. Singstad, "was that of ventilating the tunnel. Heretofore, this had always been done by the simple process of forcing air in at one portal and out through the other. But to have adopted the blow-through method in the Holland Tubes would have necessitated so large a volume of circulating air, with resulting velocities so great, that the place would have been a veritable cave of the winds.

"A scheme for introducing fresh air through a number of openings leading from a supply duct, and of carrying off the tainted air by a similar arrangement, was broadly considered. But at this point, dark prophecies began to be heard on all sides. Many professional men declared that the tunnel could never be made safe for human beings. Others predicted that the day the tubes were opened to the public would be memorable for the number of asphyxiations occurring on it."

Unlike all other underground pas-

Photograph by Ewing Galloway, N. Y.

NEW YORK ENTRANCE TO THE HOLLAND VEHICULAR TUNNEL

sages of anything like its length, this one was to be used by thousands of vehicles, operated by internal combustion engines, generating gases, at least one of which, carbon monoxide, was known to be a deadly poison to people and to animals. No data were to be obtained from any source relating to the amount of these gases given off by the cars, or to the quantity of carbon monoxide which could be absorbed by the human body in a given time without injury.

In a great public enterprise, designed solely for the convenience of people, so important a matter as its safe operation could not be left to conjecture. Therefore, the commissioners and the engineers decided to study these questions for themselves and in so thorough a manner as to furnish conclusive information on the subject forever after. And a series of investigations was begun which lasted three years, and cost $2,552,000. In making them, the engineering staff was assisted by the United States Bureau of Mines, Yale University, and the University of Illinois. Trial ducts, tunnels, and compressed air compartments were constructed where conditions closely approximated those existing in the Holland Tubes.

The first of these tests, conducted at the Government Experiment Station in Pittsburgh, with one hundred one motor cars, revealed that the volume of carbon monoxide produced by gasoline engines was considerably higher than had been supposed. But this disconcerting discovery was offset by experiments at Yale, where it was found that a larger quantity of this poison gas could be breathed without discomfort than the engineers had computed. Here the volunteer subjects were placed in air-tight chambers into which measured amounts of pure carbon monoxide were introduced from time to time. Doctors and physiologists kept the patients under observation, took frequent specimens of their blood, and recorded their reactions to the cumulative poisoning process.

It was next necessary to learn how the great volume of this deadly gas could be most efficiently and economically removed from the tunnel, or sufficiently diluted to render it harmless. And the scene shifted to Urbana, Illinois, where the university of that state constructed a trial duct 300 feet long in which were installed electrically driven blowers and apparatus for measuring pressures and velocities.

Finally, but one question remained: Should fresh air be supplied from above and the foul air withdrawn from below, or would the other way round be more satisfactory? To help decide the matter, the Bureau of Mines was again pressed into service, and this last experiment was conducted in a tunnel connected with the coal mines at Bruceton, Pennsylvania.

The result of all these investigations is to be found in the elaborate and unique ventilating plant, housed in four shafts, five stories high, constructed on top of the caissons sunk on either side of the Hudson. From these shafts, forty-two powerful blower fans force 3,761,000 cubic feet of fresh air per minute into expansion chambers beneath the roadway and out through slots in the lower part of the tubes, while forty-two exhaust fans draw the vitiated air from ducts into which it will pass through openings in the ceiling. The operation of these fans requires 6500 horsepower and a yearly expenditure of $280,000. But by means of them, the air will be completely changed every minute and a quarter, and no one using this passageway need fear an untimely death, or even a headache, from too large a dose of carbon monoxide.

All materials used in the construction of the tubes were inspected by members of the engineering department through the various processes of their manufacture. Those which were to be exposed to the action of river water were subjected to exhaustive tests to determine their resistance to this deleterious force. In the case of cement, these experiments, conducted for a period of two years, were carried on in the state laboratory at Albany. Even the tiles used as a lining for the tunnel walls had to meet the most rigid requirements for withstanding moisture and extremes in temperature. The color, white with an orange border, was chosen with regard to its psychological influence upon the passengers, as well as its capacity to reflect light.

In illuminating the interiors, shadows between the cars had to be eliminated, since these would cause drivers to misjudge distances and bring about accidents, and glare had likewise to be avoided because of its effect upon sight. In studying this problem, the Westinghouse Lamp Company, coöperating with the engineers, constructed an exact replica of the tubes in miniature, and different lighting arrangements were tried out before the one finally adopted was decided upon.

More than sixteen million vehicles will tax the strength of these cast-iron tubes annually. Through tolls exacted from these, and the renting out of tile ducts imbedded in the walls for transmission of power or for communication, the tunnel will completely pay for itself in twenty years.

There are four other under-water

tunnels for vehicles in the world—two in England, one in Germany, and one in Scotland. But the longest of these is but a third the length of the Holland Tubes, and it is used by less than a hundred vehicles a day. As an engineering feat, the American subaqueous driveway stands alone. As an example of what can be done by compressed air, it is the greatest achievement of all time.

"It was built," said Mr. Singstad, "not just for today or tomorrow, but to last at least a hundred years."

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Explanatory Note

Clifford Milburn Holland, chief engineer of the building project, died from overexertion just as the hour approached when the two tunnels would meet and become one. The facts of his life might be summarized in a paragraph, but "to the Public Service Commissioners in charge of engineering projects; to the engineering fraternity at large, who know the worth of work well done; to the 'sand hogs' delving in mud or rock underneath the riverbeds; to all who have followed the progress of transportation, and, most of all, to every person with whom Clifford Holland came in contact those bare facts are but as the written notes to the music of a symphony. For this handful of facts is evidence of a remarkable engineering career.

"Two days after his death, Clifford Holland's body arrived in New York, at almost the moment the final blast was set off under the Hudson to connect the tunnels from the New Jersey and Manhattan sides—a salute at once ironic and fitting. Elaborate ceremonies had been planned. The shot was to have been fired by President Coolidge from the White House. As a mark of respect for the dead engineer, the ceremonial was abandoned and the tunnel was holed through as a regular part of the day's work. As a tribute to his memory it was decided shortly after to bestow his name on the great tube."

Questions and Topics

1. Who were the men to whom the credit is given for the planning of the great Holland Tunnel? Locate as nearly as you can on your map, this tunnel which connects New York and New Jersey.

2. How long and how wide is the highway under the Hudson River? How is it lighted? What is its estimated cost?

3. Describe in your own words the construction of the tunnel. What dangers awaited the workmen? Tell about the most exciting moment in the construction. How do you account for the fact that men are willing to work in the face of such hazards?

4. Which do you think had the harder job, the chief engineer or the sand-hog? Give reasons for your answer. One of Clifford Holland's workmen said of him, "That man can make you do what you don't like and laugh over it." Was this a compliment to Mr. Holland? Why?

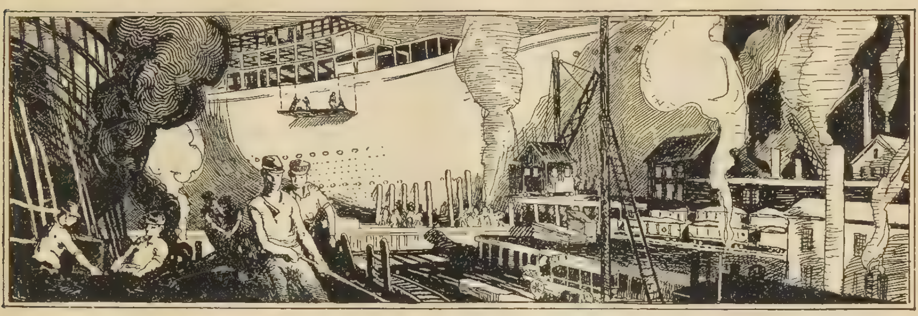
5. It has been said, "that man [Mr. Holland] could come down here blindfolded in the dark and tell us if we were wrong"; read lines from your text to show the feeling of the workmen for their chief engineer. What one man do you believe was responsible for the fact that the two channels "came head-on together, with a difference of only the merest fraction of an inch in their adjustment"? Give reasons for your answer.

6. Briefly discuss tests that were made to find the best means of safeguarding the public. How was the problem of ventilation in the tubes solved? How is the tunnel to be paid for? How does the Holland Tunnel compare with other underwater tunnels of the world?

Suggested Problem. Make a study of the greatest tunnels of the world, including Mont Cenis tunnel, Simplon tunnel, and St. Gotthard tunnel, all through the Alps Mountains, the Gunnison tunnel, the Hoosac tunnel, the Moffat tunnel, and the Sutro tunnel, in America. Draw upon your source books, library readings, and public libraries for materials to assist you in making your report to the class.

Library Reading. "The Heroes of the Gunnison Tunnel," Rolker (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*).

AMERICAN WORKERS AND THEIR WORK



THE THINKER*

Berton Braley

Back of the beating hammer
By which the steel is wrought,
Back of the workshop's clamor
The seeker may find the Thought,
The Thought that is ever master
Of iron and steam and steel,
That rises above disaster
And tramples it under heel!

The drudge may fret and tinker
Or labor with dusty blows,
But back of him stands the Thinker,
The clear-eyed man who Knows;
For into each plow or saber,
Each piece and part and whole,
Must go the Brains of Labor
Which gives the work a soul!

Back of the motors humming,
Back of the belts that sing,
Back of the hammers drumming,
Back of the cranes that swing,
There is the eye which scans them,
Watching through stress and strain,
There is the Mind which plans them—
Back of the brawn, the Brain!

Might of the roaring boiler,
Force of the engine's thrust,
Strength of the sweating toiler,
Greatly in these we trust.
But back of them stands the Schemer,
The Thinker who drives things through;
Back of the job—the Dreamer
Who's making the dream come true!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Berton Braley (1882–   ), poet and journalist, is a native of Wisconsin, and was graduated from the University of Wisconsin in 1905. He served on the staff of *The Evening Mail*, New York, and was for a time associate editor of the magazine *Puck*. During the World War Mr. Braley was a special correspondent in France and England. He is a frequent contributor to the leading magazines and newspapers. Among his published works are: *Songs of the Workaday World; A Banjo of Armageddon; In Camp and Trench.*

Questions and Topics

1. Who is the "clear-eyed man who knows"? What is "ever master" of any great enterprise? What is the relation of the planner to the worker?

2. Do you think the poet has more confidence in the thinker or in the worker? Cite lines to support your answer. What

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*From *Songs of the Workaday World*, by Berton Braley. Copyright, 1915. George H. Doran Company, Publishers.

does the poet believe to be the contribution made by the Dreamer?

3. Explain in your own words the poet's meaning in the following line: "Back of the brawn, the Brain!"

4. "In Union there is strength"; discuss this idea as expressed in "The Thinker." How does coöperation assist you in your work in the schoolroom? In the home? On the playground?

Class Reading. Read aloud the poem to bring out the meaning and rhythm; bring to class and read other poems by Berton Braley, including "The Real Thrill" (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*).

WORK: A SONG OF TRIUMPH

Angela Morgan

Work!
Thank God for the might of it,
The ardor, the urge, the delight of it—
Work that springs from the heart's desire,
Setting the brain and the soul on fire—
Oh, what is so good as the heat of it,
And what is so glad as the beat of it,
And what is so kind as the stern command,
Challenging brain and heart and hand?

Work!
Thank God for the pride of it,
For the beautiful, conquering tide of it,
Sweeping the life in its furious flood,
Thrilling the arteries, cleansing the blood,
Mastering stupor and dull despair,
Moving the dreamer to do and dare.
Oh, what is so good as the urge of it,
And what is so glad as the surge of it,
And what is so strong as the summons deep,
Rousing the torpid soul from sleep?

Work!
Thank God for the pace of it,
For the terrible, keen, swift race of it;
Fiery steeds in full control,
Nostrils a-quiver to greet the goal,
Speeding the energies faster, faster,
Work, the Power that drives behind,
Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back,
Reining the will to one steady track,
Triumphing over disaster.
Oh, what is so good as the pain of it,
And what is so great as the gain of it?
And what is so kind as the cruel goad,
Forcing us on through the rugged road?

Work!
Thank God for the swing of it,
For the clamoring, hammering ring of it,
Passion of labor daily hurled
On the mighty anvils of the world.
Oh, what is so fierce as the flame of it?
And what is so huge as the aim of it?
Thundering on through dearth and doubt,
Calling the plan of the Maker out.
Work, the Titan; Work, the friend,
Shaping the earth to a glorious end,
Draining the swamps, and blasting the hills,
Doing whatever the Spirit wills—
Rending a continent apart,
To answer the dream of the Master heart.
Thank God for a world where none may shirk—
Thank God for the splendor of work!

45. **Titan** (tī'tʼn). In mythology the Titans were giants, the earliest children of the earth.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Angela Morgan was born in New England, spent most of her childhood in the Middle West, and in her youth entered upon a career of journalism. Her warm sympathy for the industrial worker and her keen interest in social reforms make her a poet of the people. Some of her best-known poems are "Wood Hath a Soul" and "Open the Gates" in *Forward March!* and "Today" and "Kinship" in *The Hour Has Struck*, from which "Work: A Song of Triumph" is taken.

Questions and Topics

1. What thought did you get from the reading of this poem which will assist you in your work? Have you ever done a piece of work in which you took great delight? Tell the class about it.

2. What can work do for you? (See stanza two.) Read the lines you like best. Why does the poet call work a Titan? A friend? How is it possible for work to assist you in

"Guiding the purposes, taming the mind,
Holding the runaway wishes back"?

3. To what does line 49 refer? Does the author think that everyone should work? Read the line that answers the question.

Theme Topics. (Two-minute talks.) 1. "We must either wear out or rust out, every one of us. My choice is to wear out."—Roosevelt.

2. Everyone is expected to do his part of the world's work. A wide acquaintance with occupations, both at first hand and through reading, will help you to choose a vocation with intelligence; it will also give you greater sympathy for the worker and keener appreciation of the heroism of everyday toil. What are some of the occupations in your community that appeal to you as a vocation?

Library Reading. "The Telephone Directory" and "The Power Plant," Braley (in *Songs of the Workaday World*); *Famous Leaders of Industry*, Wildman; *Heroes of Progress*, Morris; *Modern Americans*, Sanford and Owen; *The Silver Horde*, Beach; *Pictures of the Wonder of Work*, Pennell; Biography of Angela Morgan, (in *The Review of Reviews* for April, 1919).

PETE OF THE STEEL MILLS

By Herschel S. Hall

It was a very black and a very dirty street down which I made my way that November morning at half-past five. There was no paving, there was no sidewalk, there were no lights. Rain had been falling for several days, and I waded through seas of mud and sloshed through lakes of water. There were men in front of me and men behind me, all plodding along through the muck and mire, just as I was plodding along, their tin lunch-pails rattling as mine was rattling. Some of us were going to work, some of us were going to look for work—the steel mills lay somewhere in the darkness ahead of us.

We who were not so fortunate as to possess a magical piece of brass, the showing of which to a uniformed guard at the steel mills' gate would cause the door to swing open, waited outside in the street, where we milled about in the mud, not unlike a herd of uneasy cattle. It was cold out there. A north wind, blowing straight from the lake, whipped our faces and hands and penetrated our none-too-heavy clothing.

"I wisht I had a job in there!" said a shivering man at my side, who had been doing some inspecting through a knothole in the high fence. "You got a job there?" he asked, glancing at my pail.

I told him I had been promised work and had been ordered to report.

"You're lucky to get a job, and you

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23. **milled**, moved in a small space.

want to freeze on to it. Jobs ain't to be any too plentiful this winter, and if this war stops—good night! I've been comin' here every mornin' for two weeks, but I can't get took. I reckon I'm kind o' small for most of the work in there." He began to kick his muddy shoes against the fence and to blow upon his hands. "Winter's comin'," he sighed.

A whistle blew, a gate swung open, and a mob of men poured out into the street—the night shift going off duty. Their faces looked haggard and deathly pale in the sickly glare of the pale blue arcs above us.

"Night-work's no good," said the small man at my side. "But you got to do it if you're goin' to work in the mills."

A man with a Turkish towel thrown loosely about his neck came out of the gate and looked critically at the job hunters. He came up to me. "What's yer name?" he demanded. I told him. "Come on!" he grunted.

We stopped before the uniformed guard, who wrote my name on a card, punched the card, and gave it to me. "Come on!" again grunted the man with the towel. I followed my guide into the yard, over railroad tracks, past great piles of scrap-iron and pig metal, through clouds of steam and smoke, and into a long, black building where engines whistled, bells clanged, and electric cranes rumbled and rattled overhead. We skirted a mighty pit filled with molten slag, and the hot air and stifling fumes blowing from it struck me in the face and staggered me. We crept between giant ladles in whose depths I could hear the banging of hammers and the shouting of men. We passed beneath a huge trough through which a white, seething river of steel was rushing. I shrank back in terror as the sound of the roaring flood fell upon my ears, but the man with the towel, who was walking briskly in front of me, looked over his shoulder and grunted, "Come on!"

Through a long, hot tunnel and past black, curving flues, down which I saw red arms of flame reaching, we made our way. We came to an iron stairway, climbed it, and stepped out upon a steel floor into the open hearth. "Come on!" growled my guide, and we walked down the steel floor, scattered over which I saw groups of men at work in front of big, house-like furnaces out of whose cavernous mouths white tongues of flame were leaping. The men worked naked to the waist, or stripped to overalls and undershirt, and, watching them, I began to wonder if I had chosen wisely in seeking and accepting employment in this inferno.

"Put yer pail there. Hang yer coat there. Set down there. I'll tell the boss ye're here." And the man with the towel went away.

I was sitting opposite one of the furnaces, a square, squat structure of yellow brick built to hold seventy-five tons of steel. There were three doors on the front wall, each door having a round opening in the center, the "peep-hole." Out through these peep-holes poured shafts of light so white and dazzling that they pained the eye they struck. They were as the glaring orbs of some gigantic uncouth monster, and as I looked down the long line of furnaces and saw the three fiery eyes burning in each, the effect through the dark, smoke-laden atmosphere was grotesquely weird.

I watched a man who worked at

one of the doors of the furnace nearest me. He had thrust a bar of iron through the peep-hole and was jabbing and prying at some object inside. Every ounce of his strength he was putting into his efforts. I could hear him grunt as he pulled and pushed, and I saw the perspiration dripping from his face and naked arms. He withdrew the bar—the end that had been inside the door came out as white and as pliable as a hank of taffy—and dropped it to the floor. He shouted some command to an invisible person, and the door rose slowly and quietly, disclosing to me a great, snow-white cavern in whose depths bubbled and boiled a seething lake of steel.

With a quick movement of his hand the workman dropped a pair of dark-colored spectacles before his eyes, and his arms went up before his face to shield it from the withering blast that poured out through the open door. There he stood, silhouetted against that piercing light, stooping and peering, tiptoeing and bending, cringing and twisting, as he tried to examine something back in the furnace. Then with another shout he caused the door to slip down into its place.

He came walking across the floor to where I sat and stopped in front of me. The sweat in great drops fell from his blistered face, ran in tiny rivulets from his arms and hands, and splashed on the iron floor. He trembled, he gasped for breath, and I thought he was going to sink down from pure exhaustion, when to my surprise, he deliberately winked at me.

"Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Eh, buddy?" he said with a sweaty chuckle. And that was my introduction to Pete, the best open-hearth man I ever knew, a good fellow, clean and honest.

"Mike, put this guy to wheeling in manganese," said a voice behind me, and I turned and saw the boss. "Eighteen hundred at Number Four and twenty-two hundred at Number Six."

"Get that wheelbarrer over yender and foller me," instructed Mike, a little, old, white-haired Irishman who was, as I learned afterward, called "maid of all work" about the plant. I picked up the heavy iron wheelbarrow and trundled it after him, out through a runway to a detached building where the various alloys and refractories used in steel-making were kept.

"Now, then, you load your wheelbarrer up with this here ma'ganese and weigh it over on them scales yender, and then wheel it in and put it behind Number Four," Mike told me.

"Why is manganese put into steel?" I asked Pete on one of my trips past his furnace.

"It settles it, toughens it up, and makes it so it'll roll," he answered.

A few days later I asked one of the chemists about the plant the same question. "It absorbs the occluded gases in the molten steel, hardens it, and imparts the properties of ductility and malleability," was his reply. I preferred Pete's elucidation.

All day I trundled the iron wheelbarrow back and forth along the iron floor, wheeling in manganese. I watched the powerful electric cranes at work picking up the heavy boxes of material and dumping their contents into the furnaces. I watched the tapping of the "heats," when the dams holding in the boiling lakes would be

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45. **open-hearth**, one of the processes of making steel.
49. **manganese** (măng'gȧ-nēs′), hard, brittle metal.

broken down and the fiery floods would go rushing and roaring into the ladles, these to be whisked away to the ingot molds. And I watched the men at work, saw the strain they were under, saw the risks they took, and wondered if, after a few days, I could be doing what they were doing.

"It is all very interesting," I said to Pete, as I stood near him.

He grinned. "Uh-huh! But you'll get over it. 'Bout tomorrow mornin', when your clock goes rattlety-bang and you look to see what's up and find it's five o'clock, you'll not be thinkin' it so interestin', oh, no! Let's see your hands." He laughed when he saw the blisters the handles of the wheelbarrow had developed.

Pete was right. When my alarm clock awakened me next morning, and I started to get out of bed, I groaned in agony. Every muscle of my body ached. I fancied my joints creaked as I sat on the edge of the couch vainly endeavoring to get them to working freely and easily. The breakfast bell rang twice, but hurry I could not.

"You'll be late to work! The others have gone!" called the landlady. I managed to creak downstairs. My pail was packed, and she had tied up an extra lunch in a newspaper. "You can't stop to eat, if you want to get to work on time," she said. "Your breakfast is in this paper—eat it when you get to the mills."

I stumbled away in the darkness, groaning and gasping, and found my way to the black and dirty street. The mud was frozen hard now, and the pools of water were ice-covered, and my heavy working shoes thumped and bumped along the dismal road in a remarkably noisy manner.

The number of job hunters was larger this morning. Among them I saw the small man who could not "get took," and again he was peeking wishfully through the knothole in the fence.

"You're on, eh?" he said when he spied me. "I wisht I was. Say, you haven't got a dime you could spare a feller, have you?" I discovered a dime.

I showed my brass check—a timekeeper had given me one the day before, Number 1266—to the uniformed watchman. He waved me on, and I entered the gate just as the whistle blew. A minute later and I would have been docked a half-hour.

Mike, "maid of all work," took me in hand as soon as I came on the floor, and proceeded to give me a few pointers. "I kept me eye on ye all day yestiddy, and ye fair disgoosted me with the way ye cavorted round with the Irish buggy. As though ye wanted to do it all the first day! Now, ye're on a twelve-hour turn here, and ye ain't expected to work like a fool. Ye want to learn to spell. (Mike wasn't referring to my orthographic shortcomings). Ye'll get in bad with the boss if he sees ye chinnin' with Pete. He don't like Pete, and Pete don't like him, and I don't blame Pete. The boss is solid bone from the collar-button up. He has brainstorms. Watch out for 'em."

I followed much of Mike's advice. All that day I trundled the wheelbarrow, but I made an easier day of it, and no one objected to my work. And as the days ran by I found my muscles toughening, and I could hear the alarm-bell at five in the morning without feeling compelled to squander several valuable minutes in wishing I had been born rich.

For two weeks I worked every day at wheeling in materials for the furnaces.

Then for one week I worked with the "maid of all work," sweeping the floors and keeping the place "righted up," as he called it. Then I "pulled doors" for a while; I "ran tests" to the laboratory; I "brought stores"; I was general-utility man. Then one day, when a workman dropped a piece of pig-iron on his foot and was sent to the hospital, I was put on "second helping."

By good luck I was sent to Pete's furnace. Pete and I by this time were great cronies. Many a chat we had had, back behind his furnace, hidden from the prying eyes of the boss. I found Mike was right—it was just as well to keep out of his sight. I soon discovered that he did not like Pete. In numberless mean and petty ways did he harass the man, trying to make him do something that would give him an excuse to discharge him. But Pete was naturally slow to anger, and with admirable strength he kept his feelings under control.

I was working nights now, every other week. The small man at the gate—he had finally "got took" and was laboring in the yard gang—who had told me that "night-work is no good" knew what he was talking about. I found night-work absolutely "no good." The small hours of the night are the terror of the night worker.

To be aroused by a screaming whistle above your head at two o'clock in the morning; to seize a shovel and run to the open door of a white-hot furnace and there in its blistering heat to shovel in heavy ore and crushed limestone rock until every stitch of clothing on your body is soaked with perspiration; to stagger away with pulses thumping, and drop down upon a bench, only to be ordered out into a nipping winter air to raise or lower a gas-valve—this is the kind of work the poet did not have in mind when he wrote about "toil that ennobles!" I doubt whether he or any other poet ever heard of this two-o'clock-in-the-morning toil.

When the "heat" was ready to tap I would dig out the "tap-hole." Another "second helper" would assist me in this work. The tap-hole, an opening in the center and lower part of the back wall of the furnace, is about a foot in diameter and three in length. It is closed with magnesite and dolomite when the furnace is charged. Digging this filling out is dangerous work—the steel is likely to break out and burn the men who work there. When we had removed the dolomite from the hole I would notify the boss. A long, heavy bar was thrust through the peep-hole in the middle door, and a dozen men would "Ye-ho! Ye-ho!" back and forth on the bar until it broke through the fused bank of magnesite into the tap-hole. Then the lake of steel would pour out through a runner into the ladle.

This tapping a "heat" is a magnificent and startling sight to the newcomer. I stood fascinated when I beheld it the first time. A lake of seventy-five or eighty tons of sun-white steel, bursting out of furnace bounds and rushing through the runner, a raging river, is a terrifying spectacle. The eye aches as it watches it; the body shrinks away from the burning heat it throws far out on all sides; the imagination runs riot as the seething flood roils and boils in the ladle.

Sometimes when we had had a particularly hard spell of work and were dead-beat with fatigue and exhaustion, then Pete might be expected to put his well-known question: "Ought to have stayed on the farm, oughtn't we? Hey, buddy?"

The foolish question, and his comical way of asking it, always made me laugh. Seeing that Pete had once been a farm laborer, the remark does not appear so silly, after all. It was his way of comparing two kinds of work; it was his favorite stock jest. I know farm work, too, from pigs to potatoes, and I do not believe there is any kind of farm work known, ten hours of which would equal thirty minutes of "splashing" on an open-hearth furnace, in muscle-tearing, nerve-racking, back-breaking, sweat-bringing effort.

Pete and I were working on Number Three furnace, the latest type and the "fastest" of any in the group. Its monthly output was three or four hundred tons more than that of any other. It belonged to Pete by rights—he was the oldest man on the floor, and he was regarded by all the other furnace-men as the best "first helper" in the plant. No other "first helper" watched his roof so carefully as did he. No other could get as many heats "from a roof" as did he. For every three hundred and fifty heats tapped from a furnace before the furnace required a new roof, the company gave the "first helper" a bonus of fifty dollars. This was to encourage them to watch their furnaces closely, to see that the gas did not "touch" the roofs.

One morning Pete and I were notified that we were transferred to Number Ten, the oldest, the slowest, and hardest furnace to work of any. "Bulger" Lewis, a Welshman, a bosom friend of the boss, was to take Number Three. Pete would lose the bonus money due in thirty days.

"What's this for?" he demanded of the boss.

"Because you don't watch your furnace!" snarled the boss in reply. "You've touched that roof! There are icicles on it right now!"

Pete walked over to the air-valves, jerked the lever, and threw up the middle door. "Show me an icicle in there!" he cried. "I'll give you five hundred dollars for every one you point out!"

"Lower that door!" roared the boss. "And get down to Number Ten! Or go get your time, if you prefer!"

Pete was silent for a moment. Then he threw up his head and laughed. Going to his locker, he took out his lunch-pail and started for Number Ten. "I rather think I am goin' to take a trip back to Minnesota pretty soon—to see the folks, you know," he said to me that afternoon.

Number Ten melted "soft" that day, and Pete could not get the heat hot. We pigged steadily for two hours, but it remained cold and dead. We were played out when, about four o'clock, the boss came up.

"Why don't you get that heat out?" he demanded. "You've been ten hours on it already!" Pete made no reply. "Where's a test-bar?" He shoved the test-bar into the bath, moved it slowly back and forth, and withdrew it. "She's hot now! Take her out!"

Pete looked at the end of the bar. It was ragged, not bitten off clean as it would have been had the temperature of the bath been right. "She's a long way from bein' hot," he said, pointing at the test-bar.

"Don't you dispute me!" roared the boss. "If I say she's hot, she's hot! If I tell you to take her out, you take her out!"

We took out the heat. And a miserable mess there was. It was so cold it froze up in the tap-hole, it froze up in the runner, it froze up in the ladle. The entire heat was lost. It was an angry crew of men that worked with sledges, bars, and picks cleaning up the mess. I was sorry the boss could not know how much that bunch of men loved him.

I saw him approaching Pete; I saw him shaking his clenched fist; I heard an ugly word; the lie was passed, a blow was struck, and the long-expected fight was on.

Out on the smooth iron floor, in the glare of the furnace flames—someone had hoisted the three doors to the top—the two enemies fought it out. They were giants in build, both of them, muscled and thewed like gladiators. It was a brutal, savage exhibition. Finally, the boss reeled, dropped to his knees, swayed back and forth, and went down.

Pete, having floored the boss, took a bath, changed his clothes, shook hands all round, and came seeking me. "Well, buddy, I'm off," he chuckled, peeping at me from a chink in his swollen face. "Like as not I'll be shuckin' punkins up in Minnesota this time next week. Oh, no use my tryin' to stick it out here—you can't stay here, you know, when you've had a go with the boss. So long!"

I did not go to work the next day, nor the next. I was deliberating whether I would go back at all, the morning of the third day, when the "maid of all work" came looking for me. "Pete wants you to come to work," he announced.

"Pete?" I said, wondering what he meant.

"You said it! Pete's boss now!"

"No!"

"Yes! Oh, the super, he ain't blind, he ain't! He knowed what was goin' on, he did, and it didn't take him long to fix him when he'd heerd the peticlars. I'll tell Pete you'll be comin' along soon." And Mike departed.

I went back and resumed my old position on Number Three, with John Yakabowski, a Pole. Yakabowski was an exceptionally able furnace-man and an agreeable fellow workman. There was great rejoicing all over the plant because our old boss was out, and there was general satisfaction over Pete's appointment to his place. This feeling among the men was soon reflected in the output of the furnaces—our tonnage showed a steady increase.

Pete was nervous and ill at ease for a few weeks. To assume the responsibilities that go with the foremanship of an open-hearth plant the size of that one was almost too much for him. He was afraid he would make some mistake that would show him to be unworthy of the trust the superintendent had placed in him.

"No education—that's where I'm weak!" he said to me in one of our confidential chats. "Can't write, can't figger, can't talk—don't know nothin'! It's embarrassin'! The super tells me to use two thousand of manganese on a hundred-and-fifty-thousand-pound charge. That's easy—I just tell a hunky to wheel in two thousand. But s'pose that lunk-head out in them scales goes wrong, and charges in a hundred and sixty-five thousand pounds and doesn't tell me until ten minutes before we're ready to tap—how am I goin' to figger out how much more manganese to put in? Or when the chief clerk writes me a nice letter, requestin' a statement showin' how many of my men have more than ten children, how many of 'em can read the Declaration of Independence, and how many of 'em eat oatmeal for breakfast, why, I'm up against it, I tell you! No education! I reckon I ought never to've left the farm. Hey, buddy?"

I understood Pete's gentle hint, and I took care of his clerical work, writing what few letters he had to send out, making up his statements, doing his calculating, and so forth.

Six months passed. Pete had "made good." The management was highly pleased with him as a melter. Success had come to me, too, in a modest way—I had been given a furnace—I was now a "first helper." It was about the time I took the furnace that I began to notice a falling off in the number of requests from Pete for assistance. I thought little of it, supposing that he was getting his work done by one of the weighers. But one night when there was a lull in operations and I went down to his office to have a chat with him, I found him seated at his little desk poring over an arithmetic. Scattered about in front of him were some sheets of paper covered with figures. He looked up at me and grinned in a rather shamefaced manner.

"Oh, that's it, is it?" I said. "Now I understand why I am no longer of any use to the boss!"

"Well, I just had to do somethin'," he said. "Couldn't afford to go right on bein' an ignoramus all the time."

"Are you studying it out alone?"

"You bet I ain't! I'd never get there if I was! I've got a teacher, a private teacher. Swell, eh? He comes every other night, when I'm workin' days, and every other afternoon, when I'm workin' nights. Gee, but I'm a bonehead! He's told me so a dozen times, but the other day he said he thought I was softenin' up a bit."

Good old Pete! I left him that night with my admiration for the man increased a hundred times.

Another six months passed, six months of hard, grinding, wearing toil, and yet a six months I look back upon with genuine pleasure. I now had the swing of the work, and it came easy; conditions about the plant under Pete's supervision were ideal; I was making progress in the work I had adopted; we were making good money. Then came the black day.

How quickly it happened! I had tapped my furnace, and the last of the heat had run into the ladle. "Hoist away!" I heard Pete shout to the crane-man. The humming sound of the crane motors getting into action came to my ears. I took a look at my roof, threw in a shovelful of spar, turned on the gas, and walked toward the rear of the furnace. The giant crane was groaning and whining as it slowly lifted its eighty-ton burden from the pit where the ladle stood. It was then five or six feet above the pit's bottom. Pete was leaning over the railing of the platform directly in front of the rising ladle.

Suddenly something snapped up there among the shafts and cables. I saw two men in the crane cab go swarming up the escape ladder. I saw the ladle drop as a broken cable went flying out of a sheave. A great white wave of steel washed over the ladle's rim, and another, and another.

Down upon a shallow pool of water that a leaking hose had formed, the steel was splashed, and as it struck, the explosion came. I was blown from my feet and rolled along the floor. The air was filled with bits of fiery steel, slag, brick, and débris of all kinds. I crawled to shelter behind a column and there beat out the flames that were burning my clothing in a half-dozen places. Then, groping through the pall of dust and smoke that choked the building, I went to look for Pete.

Near the place where I had seen him standing when the ladle fell I found him. Two workmen who had been crouching behind a wall when the explosion came, and were unhurt, were tearing his burning clothes from his seared and blackened body. Somebody brought a blanket, and we wrapped it about him. We doubted if he lived, but as we carried him back I noted he was trying to speak, and, stooping, I caught the words: "Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, buddy?" That was the last time I ever heard Pete speak. That was the last time I ever saw him alive.

Two o'clock in the morning. Sitting at the little desk where I found Pete that night poring over his arithmetic, I have been writing down my early experiences in the open hearth. Here comes Yakabowski with a test. I know exactly what he will say: "Had I better give her a dose of ore?" Two o'clock in the morning! The small man at the gate was right: Night-work is no good!

I was mistaken; Yakabowski doesn't ask his customary question. He looks at me curiously. "You don't look good, boss," he says. "You sick, maybe?"

Yes, I'm sick—I always am at two o'clock in the morning, when I'm on the night shift. I stretch, I yawn, I shudder. "Ought never to have left the farm, ought we? Hey, Yakabowski?" I say to the big Pole.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Herschel S. Hall (1874–1921), a writer of short stories and novels, was born in Indiana, but spent most of his life in Ohio. His first-hand knowledge of work in the steel mills made his descriptions of great value. Mr. Hall is the author of *Steel Preferred*, and he was a frequent contributor to many magazines. This story appeared in *Scribner's Magazine* for April, 1919.

Questions and Topics

1. Notice how the author makes this story seem real by vivid word pictures; by conversation of the men; by making clear the difficulty and danger of the work, amidst heat and noise, through describing the effects they produce. Find examples of these devices.

2. What do you admire most in Pete's conduct? What do you learn from this story about the work in the steel mill? Read aloud the humorous passages. Does the language of the workers seem suited to the speakers? What did Mike mean when he advised the author "to learn to spell"?

3. Find the lines on page 545 in which the author speaks humorously about the poet's idea of work. Do you believe Herschel Hall would seriously doubt the truth of the glory of work as expressed by Angela Morgan? How is the heroism of toil shown in this story?

4. What great facts of life do you learn from reading this selection? What great contribution does "Pete of the Steel Mills" make to you? (See "The Magic of Iron," Paine in *Child-Library Readers, Book Five.*)

Outline for Testing Silent Reading. Tell the story, following this outline: (*a*) Outside the steel mills; (*b*) The open hearth with its long line of furnaces; (*c*) The workers—the "small man," Pete and his favorite jest, Mike and his advice; (*d*) night work; (*e*) Pete and the boss; (*f*) Pete as foreman; (*g*) Pete's education; (*h*) the accident.

Newspaper Reading. Bring to class and read the most interesting account you can find in a newspaper or magazine, telling about conditions of work in some industry such as mining, fishery, etc.

Suggested Problem. Find out by a personal visit all you can about the way some industry or business is carried on (for example, some local store, or your father's business) and report to the class. Illustrate your talk, if possible, by pictures or blackboard drawings.

Library Reading. "Iron Ore, the World's Richest Metal," Fraser (in *Secrets of the Earth*); "Gold and Iron," Fabre (in *Story Book of Science*); "Building a Skyscraper While You Wait, "Johnston (in *Deeds of Doing and Daring*); "Iron and Steel," Smith (in *Lessons in Community and National Life*, Series C, Judd and Marshall); "The Greatest Steel Arch in the World," "Taming Steel with Fire," Bond (in *Pick, Shovel and Pluck*); *The Story of Iron*, Samuel; "The Knife and the Naked Chalk," Kipling (in *Rewards and Fairies*); "Iron," Chase and Clow (in *Stories of Industry*); *Steel Preferred*, Hall; *The Donovan Chance*, Lynde; *Steel*, Walker; *The Iron Puddler*, Davis.

THE NEW HARVEST HAND

Henry J. Allen

No mechanical advancement has ever wrought a revolution so nearly complete in any agricultural region as has the "combine" in the western wheat fields, where the acreage is large enough to justify the investment. This new wonder of farm machinery not only cuts and gathers the wheat as it moves across a field, but threshes it as well.

The suddenness with which it has accomplished its marvel of change is incredible. Only a few years ago we were still dealing with the harvest labor problem, pleading with railroads to grant extra employment bureaus to distribute help to the territory where the rapidly ripening grain was causing uneasiness among the farmers, who realized their utter helplessness to cope with the harvest through the local supply of labor.

HARVEST DAYS THAT ARE OVER

The wheat farmer had been dependent wholly upon the harvest hands, who came out of the four points of the compass to follow the harvest, as the grain ripened from the southern border of Oklahoma to the northern borders of the Dakotas and Minnesota. They came in swarms. Drowsy little villages in the midst of yellowing wheat fields woke to the need of providing temporary shelter for the harvest hands who landed from box-cars and automobiles, or who came walking. They must be taken care of while they waited for the farmers to come in and barter for their services. This year there has been a total absence of them in the greater wheat areas which once knew them the most numerously.

A BLESSING FOR THE FARMER'S WIFE

The housewives of the wheat farmers, who formerly looked forward with dread to harvest as a period of drudgery, which preceded even a more severe period of it during the threshing days, have seen the combine lifting their load and causing the drudgery to disappear as completely as though it had never existed.

Recently, traveling along a country highway, I met two farm women in a Ford motor car, looking clean and cool and happy. They were on their way to take the mid-day meal in hot containers to the harvest hands who were cutting a section of wheat. In the olden days, it would have taken two crews of about eight men each employed in that section for two weeks. For those seventeen extra men, cooking would be required. Then when it came time to thresh the grain, there would have been a group of from six to ten men, depending upon whether the grain was stacked or threshed from the shocks. There would have been horse-drawn wagons to haul the grain to the bins or to the elevators, and the harvest period beginning in June would have extended into the threshing period until late in the fall. It meant extra work to house the hands, extra cooking, extra washing.

I had known these two women in the days when their section of wheat meant all this in the sum total of human service. The other day they were taking food in their motor car to three men only. One of these men was driving the tractor which pulls the combine harvester and thresher. The second man was watching the combine. The third man was operating a hauling truck which took the wheat from the combine to the elevator. Thus, the farmer with one extra man to help him would cut forty-five acres a day and thresh it in the same operation. The other extra man would haul it to the elevator. Harvesting and threshing would all be over in the next fifteen or twenty days, and while it was going on, the women of the household would need to provide for only two extra men.

LESS WHEAT LOST BY NEW METHOD

An interesting incident occurred in Kansas recently, when a member of the Interstate Commerce Commission made a tour of the wheat fields of northeastern Sedgwick County while investigating railroad freight rates on grain. A farmer who lives near Furley, in Sedgwick County, explained to the commissioner that his experience was that the combine had reduced the cost of harvesting over fifty per cent. His machinery cost him $2000. After harvesting his own wheat, he engaged in custom cutting for his neighbors at $3.00 an acre. He not only made a profit for himself at this rate, but he saved his neighbors from $3.00 to $4.00 an acre by the work he did for them. It was about July 15, two weeks after most of the wheat in southern Kansas had been cut, and much of the grain was bent over. The commissioner noted this condition and asked if the combine could pick up the fallen ends. The farmer replied in the affirmative, pointing to an attachment fastened to the sickle that performed this operation. "Don't you lose a large amount of grain when the wheat becomes overripe and goes down?" asked the commissioner.

"No," replied the farmer. "We save more wheat with the combine than with the header or the binder. The loss from shattering with the old-style methods of harvesting is much greater than it is with the combine."

The farmer then explained that when the wheat is headed or bound, it must be handled at least twice before it reaches the threshing machine. And in this handling, considerable shattering takes place. The fact that neither the grain nor the straw is ever touched when the wheat is cut and threshed through the simultaneous operation of the combine reduces the waste.

COST REDUCTION

In Kansas last year there were 8000 combines in use on the Kansas wheat farms. It is estimated that the number had been increased to 13,000 for this year. It has meant an investment of upward of $25,000,000, but the bankers tell me that it has been in most cases liquidated out of the saving.

"In spite of the increased investment, the wheat farmer has a larger net return upon a period of two or three years," said one banker.

"When depreciation and interest are added to the variable costs of the combine, we usually find that the cost per acre of harvesting and threshing with the combine is approximately one-half the cost of harvesting with a header or a binder," said another banker. This estimate is also approved by the State Agricultural College of Kansas.

Kansas usually harvests one hundred fifty million bushels or more each year. The average cost per bushel of getting the wheat into the bin under the old system is about thirty cents. If the Kansas farmer is making fifteen cents per bushel net on his investment, it runs up to a neat saving. As a matter of fact, many of them, with favorable yields and larger acreage, are doing much better than this saving.

"No great saving like this ever came to a land without ruining somebody," I said to an Ashland banker who has been a financial mainstay of his district for many years. This man has seen his county evolve from a cow country to a farming country. He saw over seventy carloads of horses and mules shipped out of the neighborhood within recent months because the rapid motorization of the farming industry left nothing for the horse to do. He has seen the increase of machinery multiply the acreage of the farming and decrease the population. Said he: "Of course the combine creates a problem for the smaller farmer who is unable to shift to the newer type of equipment. And he will find it difficult to compete with his neighbor who does shift. While this is a hardship on the farmer with limited funds, it will gradually be solved by the growing number of men who, after their own harvests are over, will use their combines for custom work, and who can serve their neighbors at a price profitable both to themselves and to their neighbors."

THE STORAGE PROBLEM

Out of the earliest movement of wheat has come likewise a new problem in storage. This, I noticed, is being met by an increasing number of bins and by increased elevator capacity in all the grain-gathering centers. The impossibility of selling the wheat as rapidly as it is taken from the harvest field will force the establishment of an economic system that should have been established long before: namely, the addition of wheat bins on the farm and other storage capacity. Such provision will make possible an orderly process of marketing. Much of the wheat now glutting the early markets does not come from financial necessity of the farmer to sell it; it comes from his lack of capacity to store it. The new arrangement forces new storage, and out of the saving he makes in the harvesting and threshing of his grain he can well afford to build his storage. Wichita, which is the capital of the wheat-producing area of Kansas, has increased its elevator capacity more than 4,000,000 bushels within the last two years to meet the new problem of wheat storage.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Henry Justin Allen (1868–) began his career as editor of the Manhattan *Nationalist.* He later owned and operated several daily newspapers in other cities in Kansas. During the World War, he served his country in France under the auspices of the American Red Cross Society. From 1919 to 1923 Mr. Allen was governor of the state of Kansas. In 1924 he served as a special commissioner for the Near East Relief to investigate the work of this organization in the Near East countries. He is at the present time owner of the Wichita *Daily Beacon.*

Questions and Topics

1. What is a "combine"? How does this machine facilitate the work on the farm? How were farmers forced to adopt some new plan to accomplish the work that had to be done in the harvest time? Compare the scene in the harvest fields today with that of a few years ago.
2. How does the combine make the life of the farmer's wife more agreeable? How many men are needed to operate the combine? How does this number compare with those needed for the old-time system of harvesting?
3. The combine is a great saver of time and human labor; what other service does it render the farmer? Compare the cost of the new system of farming with that of the old. What class of people suffer because they cannot adopt the newer type of farm equipment? How may this be remedied?
4. Mention some of the problems the big farmers had to meet when they adopted the new farm machinery. How are these problems gradually being solved?
5. Compare the work on the farm as it is pictured in this selection with that of the early western pioneer farmers in Hamlin Garland's great books *A Son of the Middle Border, A Daughter of the Middle Border,* and *Main-Traveled Roads.*

Library Reading. *The Young Wheat Scout,* Weir; "The Bread by Which We Live" (in *The Book of Knowledge,* Volume X); "Scythe Song," Lang (in Stedman's *Victorian Anthology*).

PIONEERS! O PIONEERS!

Walt Whitman

Come, my tan-faced children,
Follow well in order, get your weapons ready.
Have you your pistols? Have you your sharp-edged axes?
Pioneers! O pioneers!

For we cannot tarry here;
We must march, my darlings, we must bear the brunt of danger,
We the youthful sinewy races, all the rest on us depend,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O you youths, Western youths,
So impatient, full of action, full of manly pride and friendship,
Plain I see you Western youths, see you tramping with the foremost,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Have the elder races halted?
Do they droop and end their lesson, wearied over there beyond the seas?
We take up the task eternal, and the burden and the lesson,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

All the past we leave behind,
We debouch upon a newer, mightier world, varied world;
Fresh and strong the world we seize, world of labor and the march,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

We detachments steady throwing,
Down the edges, through the passes, up the mountains steep,
Conquering, holding, daring, venturing, as we go the unknown ways,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

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18. **debouch** (dē-bōōsh′), march.

We primeval forests felling,
We the rivers stemming, vexing we and piercing deep the mines within,
We the surface broad surveying, we the virgin soil upheaving,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

Colorado men are we,
From the peaks gigantic, from the great sierras and the high plateaus,
From the mine and from the gully, from the hunting trail we come,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

From Nebraska, from Arkansas,
Central inland race are we, from Missouri, with the continental blood interveined,
All the hands of comrades clasping, all the Southern, all the Northern,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

O resistless, restless race!
O beloved race in all! O my breast aches with tender love for all!
Oh, I mourn and yet exult, I am rapt with love for all,
Pioneers! O pioneers!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Walt Whitman (1819–1892) came from a race of Long Island farmers who had lived in one spot for generations and were far from being a literary people. "They were simple, vigorous plowmen, unbookish and elemental."

Walt Whitman's education was brief and desultory; he left school at the age of twelve to become office boy for a lawyer, and from that time on he drifted from one job to another until in 1850 he found himself back in Brooklyn living with his family. He had done a great deal of reading, starting with *The Arabian Nights* and Scott and moving on through the classics. Always, when he could, he read alone and out of doors.

When the Civil War broke out, Whitman took his place on the field as volunteer nurse and "wound-dresser," It is said that he served all alike "whether Northern or Southern, high or low, deserving or undeserving." There is no more inspiring story of the War that has come down to us than this one of the unselfish and impersonal charity and devotion of Walt Whitman in the hospitals.

Whitman's great themes in his poetry were "selfhood, comradeship, love, joy, nature, God, immortality, death, and above all democracy as exemplified in the American states." He has been called "intensely emotional, intensely human." Lincoln's estimate of him was unmistakably true, "Well, *he* looks like a *man!*"

Questions and Topics

1. To whom is the poet speaking in this poem? Who are the "Western youths" referred to in line 9? Walt Whitman was a man of intensely democratic sympathies. He wrote of the "dear love of comrades" as the real means of bringing about a better understanding among men of every nation, a better government, and an end of war. He loved every part of America and all of America's sons and daughters; read aloud lines in this poem which show his intense love for humanity.

2. Whitman hoped through his poetry and prose to bring about heartier coöperation among men; read aloud the lines in "Pioneers! O Pioneers!" which verify this statement.

3. Mention some of the tasks and dangers all pioneers must face. Can you name a great pioneer of our own day? Why do you believe the poet "mourns and yet exults"? What is the "task eternal" to which Whitman refers?

4. What other poems by Whitman have you read? Which one do you like best?

Library Reading. "The Prairie Woman," Nesbit (in *The Paths of Long Ago*); "The Oregon Trail," Guiterman (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); *A Son of the Middle Border*, *Trail-Makers of the Middle Border*, Garland; *I Sing the Pioneer*, Guiterman.

THE DAY AND THE WORK

Edwin Markham

To each man is given a day and his work for the day,
And once and no more he is given to travel this way;
It's woe unto him if he flies from his task, whatever the odds;
For his task is appointed to him on the scroll of the gods.

There is waiting a work where only his hands can avail;
And so, if he falters, a chord in the music will fail;
He may laugh at the sky, he may play for an hour in the sun,
But he dare not go hence till the labor appointed be done.

To each man is given a marble to carve for the wall;
A stone that is needed to heighten the beauty of all;
And only the soul has the magic to give it the grace;
And only his hands have the cunning to put it in place.

Yes, there is waiting a work for each man no other can do;
So your errand is waiting; it has waited for ages for you,
And now you are come, and the hushed are turning their gaze
To see what you do with your chance in the chamber of days.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Edwin Markham (1852–   ), an American poet, was born in Oregon City, Oregon. During his boyhood he worked at farming, blacksmithing, and cattle and sheep herding. He attended the country school but was obliged to depend upon his reading for much of his education. In 1899 he became famous as the author of "The Man with the Hoe," originally published in the San Francisco *Examiner* and later reprinted all over the world. It was soon followed by a second poem, equally popular, called "Lincoln, the Man of the People."

Since 1901 Mr. Markham has lived in the East. His latest work is a two-volume anthology of poetry, covering all of the best verse written during the last six hundred years. Mr. Markham is honorary President of the Poetry Society of America.

Questions and Topics

1. Markham puts the blame for your failures upon your own shoulders; select to read aloud to the class the line that tells you this fact most graphically. Does this poet emphasize the value of coöperation in work? In what lines?

2. Explain in your own words the meaning of the third stanza. Markham believes there is a task waiting which only *you* can do; have you chosen your life work? Who are the "hushed" ones?

3. Bring to class and read Kipling's "L'Envoi." Compare the thought expressed by Markham with that of Kipling. Memorize the one you like the better.

Library Reading. "Work," van Dyke (in *Music and other Poems*); "The Happiest Heart," Cheyney (in *The Oxford Book of American Verse*, Carman).

A MESSAGE TO GARCIA

Elbert Hubbard

In all this Cuban business there is one man who stands out on the horizon of my memory like Mars at perihelion. When war broke out between Spain and the United States it was very necessary to communicate quickly with the leader of the Insurgents. Garcia was somewhere in the moun-

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3. **perihelion** (pĕr′ĭ-hē′lĭ-ŏn), the spot nearest the horizon, where the planet is seen most clearly.

tain fastnesses of Cuba—no one knew where. No mail or telegraph message could reach him. The President must secure his coöperation, and quickly.

What to do!

Someone said to the President, "There's a fellow by the name of Rowan will find Garcia for you, if anybody can."

Rowan was sent for and given a letter to be delivered to Garcia. How "the fellow by the name of Rowan" took the letter, sealed it up in an oilskin pouch, strapped it over his heart, in four days landed by night off the coast of Cuba from an open boat, disappeared into the jungle, and in three weeks came out on the other side of the Island, having traversed a hostile country on foot, and delivered his letter to Garcia—are things I have no special desire to tell in detail now. The point I wish to make is this: McKinley gave Rowan a letter to be delivered to Garcia; Rowan took the letter and did not ask, "Where is he at?" By the Eternal! there is a man whose form should be cast in deathless bronze and the statue placed in every college in the land! It is not book learning young men need, nor instruction about this or that, but a stiffening of the vertebrae that will cause them to be loyal to a trust, to act promptly, concentrate their energies: do the thing—"Carry a message to Garcia." General Garcia is dead now, but there are other Garcias.

No man who has endeavored to carry out an enterprise wherein many hands were needed, but has been well-nigh appalled at times by the imbecility of the average man—the inability or unwillingness to concentrate on a thing and do it.

Slipshod assistance, foolish inattention, dowdy indifference, and half-hearted work seem the rule; and no man succeeds unless, by hook or crook or threat, he forces or bribes other men to assist him; or mayhap, God in His goodness performs a miracle, and sends him an Angel of Light for an assistant. You, reader, put this matter to a test: You are sitting now in your office—six clerks are within call. Summon any one and make this request: "Please look in the encyclopedia and make a brief memorandum of Correggio."

Will the clerk quietly say, "Yes, sir," and go to the task?

On your life he will not! He will look at you out of a fishy eye and ask one or more of the following questions:

Who was he?

Which encyclopedia?

Where is the encyclopedia?

Was I hired for that?

Don't you mean Bismarck?

What's the matter with Charlie doing it?

Is he dead?

Is there any hurry?

Shall I bring you the book and let you look it up for yourself?

What do you want to know for?

And I will lay you ten to one that after you have answered the questions, and explained how to find the information, and why you want it, the clerk will go off and get one of the other clerks to help him to try to find Garcia—and then come back and tell you there is no such man. Of course I may lose my bet, but, according to the Law of Average, I will not.

Now if you are wise you will not bother to explain to your "assistant" that Correggio is indexed under the C's, not in the K's, but you will smile sweetly and say, "Never mind," and go look it up yourself.

The dread of getting "the bounce" Saturday night holds many a worker to his place. Advertise for a stenographer, and nine out of ten who apply can neither spell nor punctuate—and do not think it necessary to. Can such a one write a letter to Garcia?

"You see that bookkeeper," said a foreman to me in a large factory.

"Yes; what about him?"

"Well, he's a fine accountant, but if I'd send him uptown on an errand, he might accomplish the errand all right, and on the other hand, might stop on the way, and when he got to Main Street would forget what he had been sent for." Can such a man be entrusted to carry a message to Garcia?

We have recently been hearing much maudlin sympathy expressed for the "downtrodden denizens of the sweatshop" and the "homeless wanderer searching for honest employment," and with it all often go many hard words for the men in power.

Nothing is said about the employer who grows old before his time in a vain attempt to get frowsy ne'er-do-wells to do intelligent work; and his long, patient striving with "help" that does nothing but loaf when his back is turned. In every store and factory there is a constant weeding-out process going on. The employer is constantly sending away "help" that have shown their incapacity to further the interests of the business, and others are being taken on.

No matter how good times are, this sorting continues, only if times are hard and work is scarce, the sorting is done finer—but out and forever out the incompetent and unworthy go. It is the survival of the fittest. Self-interest prompts every employer to keep the best—those who can carry a message to Garcia.

I know one man of really brilliant parts who has not the ability to manage a business of his own, and yet who is absolutely worthless to anyone else, because he carries with him constantly the insane suspicion that his employer is oppressing, or intending to oppress him. He cannot give orders; and he will not receive them. Should a message be given him to take to Garcia, his answer would probably be, "Take it yourself!"

Tonight this man walks the streets looking for work, the wind whistling through his threadbare coat. No one who knows him dares employ him, for he is a regular firebrand of discontent.

Of course I know that one so morally deformed is no less to be pitied than a physical cripple; but in our pitying, let us drop a tear, too, for the men who are striving to carry on a great enterprise, whose working hours are not limited by the whistle, and whose hair is fast turning white through the struggle to hold in line dowdy indifference, slipshod imbecility, and the heartless ingratitude which, but for their enterprise, would be both hungry and homeless.

Have I put the matter too strongly? Possibly I have; but when all the world has gone a-slumming I wish to speak a word of sympathy for the man who succeeds—the man who, against great odds, has directed the efforts of others, and having succeeded, finds there's nothing in it—nothing but bare board and clothes. I have carried a dinner pail and worked for day's wages, and I have also been an employer of labor, and I know there is

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23. **denizens** (dĕn'ĭ-zĕnz), workers.

something to be said on both sides. There is no excellence, per se, in poverty; rags are no recommendation; and all employers are not rapacious and high-handed, any more than all poor men are virtuous.

My heart goes out to the man who does his work when the "boss" is away, as well as when he is at home. And the man who, when given a letter for Garcia, quietly takes the missive, without asking any idiotic questions, and with no lurking intention of chucking it into the nearest sewer, or of doing aught else but delivering it, never gets "laid off." Civilization is one long, anxious search for just such individuals. Anything such a man asks shall be granted. His kind is so rare that no employer can afford to let him go. He is wanted in every city, town, and village—in every office, shop, store, and factory.

The world cries out for such; he is needed, and needed badly—the man who can carry a message to Garcia.

2. **per se** (pŭr sē), in itself.

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

Biographical Note

Elbert Hubbard (1859–1915), a native of Bloomington, Illinois, was one of the ill-fated passengers on board the *Lusitania* when it was sunk. He was an author and lecturer, his message being the joy of work well done. He founded the Roycroft Shop, in East Aurora, New York, which is devoted to the making of fine editions of books.

The author tells us that this "literary trifle," "A Message to Garcia," was written February 22, 1899, after supper, in a single hour, and after a particularly trying day. It was suggested to him by a discussion, over the teacups, of the Spanish-American war, his son maintaining that Rowan was the real hero of the war. The day after "A Message to Garcia" was published, the New York Central Railway ordered reprints of it, distributing over a million copies among its employees. The story has been translated into all written languages, and the author estimated that during his lifetime, "Thanks to a series of lucky accidents," forty million copies had been printed.

Garcia (1836–1898) was a Cuban patriot who gave valuable aid to the American forces during the Spanish-American war. At the close of the war he was made chief of a commission to discuss with President McKinley the future of Cuba. Andrew Rowan (1857–   ), a West Point graduate, was promoted to the office of lieutenant colonel of the United States Army for the service described in this sketch.

Questions and Topics

1. Read the selection through silently, testing by the following outline how much you have retained: (*a*) what Rowan did; (*b*) what young men need; (*c*) testing a group of clerks; (*d*) the probable result of the test; (*e*) the stenographer, the bookkeeper; (*f*) the case of the employer; (*g*) the man who succeeds. Discuss whether or not, in your opinion, the author is too hard on "help."

2. Why do you think the New York Central Railway distributed copies of "A Message to Garcia" among its employees? What resolve did you make after reading "A Message to Garcia"? Who are the "Rowans" in your school?

3. Which do you think is more to be admired, devotion to a cause or to a leader? Give reasons for your answer. What type of man is the employer looking for?

4. Give the personal characteristics of the man that you would trust to "carry the message to Garcia." Read again "Incident of the French Camp," page 191; compare the character of Rowan with that of the hero in this selection.

Class Reading. Prepare to read aloud the conversational parts of the story effectively.

Library Reading. *How Success Is Won*, Bolton; "Gorgas, Redeemer of the Tropics," Moore; "Goethals," Mackaye (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Eight*); "Carry On," Service (in *The Home Book of Verse*, Stevenson).

THE BUILDING OF THE SHIP

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

"Build me straight, O worthy Master!
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

The merchant's word
Delighted the Master heard;
For his heart was in his work, and the heart
Giveth grace unto every Art.
A quiet smile played round his lips,
As the eddies and dimples of the tide
Play round the bows of ships
That steadily at anchor ride.
And with a voice that was full of glee,
He answered, "Ere long we will launch
A vessel as goodly, and strong, and stanch,
As ever weathered a wintry sea!"
And first with nicest skill and art,
Perfect and finished in every part,
A little model the Master wrought,
Which should be to the larger plan
What the child is to the man,
Its counterpart in miniature;
That with a hand more swift and sure
The greater labor might be brought
To answer to his inward thought.
And as he labored, his mind ran o'er
The various ships that were built of yore,
And above them all, and strangest of all,
Towered the Great Harry, crank and tall,
Whose picture was hanging on the wall,
With bows and stern raised high in air,
And balconies hanging here and there,
And signal lanterns, and flags afloat,
And eight round towers, like those that frown
From some old castle, looking down
Upon the drawbridge and the moat;
And he said, with a smile, "Our ship, I wis,
Shall be of another form than this!"

It was of another form, indeed;
Built for freight, and yet for speed,
A beautiful and gallant craft;
Broad in the beam, that the stress of the blast,
Pressing down upon sail and mast,
Might not the sharp bows overwhelm;
Broad in the beam, but sloping aft
With graceful curve and slow degrees,
That she might be docile to the helm,
And that the currents of parted seas,
Closing behind, with mighty force,
Might aid and not impede her course.

In the shipyard stood the Master,
With the model of the vessel,
That should laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!

Covering many a rood of ground,
Lay the timber piled around;
Timber of chestnut, and elm, and oak,
And scattered here and there, with these,
The knarred and crooked cedar knees;
Brought from regions far away,
From Pascagoula's sunny bay,
And the banks of the roaring Roanoke!
Ah! what a wondrous thing it is
To note how many wheels of toil
One thought, one word, can set in motion!
There's not a ship that sails the ocean,
But every climate, every soil,
Must bring its tribute, great or small,
And help to build the wooden wall!

36. **drawbridge**, a movable bridge. **moat**, a ditch of water around a castle for protection. 37. **wis**, think. 55. **rood**, one-fourth of an acre. 61. **Pascagoula** (păs-kȧ-gōō'lȧ), river in Mississippi. 62. **Roanoke**, river in Virginia and North Carolina.

The sun was rising o'er the sea,
And long the level shadows lay,
As if they, too, the beams would be
Of some great, airy argosy,
Framed and launched in a single day;
That silent architect, the sun,
Had hewn and laid them every one,
Ere the work of man was yet begun.
Beside the Master, when he spoke,
A youth, against an anchor leaning,
Listened, to catch his slightest meaning.
Only the long waves, as they broke
In ripples on the pebbly beach,
Interrupted the old man's speech.

Beautiful they were, in sooth,
The old man and the fiery youth!
The old man, in whose busy brain
Many a ship that sailed the main
Was modeled o'er and o'er again;
The fiery youth, who was to be
The heir of his dexterity,
The heir of his house and his daughter's hand
When he had built and launched from land
What the elder head had planned.

"Thus," said he, "will we build this ship!
Lay square the blocks upon the slip,
And follow well this plan of mine.
Choose the timbers with greatest care;
Of all that is unsound beware;
For only what is sound and strong
To this vessel shall belong.
Cedar of Maine and Georgia pine
Here together shall combine.
A goodly frame, and a goodly fame,
And the Union be her name!
For the day that gives her to the sea
Shall give my daughter unto thee!"

The Master's word
Enraptured the young man heard;
And as he turned his face aside,
With a look of joy and a thrill of pride,
Standing before
Her father's door,
He saw the form of his promised bride.
The sun shown on her golden hair,
And her cheek was glowing fresh and fair,
With the breath of morn and the soft sea air.
Like a beauteous barge was she,
Still at rest on the sandy beach,
Just beyond the billow's reach;
But he
Was the restless, seething, stormy sea!
Ah, how skillful grows the hand
That obeyeth Love's command!
It is the heart, and not the brain,
That to the highest doth attain,
And he who followeth Love's behest
Far exceedeth all the rest!

Thus with the rising of the sun
Was the noble task begun,
And soon throughout the shipyard's bounds
Were heard the intermingled sounds
Of axes and of mallets, plied
With vigorous arms on every side;
Plied so deftly and so well
That, ere the shadows of evening fell,
The keel of oak for a noble ship,
Scarfed and bolted, straight and strong,
Was lying ready, and stretched along
The blocks, well placed upon the slip.
Happy, thrice happy, everyone
Who sees his labor well begun,
And not perplexed and multiplied,
By idly waiting for time and tide!
And when the hot, long day was o'er,
The young man at the Master's door
Sat with the maiden calm and still,
And within the porch, a little more
Removed beyond the evening chill,

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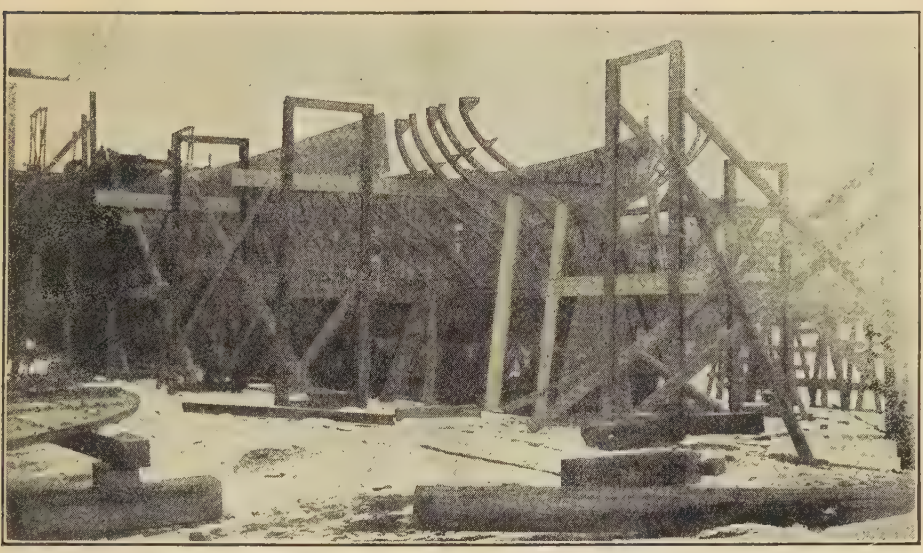
73. argosy (är′gō-sĭ), ship. 95. slip, shipyard.



Courtesy of Manitowoc Shipbuilding Corporation

"DAY BY DAY THE VESSEL GREW"

The father sat, and told them tales
Of wrecks in the great September gales, 150
Of pirates upon the Spanish Main,
And ships that never came back again,
The chance and change of a sailor's life,
Want and plenty, rest and strife,
His roving fancy, like the wind, 155
That nothing can stay and nothing can bind,
And the magic charm of foreign lands,
With shadows of palms, and shining sands,
Where the tumbling surf,
O'er the coral reefs of Madagascar,
Washes the feet of the swarthy Lascar, 161
As he lies along and asleep on the turf.
And the trembling maiden held her breath
At the tales of that awful, pitiless sea,
With all its terror and mystery; 165
The dim dark sea, so like unto Death,
That divides and yet unites mankind!
And whenever the old man paused, a gleam
From the bowl of his pipe would awhile illume
The silent group in the twilight gloom, 170
And thoughtful faces, as in a dream;
And for a moment one might mark
What had been hidden by the dark,
That the head of the maiden lay at rest,
Tenderly, on the young man's breast!

Day by day the vessel grew, 176
With timbers fashioned strong and true,
Stemson and keelson and sternson-knee,
Till, framed with perfect symmetry,
A skeleton ship rose up to view! 180
And around the bows and along the side
The heavy hammers and mallets plied,
Till after many a week, at length,
Wonderful for form and strength,
Sublime in its enormous bulk, 185

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151. **Spanish Main**, Caribbean Sea.

Loomed aloft the shadowy hulk!
And around it columns of smoke, upwreathing,
Rose from the boiling, bubbling, seething
Cauldron, that glowed,
And overflowed
With the black tar, heated for the sheathing.
And amid the clamors
Of clattering hammers,
He who listened heard now and then
The song of the Master and his men:

"Build me straight, O worthy Master,
Stanch and strong, a goodly vessel,
That shall laugh at all disaster,
And with wave and whirlwind wrestle!"

With oaken brace and copper band
Lay the rudder on the sand,
That, like a thought, should have control
Over the movement of the whole;
And near it the anchor, whose giant hand
Would reach down and grapple with the land,
And immovable and fast
Hold the great ship against the bellowing blast!
And at the bows an image stood,
By a cunning artist carved in wood,
With robes of white, that far behind
Seemed to be fluttering in the wind.
It was not shaped in a classic mold,
Not like a nymph or goddess of old,
Or naiad rising from the water,
But modeled from the Master's daughter.
On many a dreary and misty night
'Twill be seen by the rays of the signal light,
Speeding along through the rain and the dark
Like a ghost in its snow-white sark,
The pilot of some phantom bark,
Guiding the vessel, in its flight,
By a path none other knows aright!

Behold, at last,
Each tall and tapering mast
Is swung into its place;
Shrouds and stays
Holding it firm and fast!
Long ago,
In the deer-haunted forests of Maine,
When upon mountain and plain
Lay the snow,
They fell—those lordly pines!
Those grand, majestic pines!
'Mid shouts and cheers
The jaded steers,
Panting beneath the goad,
Dragged down the weary, winding road
Those captive kings so straight and tall,
To be shorn of their streaming hair,
And, naked and bare,
To feel the stress and the strain
Of the wind and the reeling main,
Whose roar
Would remind them forevermore
Of their native forests they should not see again.

And everywhere
The slender, graceful spars
Poise aloft in the air,
And at the masthead,
White, blue, and red,
A flag unrolls the Stripes and Stars.
Ah! when the wanderer, lonely, friendless,
In foreign harbors shall behold
That flag unrolled,

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214. **naiad** (nā'yăd), a water-nymph.

219. **sark**, smock.

'Twill be as a friendly hand
Stretched out from his native land,
Filling his heart with memories sweet and endless!

All is finished! and at length
Has come the bridal day
Of beauty and of strength.
Today the vessel shall be launched!
With fleecy clouds the sky is blanched,
And o'er the bay,
Slowly, in all his splendors dight,
The great sun rises to behold the sight.
The ocean old,
Centuries old,
Strong as youth, and as uncontrolled,
Paces restless to and fro,
Up and down the sands of gold;
His beating heart is not at rest;
And far and wide,
With ceaseless flow,
His beard of snow
Heaves with the heaving of his breast.
He waits impatient for his bride.
There she stands,
With her foot upon the sands,
Decked with flags and streamers gay,
In honor of her marriage day,
Her snow-white signals fluttering, blending,
Round her like a veil descending,
Ready to be
The bride of the gray old sea.

On the deck another bride
Is standing by her lover's side.
Shadows from the flags and shrouds,
Like the shadows cast by clouds,
Broken by many a sunny fleck,
Fall around them on the deck.

The prayer is said,
The service read,
The joyous bridegroom bows his head;
And in tears the good old Master
Shakes the brown hand of his son,
Kisses his daughter's glowing cheek
In silence, for he cannot speak,
And ever faster
Down his own the tears begin to run.
The worthy pastor—
The shepherd of that wandering flock
That has the ocean for its wold,
That has the vessel for its fold,
Leaping ever from rock to rock—
Spake, with accents mild and clear,
Words of warning, words of cheer,
But tedious to the bridegroom's ear.
He knew the chart
Of the sailor's heart,
All its pleasures and its griefs,
All its shallows and rocky reefs,
All those secret currents, that flow
With such resistless undertow,
And lift and drift, with terrible force,
The will from its moorings and its course.

Therefore he spake, and thus said he:
"Like unto ships far off at sea,
Outward or homeward bound, are we,
Before, behind, and all around,
Floats and swings the horizon's bound,
Seems at its distant rim to rise
And climb the crystal wall of the skies,
And then again to turn and sink,
As if we could slide from its outer brink.
Ah! it is not the sea,
It is not the sea that sinks and shelves,
But ourselves
That rock and rise
With endless and uneasy motion,
Now touching the very skies,
Now sinking into the depths of ocean.
Ah! if our souls but poise and swing
Like the compass in its brazen ring,
Ever level and ever true

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264. **dight**, dressed.

302. **wold**, field.

To the toil and the task we have to do,
We shall sail securely, and safely reach
The Fortunate Isles, on whose shining beach
The sights we see and the sounds we hear
Will be those of joy and not of fear!"

Then the Master,
With a gesture of command,
Waved his hand;
And at the word,
Loud and sudden there was heard,
All around them and below,
The sound of hammers, blow on blow,
Knocking away the shores and spurs.
And see! she stirs!
She starts—she moves—she seems to feel
The thrill of life along her keel,
And, spurning with her foot the ground,
With one exulting, joyous bound,
She leaps into the ocean's arms!

And lo! from the assembled crowd
There rose a shout, prolonged and loud,
That to the ocean seemed to say,
"Take her, O bridegroom, old and gray,
Take her to thy protecting arms,
With all her youth and all her charms!"

How beautiful she is! How fair
She lies within those arms, that press
Her form with many a soft caress
Of tenderness and watchful care!
Sail forth into the sea, O ship!
Through wind and wave, right onward steer!
The moistened eye, the trembling lip,
Are not the signs of doubt or fear.

Sail forth into the sea of life,
A gentle, loving, trusting wife,
And safe from all adversity
Upon the bosom of that sea
Thy comings and thy goings be!
For gentleness and love and trust
Prevail o'er angry wave and gust;
And in the wreck of noble lives
Something immortal still survives!

Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!
We know what Master laid thy keel,
What Workmen wrought thy ribs of steel,
Who made each mast, and sail, and rope,
What anvils rang, what hammers beat,
In what a forge and what a heat
Were shaped the anchors and thy hope!
Fear not each sudden sound and shock;
'Tis of the wave and not the rock;
'Tis but the flapping of the sail,
And not a rent made by the gale!
In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee,
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our tears,
Our faith triumphant o'er our fears
Are all with thee—are all with thee!

NOTES AND QUESTIONS

For **Biography** see page 188.

Questions and Topics

1. One of Lincoln's friends on a certain occasion read this poem to him, and when the lines of its apostrophe to the Ship of State were reached, with tears in his eyes

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347. **shores**, supports. **spurs**, timbers which hold the ship.

the President said, "It is a great gift to be able to stir men like that"; read aloud these lines. Which lines in the poem stir you most?

2. What two stories run side by side in this poem? Who is represented as speaking in the first four lines? To whom are these words addressed? Compare the thought expressed in lines 7 and 8, page 559, with that of the poem "Work: A Song of Triumph," page 540.

3. What is the story of the "Great Harry"? From what kinds of trees is the timber for the vessel chosen? What comparison comes to the mind of the poet in the long level shadows of the early morning?

4. Read aloud the lines in which the poet first compares the Master's daughter to a ship. To what does the poet compare the rudder of the ship? To what is the anchor compared? To what does he compare the pines that were felled to make the masts?

5. Find the lines that describe the flag at the masthead. Find the lines in which the poet addresses the ship that has been launched. Find the lines addressed to the girl, who has become the wife of the shipbuilder. Read the lines addressed to the "Ship of State."

6. What lines on page 564 suggest the value of coöperation? What other selections in this group stress the same thought? How did Longfellow learn so much about ships? Perhaps these lines from his poem, "My Lost Youth," will help you to understand how it was possible for Longfellow to write so beautifully and lovingly about a ship.

"I remember the black wharves and the slips,
And the sea-tides tossing free,
And Spanish sailors with bearded lips,
And the beauty and mystery of the ships,
And the magic of the sea."

7. Tell what you know about shipbuilding in America during the World War.

Library Reading. *Our Industrial Victory*, Schwab; "Ships for the Seven Seas," Graves (in *The National Geographic Magazine*, September, 1918); "Cargoes," Masefield (in *Collected Poems*); *Historic Ships*, Holland; "Kilmeny," Noyes (in *Junior High School Literature, Book One*); "The Story of the Ship," Husband (in *Child-Library Readers, Book Six*); *The Marvel Book of American Ships*, Jackson; *The Story of the Ship*, Grant.

LITERATURE AND LIFE IN THE HOMELAND

A Backward Look

Literature and Life in the Homeland is the general subject of Part IV; under what four headings is the subject treated? How do the selections in the group called America in Legend and Song help you to understand what America means and how her present grows out of the past? In A Forward Look, page 411, you read that in one sense literature knows no time or place, yet in another sense it reflects the life and ideals of a particular time and a definite race. Does the poem "Snow-Bound" picture scenes of pioneer America merely or has it also qualities that belong to all time? What quality in Evangeline makes her a heroine not merely of colonial time but of all time? What quality do we recognize in Rip Van Winkle that we find also in ourselves in a greater or less degree? How does this recognition affect our sympathy for Rip? How do the descriptions of American scenes by Cooper, Whittier, Irving, Longfellow, Hawthorne, and Lanier differ from those in your geography?

Humor is said to be one of our American characteristics; name some well-known humorists of our national literature. Which of these names are represented in the group called American Humor? Bring to class some interesting bits of humor from *Life* or from other magazines devoted to humor. Who edits the humor column of your paper? What title is given to the column? In Irving's time, and even in that of Holmes, pictures were not widely used to furnish humor for the readers of newspapers and magazines; name some present-day cartoonists and the well-known characters they have created. Discuss in class different kinds of cartoons: (*a*) those that drive home a truth in the form of a joke; (*b*) those that are clever; (*c*) those that are merely silly. Bring to class illustrations of these kinds of cartoons. Make a collection for the school bulletin board.

Imagine what Benjamin Franklin would say if he could see our present-day means of communication, the telephone, telegraph, cable, radio. How did he make a beginning for the work of Edison and Steinmetz? What do the following names suggest to you in the matter of transportation: Robert Fulton, George Stephenson (Englishman), Henry Ford, Orville and Wilbur Wright? What is the outstanding achievement of the aviators represented in this group? Which of these do the end-sheets suggest? What is the greatest engineering feat that you yourself have seen? How does it compare with the tunnel under the Hudson?

Which of the selections that picture America at work did you find most interesting? Which selection in this group made you feel the joy of work? Which selection emphasized the importance of efficiency in work? Which selection shows the relation of the worker to the planner? What selections broadened your sympathies for the worker? What different kinds of workers did you learn about in your library reading suggested in Part IV? What occupations particularly interest you? How has *The Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature* helped you to find magazine articles describing various industries?

What quotations from memory can you make from this year's reading? What is your method of memorizing? Tell some interesting facts that you learned about *forms* of literature—the lyric, the ballad, the short story, and the drama. What short story writers have you become acquainted with in this book? What contemporary poets? What book-reviews given during the year interested you most?

And now that you have come to the end of your book you may well ask yourself, "What are the benefits I have gained from my reading?" It is the earnest hope of the authors that you have been helped to observe Nature; to delight in noble literature; to appreciate the highest forms of wit and humor; to have sympathy for all sorts and conditions of men; to take satisfaction in work well done; to be kind to all; and to love home and country. For these are the things that this book and others of the series have aimed to foster in you for your happiness and for the well-being of all with whom you associate.

GLOSSARY

ā as in *a*te
ă as in b*a*t
â as in c*a*re
ȧ as in *a*sk
ä as in *a*rm
ā̇ as in sen*a*te
ē as in *e*ve
ĕ as in m*e*t
ẽ as in mak*e*r
ė as in *e*vent
ī as in k*i*nd
ĭ as in p*i*n
ō as in n*o*te
ŏ as in n*o*t
ô as in *o*r
ȯ as in *o*bey
ŏ̄ as in d*o*g
ū as in *u*se
ŭ as in c*u*t
û as in t*u*rn
ū as in *u*nite
o͞o as in f*oo*d
o͝o as in f*oo*t

a-ban′don (ă-băn′dŭn), carefree rejoicing
a-bate′ment (ȧ-bāt′mĕnt), decrease
ab-jure′ (ăb-jūr′), give up
a-bound′ (ȧ-bound′), overflow; be in great plenty
ab′ne-ga′tion (ăb′nė-gā′shŭn), giving up all thought
a-breast′ (ȧ-brĕst′), side by side
a-byss′ (ȧ-bĭs′), immeasurable space; deep gulf
ac-cliv′i-ty (ă-klĭv′ĭ-tĭ), slope
ac-cost′ed (ă-kŏst′ĕd), addressed
ac-cou′ter-ment (ă-ko͞o′tẽr-mĕnt), style; (in plural) equipment and dress
ac-crued′ (ă-kro͞od′), increased
ac-cursed′ (ă-kûrst′), cursed
ac′me (ăk′mė), highest degree; perfection
ac′qui-es′cence (ăk′wĭ-ĕs′ĕns), assent; agreement
ac′qui-si′tion (ăk′wĭ-zĭsh′ŭn), something gained or added
ad′a-mant (ăd′ȧ-mănt), hardest stone
ad′vo-ca-cy (ăd′vȯ-kȧ-sĭ), pleading in favor of
ad′vo-cat′ed (ăd′vȯ-kāt′ĕd), pleaded in favor of
Aer′shot (är′shŏt), a Belgian town
af′fa-bil′i-ty (ăf′ȧ-bĭl′ĭ-tĭ), friendliness
affection, disturbance
af-firm′a-tive, in the (ă-fûr′mȧ-tĭv), yes
af-front′ (ă-frŭnt′), insult; offend
ag-gres′sive (ă-grĕs′ĭv), provoking; increasingly hostile
ag-gres′sor (ă-grĕs′ẽr), enemy
a-gog′ (ȧ-gŏg′), eager
ai′le-ron (ā′lė-rŏn), hinged flap on wing of airplane used for lateral balance
Aix (āks), a French city
al-bi′no (ăl-bī′nō), white or whitish bird
al′ien (āl′yĕn), foreign. **alienate,** separate
a-lign′ment (ȧ-līn′mĕnt), exact lining up
al′ka-li (ăl′kȧ-lī), dry and dusty
al-lay′ (ă-lā′), calm
all-per-va′sive (ôl-pẽr-vā′sĭv), universal
al-lu′sions (ă-lŭ′zhŭnz), references
al-ly′ (ă-lī′), friend; aid
al′oe (ăl′ō), plant which blossoms when it is one hundred years old
am′a-ranth (ăm′ȧ-rănth), an imaginary flower which never fades
am′bus-cade′ (ăm′bŭs-kād′), sudden attack
am′i-ca-ble (ăm′ĭ-kȧ-b’l), friendly; peaceful
am′i-ty (ăm′ĭ-tĭ), friendship
Am′o-noo′suck (ăm′ō-no͞o′sŭk)
an′a-lyt′i-cal (ăn′ȧ-lĭt′ĭk-ăl), examining
an′a-tom′i-cal en′gi-neer′ing (ăn′ȧ-tŏm′ĭ-kăl ĕn′jĭ-nēr′ĭng), bodily construction
an′cho-rite monk (ăng′kō-rīt), one bound by a vow to live in solitude
an′i-ma′tion (ăn′ĭ-mā′shŭn), liveliness; enthusiasm
an-ni′hi-lat′ed (ă-nī′hĭ-lāt′ĕd), totally destroyed. **annihilation,** total destruction
an-ten′na (ăn-tĕn′ȧ), group of wires attached to a radio (wireless)
an′ti-tox′ins (ăn′tĭ-tŏk′sĭnz), substances that prevent or help to cure diseases
ap′o-plec′tic op′u-lence (ăp′ō-plĕk′tĭk ŏp′ū-lĕns), overflowing riches
ap-palls′ (ă-pôlz′) terrifies; amazes; horrifies
ap′pa-ri′tion (ăp′ȧ-rĭsh′ŭn), vision; disorder
ap-praised′ (ă-prāzd′), valued
ap′pre-hen′sion (ăp′rė-hĕn′shŭn), hearing; fear. **apprehensive,** apt; discerning; fearful
apt′i-tude (ăp′tĭ-tūd), readiness; ability
ar-bu′tus (är-bū′tŭs), a trailing plant
arch′er (är′chẽr), one who uses the bow and arrow
ar′go-sy, airy (är′gō-sĭ), imaginary vessel made of sunbeams
A′ri-el-airy ease (ā′rĭ-ĕl), with the light movements of Ariel, a spirit of the air, in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*
ar′is-toc′ra-cy (ăr′ĭs-tŏk′rȧ-sĭ), more fortunate classes in society which have riches, power, education, etc.
ar′o-mat′ic (ăr′ō-măt′ĭk), fragrant; strong-scented
ar′ti-fice (är′tĭ-fĭs), unnatural covering; trick
a-skance′ (ȧ-skăns′), sideways
as-phyx′i-a′tions (ăs-fĭk′sĭ-ā′shŭnz), suffocations caused by gases
as′si-du′i-ty (ăs′ĭ-dū′ĭ-tĭ), industry
as-sid′u-ous (ă-sĭd′ū-ŭs), devoted
as-sign′, sole (ă-sīn′), only representative
as-suage′ (ă-swāj′), ease
as-sump′tions (ă-sŭmp′shŭnz), boldness
at-ten′u-at′ed (ă-tĕn′ū-āt′ĕd), thin
au-gust′ (ô-gŭst′), dignified
au′re-ole (ô′rė-ōl), circle of light represented as surrounding the head, *i.e.*, a halo
aus-ter′i-ty (ôs-tĕr′ĭ-tĭ), severity
au′to-bi′o-graph′ic (ô′tō-bī′ō-grăf′ĭk), self-revealing
au′to-crat′ic (ô′tō-krăt′ĭk), masterful; despotic
a-vail′ (ȧ-vāl′), succeed
av′a-rice (ăv′ȧ-rĭs), greediness
a-vid′i-ty (ȧ-vĭd′ĭ-tĭ), eagerness
a-vouch′ (ȧ-vouch′), declare
bal′let′-dancer (bȧl′ā′), toe-dancer
ban′ter (băn′tẽr), good-natured jesting
bar′ba-rism (bär′bȧ-rĭz’m), uncivilized state
bar′o-graph (băr′ō grȧf), instrument for measuring atmospheric pressure
bar′ra-coon′ (băr′ȧ-ko͞on′), barrack for temporary confinement
bar′ri-cade′ (băr′ĭ-kād′), fortification; barrier
bat-tal′ions (bă-tăl′yŭnz), crowds
bat′tle-ments (băt′’l-mĕnts), upper sections of a fortification
bay, (*adj.*), light reddish brown
Beau′lieu′ (bō′lyo͝o′)

be-guiled′ (bė-gīld′; for meter, bė-gīl′ĕd), deceived; coaxed. **beguiling,** coaxing
be-like′ (bė-līk′), perhaps
bel′lied (bĕl′ĭd), blown outward in a round shape
be-nef′i-cence (bė-nĕf′ĭ-sĕns), kindness. **beneficent,** good; kind
be-nig′nant (bė-nĭg′nănt), kind
be-quests′ (bė-kwĕsts′), gifts left by a will
be-reave′ us (bė-rēv′), deprive us of members of our family. **bereavement,** loss
be-seems′ (bė-sēmz′), is fitting for
be-shrew′ (bė-shrōō′), at fault be
big′ot-ry (bĭg′ŭt-rĭ), narrow-mindedness
bil′low-ing (bĭl′ō-ĭng), waving
bishop, wine and fruit juices
biv′ouacked (bĭv′wăkt), encamped
bi-zarre′ (bĭ-zär′), fantastic; unusual
blanched (blȧncht), grew pale; whitened; pale
blent, united
blithe (blīth), joyous. **blithely,** joyously
blood-be-dewed′ (bė-dūd′), sprinkled with blood
bogholes, holes filled with decayed moss and soft, swampy earth
bois′ter-ous (bois′tẽr-ŭs), rough or rude
bole, trunk
Boom (bōm), a Belgian town
boun′ties (boun′tĭz), rewards
brack′ish (brăk′ĭsh), salt-water
brag′ga-doc′ci-o (brăg′ȧ-dō′shĭ-ō), empty boasting
bramble-spray, small shoot, or tendril, of a rough, prickly shrub (such as the raspberry)
brant (brănt), kind of wild goose
brawn (brôn), physical strength
brig′ands (brĭg′ăndz), highwaymen
buff coat, close, brown leather coat
buf-foons′ (bŭ-fōōnz′), clowns
bulkhead, partition wall
bur′nished (bûr′nĭsht), polished; made to shine
buttes (būts), conspicuous isolated hills or mountains
but′tres-ses (bŭt′rĕs-ĕz), projecting walls for support
cables, bundles of wire
cairn (kârn), heap of stones left as a memorial
cais′sons (kā′sŏnz), water-tight boxes or chambers
ca′mou-flaged′ (kăm′ōō-fläzhd′), disguised
cant (kănt), hypocritical preaching
car′a-coled (kăr′ȧ-kōld), turned
carbon di-ox′ide (dī-ŏk′sīd), a kind of gas
car′di-nal (kär′dĭ-năl), principal
ca-reer′ing (kȧ-rēr′ĭng), running; rushing
car′i-ca-ture (kăr′ĭ-kȧ-tûr), exaggerated, comical picture of a person
car-niv′o-rous (kär-nĭv′ō-rŭs), flesh-eating
case′ment (kās′mĕnt), window opening on hinges from one side
cas-se′na (kă-sē′nȧ), species of holly tree
cas′tel-lat′ed (kăs′tĕ-lāt′ĕd), built like a castle, with towers and ramparts
cas′u-al (kăzh′ū̇-ăl), hasty; unstudied
cas′u-al-ties (kăzh′ū̇-ăl-tĭz), losses caused by death or failure
catch, a round
caus′tic (kôs′tĭk), sharp
cau′ter-ized (kô′tẽr-īzd), burned to prevent infection
cav′al-cade′ (kăv′ăl-kād′), horseback procession
cav′a-lier′ (kăv′ȧ-lēr′), knight. **cavalierly, in a** knightly manner
Ce′dra (sē′drȧ), a river
ceiling, the highest point in the air from which the ground is visible
ce-les′tial and ter-res′tri-al globes (sė-lĕs′chăl; tĕ-rĕs′trĭ-ăl), globes showing the map of the world and placement of the heavenly bodies
cen′tral-ized (sĕn′trăl-īzd), controlled under one system instead of many
cere′ments (sēr′mĕnts), shrouds for the dead
chaf′finch (chăf′ĭnch), common European songbird
chaise (shāz), light carriage
Chal-de′an plain (kăl-dē′ăn), wide, uncultivated stretches of land in Chaldea, an ancient country of Asia
chal′iced (chăl′ĭst), cup-shaped
change′ling (chānj′lĭng), child supposed to have been changed, by fairies, for another
cha′os (kā′ŏs), confusion
chap′let (chăp′lĕt), rosary
Charlemagne(shär′lė-mān),famous medieval king
chasm (kăz′m), deep break in the earth
chaunt (chônt), song of praise
Cher′bourg′ (shĕr′bōōr′)
cher′ub (chĕr′ŭb), beautiful or beloved woman; beautiful child
chiv′al-rous (shĭv′ăl-rŭs), valiant
chor′tled (chôr′t′ld), chirped
chron′i-cled (krŏn′ĭ-k′ld), recorded in a history
chub, kind of small fish
civilization (sĭv′ĭ-lĭ-zā′shŭn), social advancement
claim′ants (klām′ănts), seekers
clar′et (klâr′ĕt), purplish red
clime (klīm), region or climate
clogs (klŏgz), shoes
clout′ed (klout′ĕd), patched
cock-ade′ (kŏk-ād′), crest
col-lab′o-rat′ed (kŏ-lăb′ō-rāt′ĕd), wrote together
come′ly (kŭm′lĭ), attractive
com-mod′i-ties (kŏ-mŏd′ĭ-tĭz), goods
com-mu′ni-ca-ble diseases (kŏ-mū′nĭ-kȧ-b′l), diseases that are carried from one person to another by germs
com′pen-sate (kŏm′pĕn-sāt), pay
com′pre-hen′sive (kŏm′prė-hĕn′sĭv), full
com′pro-mised (kŏm′prō-mīzd), gave up your honest opinions in order to come to an agreement with another person
com-put′ed (kŏm-pūt′ĕd), figured
con-ces′sions (kŏn′sĕsh′ŭnz), privileges to carry out desired plans
con-cil′i-at′ing (kŏn-sĭl′ĭ-āt′ĭng), drawing together; gaining good-will
con′course (kŏn′kôrs), gathering
con′de-scen′sion (kŏn′dė-sĕn′shŭn), friendliness as though they were equals
con-duce′ (kŏn-dūs′), lead. **conducive,** helpful
Con′es-to′ga (kŏn′ĕs-tō′gȧ)
confines of a three-dimensional world, limits of the world we live in, which has three kinds of measurements—height, width, and length
con′fla-gra′tion (kŏn′flȧ-grā′shŭn), fire
con-front′ing (kŏn-frŭnt′ĭng), facing hostilely
con′i-cal (kŏn′ĭ-kăl), cone-shaped
con-nu′bi-al (kŏ-nū′bĭ-ăl), pertaining to marriage
con′se-crat′ed (kŏn′sė-krāt′ĕd), made sacred; solemnly dedicated

con-serv′a-tive (kŏn-sûr′vȧ-tĭv), careful in estimating
con′stĭ-tu′tion-al′i-ty (kŏn′stĭ-tū′shŭn-ăl′ĭ-tĭ), legal right under the Constitution
con-ta′gion (kŏn-tā′jŭn), passing disease from one to another by direct or indirect contact
contra-dances (kŏn′trȧ), dances in which the couples stand opposite each other
con′tre-temps (kôn′tr′-tän), mishap
con-ven′tion-al thought (kŏn-vĕn′shŭn-ăl), ideas held by most people
con-ver′gence (kŏn-vûr′jĕns), coming together
con-vul′sive-ly (kŏn-vŭl′sĭv-lĭ), quiveringly; tremblingly
co-öp′er-at′ing (kȯ-ŏp′ẽr-āt′ĭng), working together
cope with, struggle against
cops′es (kŏp′sĕz), growths of small trees
cord′age (kôr′dāj), cords or ropes collectively, especially the ropes in a ship's rigging
cor′po-ra′tion (kôr′pȯ-rā′shŭn), legislative body
cor-ral′ (kŏ-răl′), inclosure for confining, or capturing, animals
coun′te-nance (koun′tê-năns), manner of acting
countinghouse, place where a merchant, trader, etc., keeps his books and transacts business
court′iers (kōrt′yẽrz), attendants on king, queen, or prince
cov′erts (kŭv′ẽrts), thickets
coves (kōvz), sheltered nooks
cov′et (kŭv′ĕt), enviously desire
cov′et-ous (kŭv′ĕ-tŭs), greedy
cov′eys (kŭv′ĭz), flocks
coy-o′te (kī-ō′tê), prairie wolf
crab′bed age (krăb′ĕd), latter period of life when one is fretful or peevish
crank, easily moved by the wind
cran′nied (krăn′ĭd), having crevices
cra-vat′ (krȧ-văt′), necktie
crav′en (krā′v′n), coward
cre-den′tials (krê-dĕn′shălz), letters of recommendation or identification
cre-du′li-ty (krê-dū′lĭ-tĭ), willingness to believe
crev′iced (krĕv′ĭst), filled with holes
cri′ses (krī′sēz), emergencies
cru′ci-ble (kro͞o′sĭ-b′l), cup-shaped melting vessel
crypt (krĭpt), hiding-place
crys′tal-line (krĭs′tăl-ĭn), transparent; uncloudy
cum′ber-less (kŭm′bẽr-lĕs), free
cu′mu-la-tive (kū′mů-lȧ-tĭv), ever-increasing
cu′po-la (kū′pȯ-lȧ), small structure on top of a roof
curb, restrain; confine
Dal′hem (däl′ĕm), a Belgian town
dap′pled (dăp′′ld), marked with small spots
das′tard (dăs′tȧrd), coward
da′ta (dā′tȧ), facts
daunt′less (dänt′lĕs; dônt), unafraid
dead reckoning, estimation of the plane's position from records of points already passed
dec′ades (dĕk′ādz), periods of ten years each
de-cant′er (dê-kăn′tẽr), glass bottle
de-clen′sion (dê-klĕn′shŭn), descent
de-co′rum (dê-kō′rŭm), idea of what was proper; dignity
deem, think
def′er-ence (dĕf′ẽr-ĕns), respect
de-fi′ance (dê-fī′ăns), challenge
deign (dān), agree in a haughty manner
del′e-te′ri-ous (dĕl′ê-tē′rĭ-ŭs), harmful
del′ta lands (dĕl′tȧ), lands formed by the sediment discharged by a river
De-me′tri-us (dê-mē′trĭ-ŭs)
dem′i-god′ (dĕm′ĭ-gŏd′), inferior god
de′mon (dē′mŏn), evil spirit; devil
de-mo′ni-ac (dê-mō′nĭ-ăk), wicked
de-mure′ (dê-mūr′), modest; coy
De′nis′ de Beau′lieu′ (dē′nē′dē bō′lyo͞o)
de-note′ (dê-nōt′), mark out plainly; signify
de-pop′u-lat′ed (dê-pŏp′ů-lāt′ĕd), deprived of inhabitants
de-pre′ci-a′tion (dê-prē′shĭ-ā′shŭn), loss in value through wear and tear
de-scried′ (dê-skrīd′), made out
des′e-crat′ed (dĕs′ê-krāt′ĕd), made less sacred
de-spoil′ (dê-spoil′), plunder; rob
det′ri-ment (dĕt′rĭ-mĕnt), harm; injury
de′vi-at′ing (dē′vĭ-āt′ĭng), varying
dex-ter′i-ty (dĕks-tĕr′ĭ-tĭ), skill; ease
Diet′rich-son (dē′trĭk-sŏn)
dif′fer-en′ti-at′ed (dĭf′ẽr-ĕn′shĭ-āt′ĕd), told apart by certain differences
dif-fuse′ (dĭ-fūz′), spread. **diffused,** given to many instead of to only one. **diffusing glass,** glass that causes the light to spread equally in all directions. **diffusion,** spreading
dight (dīt), decked; decorated
dig′ni-ta-ries (dĭg′nĭ-tȧ-rĭz), officials
diligent comprehension (kŏm′prê-hĕn′shŭn), careful effort to understand
di-lut′ed (dĭ-lūt′ĕd), weakened
dim′i-nu′tion (dĭm′ĭ-nū′shŭn), lessening
dirge (dûrj), psalm or hymn sung at a funeral; sad song
dir′i-gi-ble (dĭr′ĭ-jĭ-b′l), balloon that can be steered
dis-ap′pro-ba′tion (dĭs-ăp′rȯ-bā′shŭn), disapproval
dis-cord′ant (dĭs-kôr′dănt), not in harmony
dis-coun′te-nanc-ing (dĭs-koun′tê-năns-ĭng), discouraging
dis-cre′tion (dĭs-krĕsh′ŭn), discernment; decision
dis-gorged′ (dĭs-gôrjd′), threw out
dis′mal reef (dĭz′măl rēf), gloomy ridge of rocks or sand near the surface of the water
dis-par′age (dĭs-păr′āj), speak slightingly of; dishonor
dis-pelled′ (dĭs-pĕld′), did away with
dis′pu-ta′tious (dĭs′pů-tā′shŭs), argumentative
dis-qui′e-tude (dĭs-kwī′ê-tūd), uneasiness
dis′si-pat′ed, been (dĭs′ĭ-pāt′ĕd), disappeared
dis′so-lu′tion (dĭs′ȯ-lū′shŭn), complete breaking down
dis′so-nant (dĭs′ȯ-nănt), discordant
dis′taffs (dĭs′tȧfs), staffs for holding the bunches of flax or wool in spinning
di-ver′si-fied (dĭ-vûr′sĭ-fīd), various
doc′ile to the helm (dŏs′ĭl), easily steered
doff (dŏf), remove
dog′ged (dŏg′ĕd), stubborn
dole (dōl), grief
dom′i-nate (dŏm′ĭ-nāt), control
do-min′ion (dȯ-mĭn′yŭn), kingdom
dow′a-ger (dou′ȧ-jẽr), widow having property or title from her deceased husband
dow′er-ing (dou′ẽr-ĭng), providing for
dowerless, without gift, wealth, or property which a bride brings to her husband

du′bi-ous (dū′bĭ-ŭs), uncertain

duct, tube

Düf′feld′ (dü′fĕlt′), a Belgian town

dul′cet (dŭl′sĕt), sweet

du-ra′tion (dů-rā′shŭn), state or quality of existing; continuance

dust-devils, moving columns of sand

ec-cen′tric (ĕk-sĕn′trĭk), peculiar

ec′sta-sy (ĕk′stȧ-sĭ), happy outburst; great joy

ed′i-ble (ĕd′ĭ-b′l), fit to be eaten

ee′rie (ē′rĭ), weird

ef′fi-ca′cious (ĕf′ĭ-kā′shŭs), efficient

ef′fi-ca-cy (ĕf′ĭ-kȧ-sĭ), power

ef-fu′sion (ĕ-fū′zhŭn), violence

E-ge′us (ē-jē′ŭs)

ei′der ducks (ī′dẽr), large sea ducks

eke (ēk), also. **eked**, helped

eld, old times; former days

e-lu′ci-da′tion (ē-lū′sĭ-dā′shŭn), explanation

em-bar′go (ĕm-bär′gō), obstruction

em′blem (ĕm′blĕm), symbol

em-bod′i-ment (ĕm-bŏd′ĭ-mĕnt), bodily representation of

em-bossed′ (ĕm-bŏst′), ornamented with raised work

em-bow′ered (ĕm-bou′ẽrd), hidden

em′i-nen-ces (ĕm′ĭ-nĕn-sĕz), high spots

e-mit′ted (ē-mĭt′ĕd), uttered

e-mo′tion-al-ism (ē-mō′shŭn-ăl-ĭz′m), excessive feeling

en-am′ored (ĕn-ăm′ẽrd), charmed; loving. **enamored of**, in love with

en-coun′ter (ĕn-koun′tẽr), meet in opposition or with hostile intent; combat; battle

en-croach′ments (ĕn-krōch′mĕnts), intrusions

en-light′ened (ĕn-līt′′nd), instructed; informed

en-sued′, (ĕn-sūd′), followed

en-thralled′ (ĕn-thrôld′), held spellbound

en-treat′y (ĕn-trēt′ĭ), earnest plea

en-vi′ron-ment (ĕn-vī′rŏn-mĕnt), surroundings

ep′i-logue (ĕp′ĭ-lŏg), speech recited by an actor after close of play

ep′och (ĕp′ŏk), period of time

e-rod′ed (ē-rōd′ĕd), worn away by water

es-cutch′eons (ĕs-kŭch′ŭnz), shields

es′sence (ĕs′ĕns), fundamental part; soul

es-tranged′ (ĕs-trānjd′), kept at a distance

e-the′re-al (ē-thē′rē-ăl), spiritual

eu′nuch (ū′nŭk), a house servant in Eastern countries

eu′pho-ny (ū′fō-nĭ), harmony

e-ven′tu-al′i-ty (ē-vĕn′tū-ăl′ĭ-tĭ), chance event

ex-act′ed (ĕg-zăkt′ĕd), demanded

ex-alt′ (ĕg-zôlt′), ennoble. **exalted**, high

ex′e-cra-ble (ĕk′sē-krȧ-b′l), shocking

ex′e-cu′tion-er (ĕk′sē-kū′shŭn-ẽr), one who puts to death

ex′hor-ta′tion (ĕk′sŏr-tā′shŭn), advice

ex-pan′sion-ist (ĕks-păn′shŭn-ĭst), one who believed the whole country should be settled

ex-pend′ing (ĕks-pĕnd′ĭng), laying out; putting forth

ex′pi-at′ed (ĕks′pĭ-āt′ĕd), atoned, or paid for

ex-pon′ent (ĕks-pō′nĕnt), one who explains and urges

ex-pos′tu-la′tions (ĕks-pŏs′tū-lā′shŭnz), protests

ex′qui-site (ĕks′kwĭ-zĭt), very pleasant

ex-tem′po-re (ĕks-tĕm′pō-rē), without previous preparation

ex-ten′u-a′tion (ĕks-tĕn′ū-ā′shŭn), excuse

ex-tinct′ (ĕks-tĭnkt′), without a survivor. **extinction**, complete destruction

ex-tin′guish-er (ĕks-tĭng′gwĭsh-ẽr), hollow cone for putting out the flame of a candle or torch

ex-u′ber-ant fertility (ĕgz-ū′bẽr-ănt), great richness

fa-ce′tious (fȧ-sē′shŭs), agreeable

fa-cil′i-tate (fȧ-sĭl′ĭ-tāt), make easy

fa-cil′i-ties (fȧ-sĭl′ĭ-tĭz), aids

fancying, liking; having a fancy for

fan-tas′tic (făn-tăs′tĭk), extraordinary; queer

fawn (fôn), creep; crawl; curry favor

fe′al-ty (fē′ăl-tĭ), loyalty

feign (fān), imitate; like to imagine. **feigning**, pretended, not real

fe-lic′i-ty (fē-lĭs′ĭ-tĭ), happiness

fel′loe (fĕl′ō), wooden rim of a wheel supported by the spokes

fer′ret (fĕr′ĕt), sharp or searching, like the eyes of a ferret, a small animal used for hunting rabbits and rats

fer′vid (fûr′vĭd), flaming

fes-toons′ (fĕs-to͞onz′), garlands hanging in curves

fic-ti′tious (fĭk-tĭsh′ŭs), feigned; false

Fin′is-terre′ (fĭn′ĭs-târ′)

fjord (fyôrd), narrow inlet of the sea between high banks of rocks

flag′on (flăg′ŭn), large vessel for holding liquor

flaunt′ing (flänt′ĭng; flônt), waving

floes (flōz), masses of floating ice

fluc′tu-at′ed (flŭk′tū-āt′ĕd), changed

foal (fōl), colt

foi′bles (foi′b′lz), weaknesses

Fon′taine′-qui-bout′ (fōn′tĕn′kē-bo͞o′)

for′age (fŏr′āj), wander or fly about in search of food; food

fore-bode′ (fōr-bōd′), foretell

for′feit-ed (fôr′fĭt-ĕd), lost

for′ger (fōr′jẽr) maker

form′i-da-ble (fôr′mĭ-dȧ-b′l), tremendous

fouled the scup′pers (skŭp′ẽrz), filled the holes used to let water run off the deck over the side

free-ranging, wild

fren′zy (frĕn′zĭ), mental agitation

fron′tier (frŏn′tēr; frŭn′tēr), farthest part of a settled country

fru-gal′i-ty (fro͞o-găl′ĭ-tĭ), thrift

fruitless, useless

fume, rage

fun′gi (fŭn′jī), plants such as mushrooms, molds, etc.

fur′rows (fŭr′ōz), narrow grooves

fu′tile (fū′tĭl), useless

gait (gāt), way; manner of walking

gal′lant (găl′ănt), brave young lover. **gallantry**, bravery; fine action or speech

gam′bols (găm′bŏlz), pranks; frisks about

garden-girt, surrounded by gardens

gar′ru-lous (găr′o͞o-lŭs), talkative

gaud′y (gôd′ĭ), showy

ga-zelle′ (gȧ-zĕl′), small, swift antelope

gen′er-a′tor (jĕn′ẽr-ā′tẽr), producer

Gen′e-see′ (jĕn′ē-sē′)

Ge′ni-i (jē′nĭ-ī), supernatural beings in *The Arabian Nights*

Ge-ron′i-mo (jē-rŏn′ĭ-mō), a chief of the Apache Indians

ghouls (go͞olz), disgusting demons

gigs (gĭgz), light carriages with two wheels
girdled, encircled
glade, grassy, open space in a forest
glazes, makes glossy or shiny
glee, song in parts
glutting, filling
glut′ton-y (glŭt′'n-ĭ), greediness
gnarled (närld), knotty; twisted
gorged (gôrjd), filled full; stuffed from overeating
gor′y (gōr′ĭ), bloody
gra-da′tion (grȧ-dā′shŭn), musical interval
grav′i-ty (grăv′ĭ-tĭ), seriousness
gren′a-diers′ (grĕn′ȧ-dērz′), members of a special regiment or corps
gri-mace′ (grĭ-mās′), distortion of the countenance
gro-tesque′ (grō-tĕsk′), very queer
grue′some (gro͞o′sŭm), horrid; ghastly
ha-bit′u-al (hȧ-bĭt′ū-ăl), customary; according to habit
han′gar′ (hăng′gär′), shed for airplanes, balloons, etc.
har′bin-gers (här′bĭn-jẽrz), messengers
hare′bell′ (hâr′bĕl′), delicate plant having blue flowers
har′ry (hăr′ĭ), attack; follow
Has′selt (häs′ĕlt), a Belgian community
hav′oc (hăv′ŏk), destruction
hec′tic (hĕk′tĭk), busy
helmsman, man who steers
her′e-sy (hĕr′ē-sĭ), disloyalty
her′i-tage (hĕr′ĭ-tāj), inheritance
high-pressure area, region where the pressure of the air and wind is greater than that of the surrounding atmosphere
high-volt′age (vōl′tāj), carrying great electrical force
hue and cry, loud outcry with which lawbreakers were pursued
hum′mocks (hŭm′ŭks), irregular masses of ice
hy′dro-stat′ic force (hī′drō-stăt′ĭk), water pressure
hy′gi-en′ic (hī′jĭ-ĕn′ĭk), healthful; sanitary
hy-poth′e-sis (hī-pŏth′ē-sĭs), something assumed as true but not yet proved
ig-no′ble (ĭg-nō′b'l), undignified
il-lim′it-a-ble (ĭ-lĭm′ĭt-ȧ-b'l), boundless; absolute
il-log′i-cal-ly enough (ĭ-lŏj′ĭ-kăl-ĭ), with apparently no connection between the two remarks
il-lus′tri-ous (ĭ-lŭs′trĭ-ŭs), wonderful; remarkable
im′be-cil′i-ty (ĭm′bē-sĭl′ĭ-tĭ), stupidity
im-mov′a-ble (ĭ-mo͞ov′ȧ-b'l), stationary; steadfast
im-pal′pa-ble (ĭm-păl′pȧ-b'l), extremely fine
im-pen′e-tra-ble (ĭm-pĕn′ē-trȧ-b'l), dark; which could not be seen through; which he could not get over
im-pe′ri-al (ĭm-pē′rĭ-ăl), sovereign; supreme
im-pet′u-ous (ĭm-pĕt′ū-ŭs), impatient; hasty
im′pi-ous (ĭm′pĭ-ŭs), profane
im-promp′tu (ĭm-prŏmp′tū), offhand; hasty
im′pro-pri′e-ty (ĭm′prō-prī′ē-tĭ), improper behavior
im-prov′i-dent (ĭm-prŏv′ĭ-dĕnt), thoughtless of the future
im′pro-vised′ (ĭm′prō-vīzd′), made on the spot
in-ad′e-quate to (ĭn-ăd′ē-kwāt), unable to meet
in-cal′cu-la-ble (ĭn-kăl′kū-lȧ-b'l), priceless
in′can-des′cent (ĭn′kăn-dĕs′ĕnt), brilliant
in′can-ta′tion (ĭn′kăn-tā′shŭn), magic chant
in-cen′tives (ĭn-sĕn′tĭvz), spurs; encouragements
in-clem′ent (ĭn-klĕm′ĕnt), severe
in-cred′i-ble (ĭn-krĕd′ĭ-b'l), unbelievable
in-cred′u-lous (ĭn-krĕd′ū-lŭs), doubtful; unbelieving
in-dict′ing (ĭn-dīt′ĭng), using as a charge of arrest
in′di-vid′u-al-is′tic (ĭn′dĭ-vĭd′ū-ăl-ĭs′tĭk), personal; without thought of others
in-dite′ (ĭn-dīt′), compose
in-dom′i-ta-ble (ĭn-dŏm′ĭ-tȧ-b'l), untamable
in-duce′ (ĭn-dūs′), influence. **induced,** influenced; caused by indirect influence
in′du-rat′ed (ĭn′dū-rāt′ĕd), hardened physically and morally
in-er′ti-a (ĭn-ûr′shĭ-ȧ), lack of interest
in-ev′i-ta-bly (ĭn-ĕv′ĭ-tȧ-blĭ), unavoidably
in-ex′o-ra-ble (ĭn-ĕk′sō-rȧ-b'l), unmoved by pity
in-fal′li-ble (ĭn-făl′ĭ-b'l), sure
in′fa-mous (ĭn′fȧ-mŭs), shameful
in-fer′no (ĭn-fûr′nō), the lower regions, described as filled with all sorts of horrors in *The Inferno,* by Dante
in-frac′tions (ĭn-frăk′shŭnz), breaks
in-fu′ri-at-ed (ĭn-fū′rĭ-āt′ĕd), enraged
in-gen′ious (ĭn-jēn′yŭs), talented; clever; intelligent
in′got (ĭng′gŏt), bar of metal
in′gress nor e′gress (ĭn′grĕs; ē′grĕs), entrance nor departure
in-her′ent (ĭn-hēr′ĕnt), inborn; natural
in-sid′i-ous-ly (ĭn-sĭd′ĭ-ŭs-lĭ), treacherously
in′so-lent ag-gres′sion (ĭn′sō-lĕnt ă-grĕsh′ŭn), insulting attack
in′stan-ta′ne-ous (ĭn′stăn-tā′nē-ŭs), over in an instant
in-stinct′ with (ĭn-stĭngt′), natural to
in-su′per-a-ble (ĭn-sū′pẽr-ȧ-b'l), that cannot be got over
in-teg′ri-ty (ĭn-tĕg′rĭ-tĭ), honesty
in′ter-lace′ (ĭn′tẽr-lās′), interweave
in′ter-sect′ed (ĭn′tẽr-sĕk′tĕd), came together
interstate-commerce ne-go-ti-a′tions (nē-gō-shĭ-ā′shŭnz), arrangements for carrying on trade between the various states
in-ter′sti-ces (ĭn-tûr′stĭ-sēz), crevices
interveined (vānd), mixed
in′ti-ma′tion (ĭn′tĭ-mā′shŭn), suggestion
in-tox′i-cant, is (ĭn-tŏk′sĭ-kănt), produces drunkenness
in-trep′id (ĭn-trĕp′ĭd), fearless. **in′tre-pid′ity** (ĭn′trē-pĭd′ĭ-tĭ), fearless bravery
in′tri-cate (ĭn′trĭ-kāt), winding; many perplexing
in-tru′sion (ĭn-tro͞o′zhŭn), forcing one's self in without right or welcome
in′un-date (ĭn′ŭn-dāt), flood. **inundated,** flooded
in-va′ri-a-bly (ĭn-vā′rĭ-ȧ-blĭ), always
in′ven-to-ry (ĭn′vĕn-tō-rĭ), count of goods on hand
in-vet′er-ate an-tip′a-thies (ĭn-vĕt′ẽr-āt ăn-tĭp′ȧ-thĭz), long-standing hatreds
in-vi′o-late (ĭn-vī′ō-lāt), without stain or injury
in-vol′un-ta-ri-ly (ĭn-vŏl′ŭn-tȧ-rĭ-lĭ), without thinking
i-ras′ci-ble (ī-răs′ĭ-b'l), hot-tempered
i-ron′i-cal (ī-rŏn′ĭ-kăl), mocking; sarcastic
i′ron-mon′ger-y (ī′ŭrn-mŭng′gẽr-ĭ), general name for all articles made of iron

ir-rel′e-van-cy (ĭ-rĕl′ē-văn-sĭ), that which does not apply to the situation. **irrelevant,** not fitting
ir-rep′a-ra-ble loss (ĭr-rĕp′ȧ-rȧ-b′l), loss that cannot be made up for
ir′re-sist′i-ble (ĭr′ē-zĭs′tĭ-b′l), overpowering
jackdaws, birds noted for stealing
jade (jād), worthless woman
joc′und (jŏk′ŭnd), merry; joyful
joy′ance (joi′ȧns), delight
jun′to (jŭn′tō), association; clique
Ka-na′wha (kȧ-nô′wȧ)
Ka-ra′ Kul′ (kä-rä′ko͞ol′), lake in Central Asia
keel′son (kĕl′sŭn), strengthening structure above the keel. The keel is the timber extending along the bottom of a vessel
kil′o-me′ter (kĭl′ō-mē′tẽr), about five-eighths of a mile
kindred points, far-distant places that are alike
Kir-ghiz′ (kĭr-gēz′), native of Kirghiz, which is between Russian Turkestan and Siberia
knarred (närd), knotted
knav′er-y (nāv′ẽr-ĭ), trickery; fraud; rascality
Koor′dis-tan′ (ko͞or′dĭ-stȧn′), division of Turkey
Kur′ro-glou′ (kŭr′ō-glū′)
Ky′rat (kē′rät)
lac′er-at′ed (lăs′ẽr-āt′ĕd), torn
lack′a-dai′si-cal (lăk′ȧ-dā′zĭ-kăl), leisurely; without energy
lac′quered (lăk′ẽrd), varnished
lag′gard in love (lăg′ȧrd), unworthy suitor
La′jeu′nesse′ (lä′zhû′nĕs′)
la′kin (lā′kĭn), contraction of *ladykin*, for *lady;* a mild oath
lance′wood′ (lȧns), tough, elastic wood
lan′guor (lăng′gẽr), stillness; quietness
Las′car (lăs′kȧr), East Indian sailor; swarthy
la′tent (lā′tĕnt), hidden; undeveloped
lav′ing (lāv′ĭng), dipping into the water
lay, song
lea (lē), meadow
Le Bour′get′ (lẽ bo͞or′zhĕ′) airplane landing-field near Paris
lee (lē), the side protected from the wind; protection
leer, look of the eye suggesting a sly, immodest thought
le′gion (lē′jŭn), multitude; too many to count
li′cense (lī′sĕns), privilege
li′chens (lī′kĕnz), small plants that grow on rocks and walls
linen-draper, retail dealer in linen goods
liq′ui-dat′ed (lĭk′wĭ-dāt′ĕd), paid
li′ter (lē′tẽr), a little more than a quart
liv′er-y (lĭv′ẽr-ĭ), body of livery-men, freemen of London who belonged to certain guilds and had special privileges of voting, etc.; garments; dress; uniform
lob, lump; crowd
Lok′er-en (lôk′ẽr-ĕn), a Belgian town
loll′ing (lŏl′ĭng), lounging
loon (lo͞on), large fish-eating bird
loot′ed (lo͞ot′ĕd), plundered; robbed
Lo′oz (lō′ōz), a town in northern France
lore, learning
low′er-ing (lou′ẽr-ĭng), dark and threatening
low-vault′ed past (vôlt′ĕd), outgrown habit of life
lu-gu′bri-ous (lū-gū′brĭ-ŭs), mournful
lu′mi-nous (lū′mĭ-nŭs), shining; bright
lus′trous (lŭs′trŭs), shining
ly-ce′um (lī-sē′ŭm; for meter, lī′sē-ŭm), school
Ly-san′der (lī-săn′dẽr)
Mac′e-do′ni-an (măs′ē-dō′nĭ-ăn)
mag-nan′i-mous (măg-năn′ĭ-mŭs), noble; high-minded
mag′ne-site and dol′o-mite (măg′nē-sīt; dŏl′ō-mīt), kinds of rock used in the making of steel
mag′ni-tude (măg′nĭ-tūd), extent
main, ocean
mainstay, main expert
Male′troit′ (mȧl′trwȧ′)
mal′le-a-ble (măl′ē-ȧ-b′l), yielding
Mal′ta (môl′tȧ)
man′date (măn′dāt), order
man′ga-nese′ (măng′gȧ-nēs′), hard, brittle, grayish-white metal tinged with red
ma-raud′ers (mȧ-rôd′ẽrz), plundering bands
masque (mȧsk), masked ball
mas′quer-ade′ li′cense was unlimited (mȧs′kẽr-ād′ lī′sĕns), people had been allowed to wear any kind of costume they chose
ma-te′ri-al-is′tic (mȧ-tē′rĭ-ăl-ĭs′tĭk), fonder of things than of ideals
mat′in (măt′ĭn), morning-song
ma-tu′ri-ty (mȧ-tū′rĭ-tĭ), old age
Mech′eln (mĕk′ĕln), a Belgian city
me′di-o′cre (mē′dĭ-ō′kẽr), of middle quality
med′i-ta′tion (mĕd′ĭ-tā′shŭn), close thought; reflection
med′ley (mĕd′lĭ), chorus
men′ace (mĕn′ȧs), threat
men′di-cant (mĕn′dĭ-kănt), begging
me-tal′lic (mē-tăl′ĭk), harsh; unmusical
met′a-mor′phosed (mĕt′ȧ-môr′fōzd), changed
me′te-or (mē′tē-ŏr), strange white appearance in the sky, as a shooting star; *adj.*, flashing
me′te-or-ol′o-gists (mē′tē-ŏr-ŏl′ō-jĭsts), people who study weather
me-tic′u-lous ex-act′i-tude (mē-tĭk′ū-lŭs ĕg-zăk′tĭ-tūd), painstaking accuracy
mi′cro-scop′ic or′gan-isms (mī′krō-skŏp′ĭk ôr′găn-ĭz′mz), plants and animals so small that they can be seen only under a microscope
mien (mēn), manner; appearance
mi′grants (mī′grănts), birds that fly to far-off regions in search of food.
mil-i-tant (mĭl′ĭ-tănt), fighting
min′i-a-ture, in (mĭn′ĭ-ȧ-tûr), on a small scale
min′i-mize (mĭn′ĭ-mīz), lessen
min′strel-sy (mĭn′strĕl-sĭ), song
mi-nute′ (mī-nūt′), very small
mi-rage′ (mē-räzh′), appearance to the eye of objects that are not actually present
mis′cel-lan′e-ous tat′ters (mĭs′ĕ-lā′nē-ŭs tăt′ẽrz), many different kinds of rags
mis-pri′sion (mĭs-prĭzh′ŭn), mistake
mis′sal (mĭs′ăl), book of religious service of the Catholic Church
moat (mōt), ditch of water around a castle for protection
mod′u-la′tions (mŏd′ū-lā′shŭnz), tones
Mo-ham′med-ans (mō-hăm′ĕd-ănz), religious followers of Mohammed, founder of their religion
mol′ten (mōl′t′n), melted; harmonious
mo-men′tum (mō-mĕn′tŭm), speed
mon′o-dy (mŏn′ō-dĭ), funeral song

mo-not'o-nous (mô-nŏt'ô-nŭs), tiresome because always the same
mon-ox'ide (mŏn-ŏk'sīd), a kind of gas
moor (mo͞or), stretch of wasteland; sandy marsh. **moorland**, land consisting of moors
mo-rale' (mô-răl'), spirit of confidence and helpfulness among the group
mo-rass' (mô-răs'), wet marsh
mo-rose' (mô-rōs'), ill-tempered; sullen
mor'tal-ly yearn (môr'tă-lĭ yẽrn), long for
mote, very small thing
mot'ley (mŏt'lĭ), mixed; having many different kinds
mo'tor-i-za'tion (mō'tẽr-ĭ-zā'shŭn), use of motor-driven machinery
mouthings, noise
mov'a-ble em-bel'lish-ments (mo͞ov'ȧ-b'l ĕm-bĕl'ĭsh-mĕnts), ornaments that can be moved from place to place
mulls (mŭlz), meditates; thinks about
mute'ly (mūt'lĭ), silently
mu'ti-nous (mū'tĭ-nŭs), in a state of rebellion against authority
mu'tu al consideration (mū'tū-ăl), joint thought
muz'zle-loading rifles (mŭz''l), rifles that were loaded through the mouth
myr'i-ad (mĭr'ĭ-ăd), *adj.*, vast numbers of. **myriads**, immense numbers
myth'o-log'i-cal days (mĭth'ô-lŏj'ĭ-kăl), time before history began
neg'li-gent (nĕg'lĭ-jĕnt), neglectful
nom'i-nal-ly (nŏm'ĭ-năl-ĭ), in name only and not actually
No'shi-San' (nō'shĭ-sȧn')
nup'tial (nŭp'shăl), marriage
nur'tured (nûr'tûrd), carefully tended
o-a'sis (ô-ā'sĭs), green spot in a desert
o-bei'sance (ô-bā'săns), bow or other sign of respect
O'ber-on (ō'bẽr-ŏn)
ob'li-ga-to-ry (ŏb'lĭ-gȧ-tô-rĭ), binding
ob-lit'er-ate (ŏb-lĭt'ẽr-āt), blot out
ob-liv'i-ous to (ŏb-lĭv'ĭ-ŭs), unnoticing; not aware of
ob-scene' (ŏb-sēn'), indecent
ob-se'qui-ous (ŏb-sē'kwĭ-ŭs), excessively humble
oc-clud'ed (ŏ-klo͞od'ĕd), absorbed
oc-cult' (ŏ-kŭlt'), mysterious
o'cher-ous (ō'kẽr-ŭs), yellowish or reddish
odd'i-ties (ŏd'ĭ-tĭz), peculiarities
of'fal (ŏf'ăl), rubbish
of-fi'cious zeal (ŏ-fĭsh'ŭs zēl), helpful, bustling eagerness
om'i-nous looking (ŏm'ĭ-nŭs), threatening
o-paque' (ô-pāk'), which could not be seen through
op-po'nent (ŏ-pō'nĕnt), enemy
op-pres'sive (ŏ-prĕs'ĭv), heavy
o-rac'u-lar (ô-răk'ū-lȧr), like an oracle. Oracles used to utter their prophecies from the depths of caves
or'bits bright of min'strel-sy (ôr'bĭts; mĭn'strĕl-sĭ), happy circlings about the tree, singing
Or-fah' (ôr-fä')
or'tho-graph'ic (ôr'thô-grăf'ĭk), in spelling correctly
ost'ler (ŏs'lẽr), stableman
o'ver-awed' (ō'vẽr-ôd'), conquered by wonder or fear
overseers, those in charge of work
o'vis po'li (ō'vĭs pō'lī), big horned sheep
O-wy'hee (ō-wī'hē), branch of the Snake River. The region thus pointed out is a mountainous and desert portion of Idaho
pae'an (pē'ăn), song of triumph
pales, is insignificant
pall (pôl), covering; mantle
pal'lid (păl'ĭd), pale-colored; pale
pal'pa-ble (păl'pȧ-b'l), capable of being touched or felt
pal'pi-tat'ing (păl'pĭ-tāt'ĭng), quivering
pan'i-cle (păn'ĭ-k'l), loosely-branched cluster
pan'o-ra'ma (păn'ô-rä'mȧ), broad view. **panoramic**, with one scene after another
Par'a-guay (păr'ȧ-gwā), a South American republic
Paris green, poison for destroying insects
par'kas (pär'kȧz), outer garments worn by Eskimos
par'ley (pär'lĭ), discussion with the enemy
pa'thos (pā'thŏs), sorrow
pa'tri-ar'chal de-mean'or (pā'trĭ-är'kăl dê-mēn'ẽr), dignified bearing
pat'ri-mo'ni-al (păt'rĭ-mō'nĭ-ăl), inherited from his father
ped'ant (pĕd'ănt), one who lays too much stress on book learning
ped'i-ment (pĕd'ĭ-mĕnt), in classical architecture, the triangular space forming the gable of a roof
pel'li-cle (pĕl'ĭ-k'l), tiny film of ice
pelt, skin of a beast; strike strongly and repeatedly. **pelting**, hurling; pounding
pem'mi-can (pĕm'ĭ-kăn), lean buffalo meat or venison, cooked and pounded into small cakes
pen'ance (pĕn'ăns), punishment
pend'ants (pĕn'dănts), hanging ornaments, for roofs or ceilings
pen'du-lous ex-cres'cence (pĕn'dū-lŭs ĕks-krĕs'ĕns), hanging wart
pent-up, narrow
per-func'to-ry (pẽr-fŭngk'tô-rĭ), listless
per'me-at'ing (pûr'mê-āt'ĭng), far-reaching; finding its way everywhere
per-son'i-fi-ca'tion (pẽr-sŏn'ĭ-fĭ-kā'shŭn), very spirit of
per'son'nel' (pûr'sô'nĕl'), members of the group
per-vad'ed (pẽr-vād'ĕd), passed or spread through the whole of
pet'ri-fac'tion (pĕt'rĭ-făk'shŭn), hardened stone (referring both to its actual material and to its uninviting atmosphere)
phan'tasm (făn'tăz'm), ghostliness
phe-nom'e-na (fê-nŏm'ê-nȧ), wonderful events (*sing.* phenomenon)
phil'o-soph'ic (fĭl'ô-sŏf'ĭk), of one interested in the growth of knowledge. **philosophical principles, on,** from sound reasoning
phlegm (flĕm), calmness
phos'phor-es'cence (fŏs'fŏr-ĕs'ĕns), light without heat
phys'i-ol'o-gists (fĭz'ĭ-ŏl'ô-jĭsts), those who study the parts of the body
pi'le-at'ed (pī'lê-āt'ĕd), crested
pil'laged (pĭl'ȧjd), robbed; treated roughly
pin'ion (pĭn'yŭn), wing
pin'na-cle (pĭn'ȧ-k'l), lofty peak; highest point
pip'ing (pīp'ĭng), blowing; playing a tune

pi′quan-cy (pē′kăn-sĭ), smartness
plac′id (plăs′ĭd), peaceful-looking
pla-cid′i-ty (plȧ-sĭd′ĭ-tĭ), calmness
plait′ing (plāt′ĭng), braiding
pledge, promise (that spring is coming)
plume (plōōm), pride
po′e-sy (pō′ė-sĭ), poetry
pol′i-ty (pŏl′ĭ-tĭ), state; policy
pom′mel (pŭm′ĕl), pound; knob on the hilt
poop (pōōp), stern
por′poise (pôr′pŭs), large sea animal
por-ten′tous (pŏr-tĕn′tŭs), wonderful
porter, ale
pos′ture (pŏs′tûr), position
po′ten-tates (pō′tĕn-tāts), rulers
pre-cede′ (prė-sēd′), go before
prec′e-dent (prĕs′ė-dĕnt), example to be followed
pre-cip′i-ta′tion (prė-sĭp′ĭ-tā′shŭn), haste; rainfall
pre-dom′i-nance (prė-dŏm′ĭ-năns), authority
preen, trim or smooth with the bill
pref′aced (prĕf′ȧst), began
pre′his-tor′ic (prē′hĭs-tŏr′ĭk), existing before the time that written history begins
pre-ma-ture′ly (prē′mȧ-tūr′lĭ), before expected
pre-pos′ter-ous-ly (prė-pŏs′tẽr-ŭs-lĭ), glaringly foolishly
pre-sag′ing (prė-sāj′ĭng), foretelling
pre-ten′sions (prė-tĕn′shŭnz), claims
pre-vail′ing hue (prė-vāl′ĭng hū), most general color or shade
prev′a-lent (prĕv′ȧ-lĕnt), abundant; widespread
pri′mal (prī′măl), original
pri-me′val (prī-mē′văl), that reminded one of the time when the world was new and uncivilized. **primeval forest,** forest whose trees have never been cut by man
prim′ing (prīm′ĭng), powder
prim′i-tive (prĭm′ĭ-tĭv), old-fashioned
prith′ee (prĭth′ė), pray thee; please
privacy of glorious light, etc., you are all alone, having flown too high for other birds to follow
pro-cliv′i-ties (prȯ-klĭv′ĭ-tĭz), tendencies
pro-cur′ing (prō-kŭr′ĭng), management
pro-di′gious (prȯ-dĭj′ŭs), unnatural; enormous. **prodigiously,** astonishingly
pro-fi′cient (prȯ-fĭsh′ĕnt), skillful
pro-fuse′ (prȯ-fūs′), many; abundant. **profusion,** abundance; lavish supply
pro-gen′i-tors (prȯ-jĕn′ĭ-tẽrz), forefathers
prog′e-ny (prŏj′ė-nĭ), offspring
pro-mul′gat-ed (prō-mŭl′gāt-ĕd), made known
prop′a-gat′ed in succession (prŏp′ȧ-gāt′ĕd), taken up by one after another
pro-pri′e-ty (prȯ-prī′ė-tĭ), decency
pro-tu′ber-ance (prȯ-tū′bẽr-ăns), projection
prov′en-der (prŏv′ĕn-dẽr), dry food for animals, as hay, oats, etc.
pro-vin′cial (prȯ-vĭn′shăl), local
pro-vis′ioned (prȯ-vĭzh′ŭnd), supplied with food
psy′cho-log′i-cal (sī′kȯ-lŏj′ĭ-kăl), mental
pur′pling plain (pûr′plĭng), twilight landscape
quaff (kwȧf), drink. **quaffed off,** drank
quartz (kwôrts), solid, crystal mineral varying in color and transparency
quer′u-lous (kwĕr′ōō-lŭs), complaining. **querulous arrival,** quarrelsome bird that has just arrived
qui-es′cence (kwī-ĕs′ĕns), quietness
rad′i-cal (răd′ĭ-kăl), extreme
rail′ler-y (rāl′ẽr-ĭ), good-natured joking
ram′i-fi-ca′tions (răm′ĭ-fĭ-kā′shŭnz), parts branching out
ramp′ant (răm′pănt), full of energy
rank, overgrown
ra-pa′cious (rȧ-pā′shŭs), greedy
Rat′is-bon (răt′ĭs-bŏn), town in Germany
reactions, responses
re-ced′ed (rė-sēd′ĕd), retreated; passed
re-cip′ro-cat′ed (rė-sĭp′rȯ-kāt′ĕd), returned
rec′la-ma′tion (rĕk′lȧ-mā′shŭn), reformation
rec′om-pensed (rĕk′ŏm-pĕnst), rewarded
rec′on-noi′ter (rĕk′ŏ-noi′tẽr), explore
rec′re-ant (rĕk′rė-ănt), coward
re-doubt′a-ble (rė-dout′ȧ-b′l), to be feared
ref′lu-ent (rĕf′lōō-ĕnt), receding, as the tide flows back toward the sea
re-frac′to-ry (rė-frăk′tȯ-rĭ), stubborn; unmanageable
re-gale′ (rė-gāl′), refresh; entertain or feast sumptuously
rel′e-van-cy (rĕl′ė-văn-sĭ), fitness; aptness
rem′i-nis′cent (rĕm′ĭ-nĭs′ĕnt), talkative about past deeds
ren′o-vate (rĕn′ȯ-vāt), renew
rep′li-ca (rĕp′lĭ-kȧ), copy
re-scind′ed (rė-sĭnd′ĕd), done away with
re-sid′u-a-ry leg′a-tee′ (rė-zĭd′ū̇-ā̇-rĭ lĕg′ȧ-tē′), heir to what is left after provisions of the will have been carried out
res′i-due (rĕz′ĭ-dū), leavings
res′o-nance (rĕz′ȯ-năns), quality of resounding or echoing
res′pite (rĕs′pĭt), rest
re-splend′ent (rė-splĕn′dĕnt), shining brightly; splendid
re-tain′ers (rė-tān′ẽrz), servants
re-ten′tive (rė-tĕn′tĭv), remembering well
re-ver′ber-a′tion (rė-vûr′bẽr-ā′shŭn), echoes
rev′er-ie (rĕv′ẽr-ĭ), day-dream; vision
rev′o-lu′tion-ized (rĕv′ȯ-lū′shŭn-īzd), completely changed
Rey′han (rā′ăn)
rhex′i-a (rĕk′sĭ-ȧ), small plant
rho-do′ra (rȯ-dō′rȧ), a shrub with beautiful pink flowers
riv′et (rĭv′ĕt), fasten
roan (rōn), red or brown, with white or gray markings
ro′dent (rō′dĕnt), small, gnawing animals such as mice, squirrels, rabbits, etc.
roist′er-ers (rois′tẽr-ẽrz), riotous revelers; merrymakers
Rou′shan Beg (rōō′shăn bĕg)
rout′ed (rout′ĕd), put to flight
ru′ral (rōō′răl), country
ruth′less-ly (rōōth′lĕs-lĭ), pitilessly
sa′ble man′tle (sā′b′l măn′t′l), black coat
saddletree, frame of a saddle
sa-ga′cious (sȧ-gā′shŭs), wise
sa-gac′i-ty (sȧ-găs′ĭ-tĭ), wisdom; shrewdness
sag′a-more (săg′ȧ-mōr), kind of tribal chief
sage (sāj), wise; sagacious; shrewd
sages, wise people
sal′vage (săl′vâj), save
san′guine (săng′gwĭn), red; confident
Sar′i-kol (sär′ĭ-kŏl)
sate (sāt), satiate; glut

sa-ti′e-ty (sȧ-tī′ė-tĭ), over-abundance; weariness
sa-van′na sparrows (sȧ-văn′ȧ), brown and white sparrows inhabiting fields and meadows
sa′vor (sā′vẽr), flavor; odor
scab′bard (skăb′ȧrd), case for sword
scaled, climbed
scalping-tuft (skălp′ĭng), long tuft of hair left on the crown of the head by Indian warriors
scath′ing (skāth′ĭng), bitterly severe
Sche-nec′ta-dy (skĕ-nĕk′tȧ-dĭ), city in New York
schoon′er-rigged (sko͞on′ẽr), fitted out with two masts, one at the bow and the other at the stern of the vessel
scru′ple (skro͞o′p'l), slight reason
scru′pu-lous in im-put′ing motives to (skro͞o′pū-lŭs; ĭm-pūt′ĭng), careful in suspecting
scut′tled (skŭt′'ld), filled with holes
scythe (sīth), broad, curved blade for cutting grass or grain
se-duce′ (sė-dūs′), influence toward treachery
seg′ments (sĕg′mĕnts), parts
self-ac-cu′sa-to′ry (ă-kū′zȧ-tō′rĭ), blaming themselves
sem′a-phore (sĕm′ȧ-fōr), a signal telegraph
sen′ti-nels (sĕn′tĭ-nĕlz), watchers
sep′ul-chers (sĕp′ŭl-kẽrz), grave-like piles
se-pul′chral (sē-pŭl′krăl), for a grave
sex′tant (sĕks′tănt), instrument used to determine latitude and longitude
shag′bark′ (shăg′bärk′), rough-barked hickory, which bears edible nuts
Shah (shȧ), ruler
shale, soft, flaky rock
shame′fast (shām′fȧst), shamefaced
sheath (shēth), case for sword. **sheaths**, inclosures or covers
sheer off, turn off
shipped oars, put the oars in place for use
sib′yl (sĭb′ĭl), prophetess; beautiful enchantress
si-er′ras (sĭ-ĕr′ȧz), mountain ridges
si-es′ta (sĭ-ĕs′tȧ), sleeping
sil′hou-ette′ (sĭl′o͞o-ĕt′), outline; shadow. **silhouetted**, outlined in black
sim′i-le (sĭm′ĭ-lē), comparison
si′mul-ta′ne-ous (sī′mŭl-tā′nė-ŭs), done at the same time
sin′ew-y (sĭn′ū-ĭ), strong
skis (skēz), strips of wood used for gliding over ice or snow. **ski-sledge**, sled equipped with skis
soberer-hued (hūd), more quietly colored
so-lem′ni-ties (sō-lĕm′nĭ-tĭz), ceremonies
so-lic′i-tude (sō-lĭs′ĭ-tūd), eagerness. **solicitous**, eager
sol′stice of summer (sŏl′stĭs), one of the times when the sun is farthest from the equator—June 21
som′no-lent (sŏm′nō-lĕnt), drowsy
sov′er-eign (sŏv′ẽr-ĭn), supreme
sparse (spärs), scanty. **sparsely**, thinly
spec′tral (spĕk′trăl), ghostly
sphere (sfēr), circle of activity. **spheres**, lands
spher′ule (sfĕr′o͞ol), small circular particle
Spitz′ber′gen (spĭts′bûr′gĕn), group of islands in Arctic Ocean
spon-ta′ne-ous com-bus′tion (spŏn-tā′nė-ŭs kŭm-bŭs′chŭn), fire caused by chemical action within a substance
spouse (spouz), wife
spur-galls (gôlz), scars of a wound made by a spur
stagnant-blooded, lazy
stake, interest
stam-pede′ (stăm-pēd′), cause to go together in the same direction
stanch (stänch), steadfast
stat′ure (stăt′ûr), height; physical build. **stature increases**, reputation grows
stat′ute (stăt′ūt), law
stead′ings (stĕd′ĭngz), farmhouses
stem′son (stĕm′sŭn), piece of curved timber on the bow of a ship's frame
stern′son-knee (stûrn′sŭn), end of a keelson, *which see*
stilt′ed (stĭlt′ĕd), pompous; stiffly formal
stock-ad′ed (stŏk-ăd′ĕd), surrounded by posts or stakes
stodg′y (stŏj′ĭ), settled in their ways
stol′id (stŏl′ĭd), dull; not easily aroused
stra′ta (strā′tȧ), layers
strat′e-gy (străt′ė-jĭ), military affairs
stu-ar′ti-a (stū-är′tĭ-ȧ), shrub with large single flowers
sub-a′que-ous (sŭb-ā′kwė-ŭs), under-water
Su-bas′ki (so͞o-bȧs′kē)
sub′ju-gat′ed (sŭb′jo͞o-gāt′ĕd). He means *subjected*
sub′se-quent to (sŭb′sė-kwĕnt), following
sub-sis′tence (sŭb-sĭs′tĕns), a living
sub′stance (sŭb′stăns), wealth
suc′cu-lent (sŭk′ū-lĕnt), juicy
suc-cumb′ (sŭ-kŭm′), give up
su′i-cid′al (sū′ĭ-sīd′ăl), end in death
sump′tu-ous (sŭmp′tū-ŭs), luxurious
su-perb′ (sū-pûrb′), beautifully formed
su′per-flu′i-ty (sū′pẽr-flo͞o′ĭ-tĭ), over-abundance; more than needed
sup-plants′ (sŭ-plănts′), takes the place of
sup-pressed′ snicker (sŭ-prĕst′), laugh that was cut short or discontinued
sur-mount′ed (sûr-mount′ĕd), rose above
sur′rep-ti′tious-ly (sŭr′ĕp-tĭsh′ŭs-lĭ), in a stealthy, secret manner
sus-tain′ing po′ten-cy (sŭs-tān′ĭng pō′tĕn-sĭ), helpful power
sward′ed (swôrd′ĕd), grassy
sym′pho-ny (sĭm′fō-nĭ), music
symp′tom (sĭm′tŭm), sign; token; indication
tac′it-ly (tăs′ĭt-lĭ), silently
taint′ed (tānt′ĕd), scented
tan′gi-ble (tăn′jĭ-b'l), real
Tash′kur-gan′ (täsh′ko͞or-găn′)
teal (tēl), river duck
tem′po-ra-ri-ly con′fis-cat′ed (tĕm′pō-rā-rĭ-lĭ kŏn′fĭs-kāt′ĕd), seized for the time being
tenderfoot, one not yet used to the rough way of ranch life
ten′dril (tĕn′drĭl), slender, coiling attachment to the stem
ter′ma-gant (tûr′mȧ-gănt), scolding woman
tex′tiles (tĕks′tĭlz), woven goods
The′seus (thē′sūs; thē′sė-ŭs)
thill, either of the two shafts between which a horse is hitched
tholes (thōlz), supports to which the oars are fastened in rowing
thoroughbrace, leather strap used as a carriage spring

thrall (thrôl), in slavery
threading, making his way carefully
throt′tled (thrŏt′'ld), slowed-up by cutting down the flow of gas
tiers (tērz), rows
tip′pet (tĭp′ĕt), scarf
tome (tōm), large volume
Ton′gres (tôn′gr′), a Belgian town
to-pog′ra-phy (tō̇-pŏg′rȧ-fĭ), nature of the earth's surface
tor′pid (tôr′pĭd), dull
tor′por (tôr′pŏr), heavy sleep
tor′rent of darkness (tôr′ĕnt), invisible rush of something in the night
tow′hees (tou′hēz), birds of the sparrow family
tran′si-to-ry (trăn′sĭ-tō̇-rĭ), brief
trans-mis′sion (trăns-mĭsh′ŭn), carrying
trans-mit′ted traits (trăns-mĭt′ĕd trāts), characteristics that have been passed down from generation to generation
trea′tise (trē′tĭs), pamphlet or other piece of writing
tre′mor (trē′mŏr; trĕm′ŏr), trembling; shivering
trem′u-lous (trĕm′ū-lŭs), shaky. **tremulousness,** fright
tri-an′gu-la′tion (trī-ăng′gū-lā′shŭn), measuring by use of surveying instruments
trib′ute (trĭb′ūt), taxes
trimmer, one who gains unfair advantages
tri′pod (trī′pŏd), three-legged stool
trundling, revolving
tufted, having a growth of feathers on top of the head
tu-mul′tu-ous (tū̇-mŭl′tū̇-ŭs), wild
tun′a-ble (tūn′ȧ-b'l), harmonious; tuneful
tu′nic (tū′nĭk), long, loose garment
tu′pe-lo (tū′pē̇-lō), tree having glossy leaves and red berries
Turk′e-stan (to͝or′kē-stän)
turnpike, road. **turnpike men,** keepers of the gate in the roadway, where a toll, or tax, had to be paid
tur′ret (tûr′ĕt), tower
twang (twăng), make a harsh, ringing noise
ul′ti-mate (ŭl′tĭ-mȧt), final
u′na-nim′i-ty (ū′nȧ-nĭm′ĭ-tĭ), congeniality
un-bar′tered (ŭn-bär′tẽrd), unbought
un′be-hol′den (ŭn′bē̇-hōld′ĕn), unseen
unbodied joy, spirit of happiness
un′con-fined′ (ŭn′kŏn-fīnd′), without limit
un-com′pro-mis′ing (ŭn-kŏm′prō̇-mīz′ĭng), unyielding
un′con-tam′i-nat′ed (ŭn′kŏn-tăm′ĭ-nāt′ĕd), not dishonored; not tainted
unc′tu-ous (ŭngk′tū̇-ŭs), greasy
un-del′e-te′ri-ous (ŭn-dĕl′ē̇-tē′rĭ-ŭs), harmless
underwrite them, insure them
un′du-lat′ing (ŭn′dū̇-lāt′ĭng), rolling. **undulations,** waves
un-flinch′ing (ŭn-flĭnch′ĭng), steadfast
un-furl′ (ŭn-fûrl′), unfold
un-hal′lowed (ŭn-hăl′ōd), unworthy
un′im-ped′ed (ŭn′ĭm-pēd′ĕd), without hindrance
un′pre-med′i-tat-ed art (ŭn′prē̇-mĕd′ĭ-tāt-ĕd), beautiful singing which comes so natural to you
un′re-mit′ted (ŭn′rē̇-mĭt′ĕd), unforgiven. **unremitting,** incessant; constant
un′re-quit′ed (ŭn′rē̇-kwīt′ĕd), not repaid; not returned
un-ten′ant-ed (ŭn-tĕn′ăn-tĕd), unoccupied
un-wont′ed (ŭn-wŭnt′ĕd), unusual
u′sur-pa′tion (ū′zûr-pā′shŭn), taking out the old one to make room for the new
vac-cines′ (văk-sēnz′), fluids used to prevent diseases
va-ga′ries (vȧ-gā′rĭz), fickleness; freakish habits
vain′glo-ry (vān′glō-rĭ), false pride
Va-len′ti-a (vȧ-lĕn′shĭ-ȧ)
va-lid′i-ty (vȧ-lĭd′ĭ-tĭ), truth; reliability
van′guard′ (văn′gärd′), front section
va′ri-ant (vā′rĭ-ănt), different; veering
vault′ed (vôlt′ĕd), arched
vaunts (vänts; vônts), pride; boasts
va′ward (vȧ′wẽrd), first part
veered (vērd), turned
veer′y (vēr′ĭ), a kind of thrush
ven′er-a′tion (vĕn′ẽr-ā′shŭn), respect mingled with awe; worship
ver′dure (vẽr′dūr), greenness
ver′i-est old well of a (vĕr′ĭ-ĕst), best example of an old dark
ver′i-ta-ble (vĕr′ĭ-tȧ-b'l), real; genuine
ver′nal (vẽr′năl), spring
ver′sa-til′i-ty (vûr′sȧ-tĭl′ĭ-tĭ), ability to do many different things well
Ver-sur-Mer (vĕr-sẽr-mĕr)
ves′tal (vĕs′tăl), everlasting. The vestal virgins were young maidens who continually tended the sacred fires of Vesta, goddess of the hearth
ves′tige (vĕs′tĭj), trace
vi′brate (vī′brāt), sound
vig′i-lant (vĭj′ĭ-lănt), watchful
vir′e-o (vĭr′ē̇-ō), American song-bird
vis′i-bil′i-ty (vĭz′ĭ-bĭl′ĭ-tĭ), state of being easily seen
vis′ta (vĭs′tȧ), view. **vistaed,** arranged in two rows between which a view is seen
vi′ti-at′ed air (vĭsh′ĭ-āt′ĕd), foul air
vo-lu′mi-nous-ly (vō̇-lū′mĭ-nŭs-lĭ), in large quantity
vo-lup′tu-ous (vō̇-lŭp′tū̇-ŭs), luxurious; enchanting; alluring
vo′tive stone (vō′tĭv), monument sacred to them
wag′gish (wăg′ĭsh), joking
waist′coat (wāst′kōt), vest
Wal′le-way (wäl′lē̇-wā), branch of the Columbia River
wam′pum (wŏm′pŭm), shell beads used by Indians as money and ornaments
wa′ri-er (wā′rĭ-ẽr), more cautious. **warily,** cautiously. **wariness,** cautiousness caused by fear of danger
water-courses, channels, or canals, for water
weir (wēr), dam
wel′kin (wĕl′kĭn), sky
Wich′i-ta (wĭch′ĭ-tô)
wick′et (wĭk′ĕt), door
wield′er (wēld′ẽr), manager
wir′y (wīr′ĭ), tough; sinewy
wise′a-cre (wīz′ā-kẽr), a would-be wise person
wit, mind; intellect; understanding
with-al′ (wĭth-ôl′), besides; also
wran′gler (răng′glẽr), debater; one who argues
wrought (rôt), worked
wry (rī), crooked; twisted
Wy′an-dot (wī′ăn-dŏt)
yon (yŏn), yonder
yore (yōr), long ago

DEAL